McCLURE'S MAGAZINE

VOL. XXX MARCH, 1908 No. 5

GOVERNOR HUGHES

BY

BURTON J. HENDRICK

AUTHOR OF "GREAT AMERICAN FORTUNES AND THEIR MAKING," ETC.

PART I.

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS AND FROM A DRAWING BY GEORGE T. TOBIN

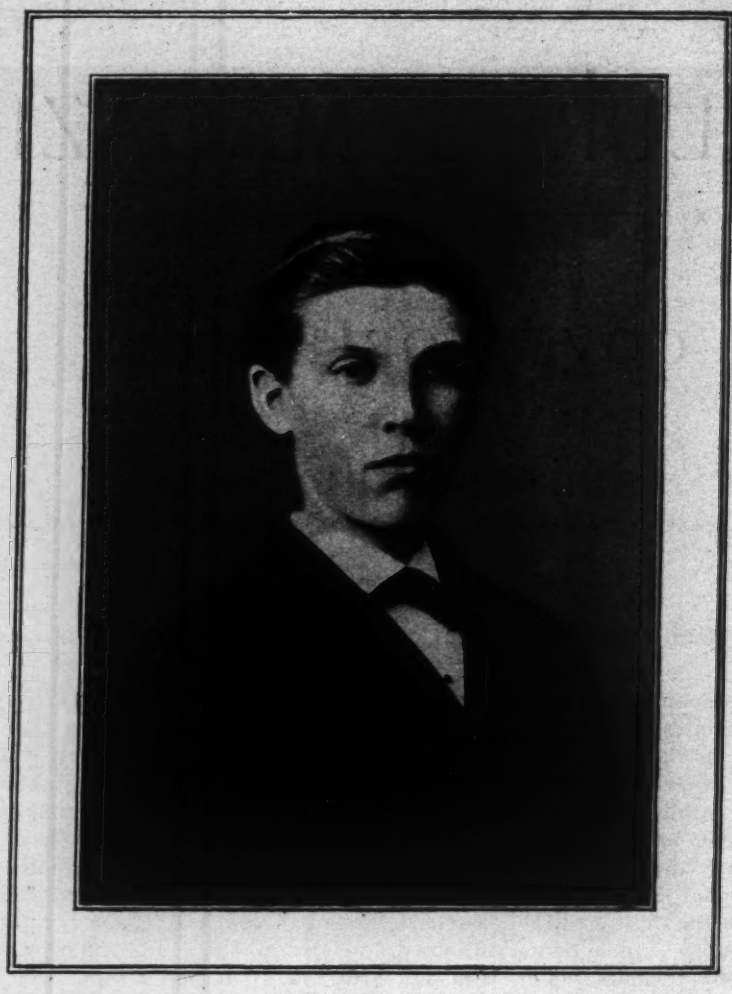
IN the last few months public interest has been widely manifested in the present Governor of New York State. With none of the theatrical personal attributes that commonly arouse enthusiasm, with an attitude toward party leaders and party programs that puzzles and enrages the men in control of the machine, Mr. Hughes' brief career is generally regarded as one of the most creditable assets of contemporary history. In a period supposed to be devoted only to rank materialism and luxury, and indulgent to many kinds of political and business corruption, one of the heroes of the popular mind appears to be a man who is a pure idealist in politics, business, and the administration of public affairs.

Governor Hughes is only forty-six years old; with the exception of Secretary George B. Cortelyou, he is the youngest man now conspicuously in public life. He is nearly six feet tall, of large and powerful frame, of great physical and mental energy, quiet, effective, simple in his daily routine, keenly interested in life and insatiably devoted to work. Combining in himself many racial elements, he may be regarded as a representative twentieth-century American. From his father, the Rev. David Charles Hughes, D.D., he inherits a long line of Welsh ancestry. In a certain seriousness and austerity there is about Mr. Hughes to-day a suggestion of the Druids; and there is also, in a fondness for literature, music, and mountain-climbing, a touch of that romantic and nature-loving spirit which likewise characterized his Old-World forebears. His father came to the United States in 1855, was for some time a teacher of the classics, afterward entered Wesleyan University, was ordained into the Baptist ministry, and, in 1860, became the pastor of two churches — one at Glens Falls, New York, and another at the near-by town of Sandy Hill. Mr. Hughes' mother was Mary C. Connelly, of a family long established in Ulster County, New York. On her father's side her ancestry was all Dutch, on her mother's she was English, Irish, and Scotch. She was a woman notable for her force of character, her seriousness of purpose, her quiet dignity, her solid attainments, and her warm and affectionate nature. A few years before her marriage she had been graduated, at the head of her class, from Claverack Institute, New York; she had a thorough knowledge of modern languages and a gift for mathematics, which her son has apparently inherited. Charles Evans Hughes was born at Glens Falls, April 11, 1862. When he was four years old, his father became pastor of a church in Oswego, New York, and here Hughes spent his early boyhood.

Mr. Hughes' Early Education

Mr. Hughes' early environment thus represented the best culture and moral ideals of half a century ago. He was an only child, was far from robust in health, and had a mind which was keenly alert, receptive, and precocious. The elder Hughes, conscientious, devoutly religious, thoroughly orthodox, had firmly fixed ideas on the training of children. He believed in teaching them the realities of life as well as the

Copyright, 1908, by The S. S. McClure Co. All rights reserved



CHARLES E. HUGHES AT FOURTEEN

graces. "At an early age," he said recently, "I taught my son that a straight line was the shortest distance between two points." Under his mother's instruction the boy learned to read when he was three and a half. One afternoon, when he was six years old, his father found him engrossed in a story-book which he had obtained from the Sunday-school library. Such literature, as most readers will remember, was not unduly exhilarating; the child's flushed cheeks, however, betokened a high state of excitement and eagerness. Next day his father took him for a walk along the shores of Lake Ontario. Picking up a handful of pebbles, he said:

"'Charlie, do you know why these stones are of different colors?"

"No, sir, I don't."

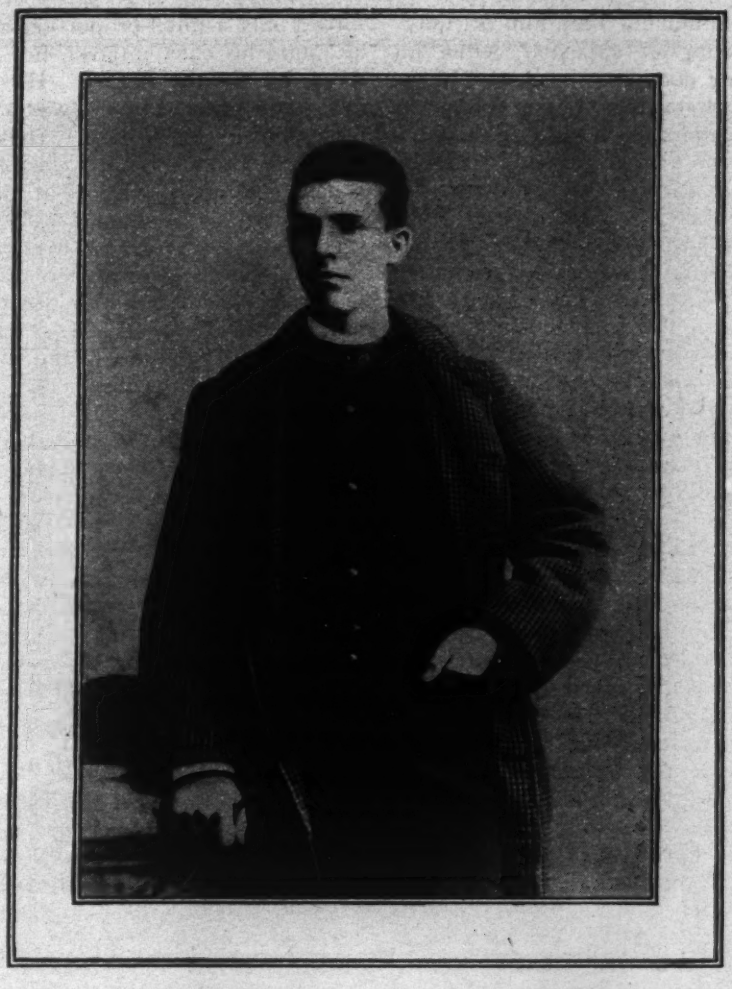
"Do you know why they are smooth and round?"

"No, sir."

"Would you like to know?"

"Yes, sir."

His father then told him that books like that he had found him reading the day before were not the most suitable for young children. What the growing mind needed, the elder Hughes evidently believed, was not fiction, but fact. It was much more important to know why pebbles were round and smooth than to have the most intimate acquaintance with Jack the Giant-Killer or the Forty Thieves. As an illustration of what he regarded as profitable reading, the elder Hughes presented his son with a complete set of *Chambers' Miscellany*, and over these eight bulky volumes of carefully digested information and selected literature the growing boy constantly browsed. The Welsh spirit in his nature, however, demanded its romance, and Hughes tempered his assimilation of facts with many an excursion into standard fiction. He read all of Shakspere before he was ten years old, attracted, above all, by a simple love of the story. In addition, he read many solid books in his father's library. He acquired, what few children



CHARLES E. HUGHES AT NINETEEN

now receive, a thorough training in the Bible. There are not many professional Biblical students to-day who can match the Governor of New York State in his knowledge of that Book. His daily conversation abounds in Biblical allusions, and is compact of quotations from the old Hebrew writers. As a child, he became deeply interested in Biblical geography; he knew every inch of Palestine, and had traced, in the greatest detail, the wanderings of Paul and the other early missionaries. Mr. Hughes' present acquaintance with theological doctrine is another product of his early training. His father used to gather the young people of his flock around him every Monday evening for Biblical and theological study; in these talks he would discuss the Trinity, the Real Presence, the Atonement, and similar difficult doctrines. His son Charles regularly attended these sessions, and composed many sermons in which he set forth his own conclusions.

Such a mental diet might have warped many growing minds; Hughes was saved, however, by a redeeming enthusiasm for things human and alive. Unquestionably, however, his severe early training has fundamentally affected his character. Possibly it explains that reserve which many find to-day in the exterior man; possibly it explains also that toughness of moral fiber, that hatred of compromise, that conciseness and directness of mind, which Mr. Hughes has always shown. The generation that produced Milton and Cromwell was, according to John Richard Green, "a people of one book, and that book was the Bible," and in Mr. Hughes it is again possible to study a career the early part of which was spent in constant reading of that volume.

Charles E. Hughes, Aged Five, Adopts his Own Educational Program

At five his parents put the boy to school, but the experiment proved a failure. His mind traveled so much faster than his companions'

that the teacher could not keep him occupied. One day the youngster appeared before his father with a long document headed "Charles E. Hughes' plan of study." In one column he had written the hours of the day, in one adjoining the subject which he wished to study in each hour. He explained that he was tired of school, that the teacher wasted too much time going over the same ground, that his fellow-pupils delayed matters by dawdling over their lessons; and he asked that he be permitted to study at home. In the directness, the initiative, the love of system, the impatience at unnecessary detail, and the passion for results displayed by the five-year-old on this occasion, one readily perceives practically the same qualities that led to such success in the examination of the life-insurance companies.

Mr. Hughes' parents accepted the educational program proposed, and for five years, until his tenth year, he studied at home. His mother taught him the primary studies, as well as French, German, and mathematics; his father, Greek and Latin. That mastery of self which Mr. Hughes afterward manifested he also taught himself as a child. He always recited his lessons standing, and, like most children, had at first considerable difficulty in keeping still. He evidently thought the thing all out for himself; and one day, with no suggestion from his mother, who was then hearing his lessons, he announced that he had found a method of controlling his rebellious members. He selected a seam in the carpet, placed his toes firmly against it, shut his heels tightly together, and assumed a determined, soldierlike pose. From that day Mr. Hughes has had entire command of himself.

At ten, his father having taken charge of a church in Newark, New Jersey, young Hughes entered a public school, and at fourteen he matriculated as a freshman at Colgate University. In 1878 he became a sophomore at Brown, and was graduated in 1881. From every point of view his university life was a success. Until his sixteenth year his health had been such that there were doubts whether he would ever reach maturity. In 1881, when he received his degree, he was nearly six feet tall, was strong, energetic, and wiry. As a college man, he also showed a great fondness for outdoor sports, and was not above engaging in the traditional college pranks. He was known, not only as the most intellectual, but as the wittiest man in his class, and he was frequently selected to act as toast-master at class functions. Above all, his college years furnished large opportunities for comprehensive reading and independent study. The university routine absorbed only a small proportion of his time, and he found his chief interest, not in the lecture-room, but in the library. His old *Chambers' Miscellany* gave way to poetry, history, and philosophy; the Biblical study of his early years to Tyndall, Huxley, Spencer, and Darwin. When he entered Brown he had a good mastery of French and German, and he went through the great French and German writers in their own tongues. According to his college mate, Dr. W. H. P. Faunce, now president of Brown, Hughes was easily the best-read man in his class, and, as an editor of the college paper, he occasionally indulged in light literature himself. Though not a "dig,"— President Faunce says he "never hurt himself through overstudy,"— he took many honors in scholarship. He was a Phi Beta Kappa man, won the Dunn prize in English literature, ranked third in his class at graduation, and took one of the Carpenter premiums annually awarded to the two men in the senior class "who shall, in the judgment of the faculty, unite in the highest degree the three most important elements of success in life — ability, character, and attainment."

Becomes One of Walter S. Carter's Young Men

"I think you are called of God to the profession of the law," an elderly adviser told the young man; and after a year's preliminary study in Judge Gleason's office at Delhi, New York, Hughes entered the Columbia Law School. Here he continued his university success; he stood at the head of his class, and took the prize fellowship at graduation, under the terms of which he became a tutor for three years at $500 a year. In 1884 he was admitted to practice, passing the best examination in the history of the New York bar. His rating was 99⅞. While still at Columbia he had spent several months in the office of Stewart L. Woodford, then United States District Attorney and afterwards minister at Madrid at the outbreak of the Spanish-American war. Immediately after passing his bar examinations he became a member of the office staff of Walter S. Carter, one of the most prominent lawyers in New York. Mr. Carter was famous for two abiding hobbies — etchings and young men; and in the course of nearly forty years' connoisseurship he assembled an interesting collection of both. He kept constantly in touch with the professors of the leading law schools, especially Columbia and Harvard, and, whenever a young man of brilliant attainments appeared, invariably attempted to get him into his office. New York and several other cities are thus filled with distinguished lawyers who started their careers

Copyright by Gustave Lorey, Albany, N. Y.

GOVERNOR CHARLES E. HUGHES

AT HIS DESK IN THE EXECUTIVE CHAMBER AT ALBANY

under Carter's leadership. William B. Hornblower, who was nominated by President Cleveland to the Supreme Court of the United States; Henry W. Taft, brother of the Secretary of War; Lloyd W. Bowers, a well-known railroad lawyer of Chicago; Paul D. Cravath, now chief counsel for Thomas F. Ryan and his corporations; Starr J. Murphy, private secretary to John D. Rockefeller; Ethelbert D. Warfield, now president of Lafayette College;—these are a few of the well-known men who began life as Mr. Carter's protégés. Mr. Carter always referred to his young men as his "kids," and he found his chief satisfaction during his latter years in observing their progress. In the summer of 1883, a year before he had left the law school, Hughes made his first appearance in Mr. Carter's office. He had a letter of introduction to one of the members of the firm, who, after reading it, dismissed him with slight consideration. As, somewhat discouraged, Hughes was leaving the room, Mr. Carter caught sight of him, called him back, and began to question him. When Hughes explained that he was looking for an opening, the elder man at once became interested. Evidently he detected in Hughes the qualities he esteemed, for he gave him desk room in his office, and, after his admission to the bar, formally installed him as one of his "kids."

In 1888 Mr. Hughes married Mr. Carter's oldest daughter Antoinette and became the brains of the Carter concern. For the abilities and character of his son-in-law and partner Mr. Carter had unbounded respect. He frequently declared that, of all the able men with whom he had been associated, not one of them, in pure intellect and legal scholarship, compared with Hughes. In a letter recently unearthed, to his son George, written a few months after Hughes entered the office, he says: "Hughes is the most remarkable man who was ever graduated from the law school. He received at the examination here, at the general term, over 99½ on the average marks of three examiners."

What Mr. Carter and others so admired in the young man were his industry, his thorough knowledge of the law, his concise and searching mind, his systematic habits, his personal honesty, and his lofty professional ideals. In the early days the firm had its headquarters in the old New York Life Building, and drew its practice largely from the great commercial houses in the dry-goods district. Mr. Carter himself was more of a business man than a lawyer; he was the "business getter"—and Hughes was the man who did the law work and tried the cases. This branch of the business was extremely congenial to him. Hughes always took his profession seriously. From the first he has had the sense of trusteeship, the feeling that every man's standards inevitably influence his community, and that every man consequently has certain unescapable obligations. According to popular belief, this sense of trusteeship is especially demanded in the legal profession at the present time. In a recent speech Mr. Hughes declared that "the lawyer owes it to his profession to maintain the dignity of independence, and is false to the trust conferred upon him when he is admitted to practice as an officer of justice, if he permits himself to become the tool of unprincipled manipulators"; and, according to the general testimony of the New York bar, Mr. Hughes, in his own practice, constantly sacrificed his interests to his ideals. It is an interesting coincidence that the Carter firm's largest client, when Hughes entered the office, was the New York Life Insurance Company, whose irregularities he afterward so remorselessly exposed. In the main, however, its business, then and afterward, was not derived from corporations. Hughes' talents have never been utilized to make millions for large corporate interests by teaching them how to water stock, capitalize franchises, organize holding companies, and originate the other devices with which the public has been familiarized in recent years. On the other hand, he has preferred to show old-fashioned merchants how to draw agreements, enforce contracts, and perform other offices which are similarly essential to the maintenance of orderly business. According to his partner, George W. Schurman, "general retainers, involving his commitment to any and every kind of service, were never accepted by him. He has acted upon the principle that independence both of lawyer and client is essential to the ideal relation between them."

How Hughes Tried his Cases

In spite of this, Mr. Hughes succeeded as a lawyer and in a large way. Manifestly, he did not receive the enormous fees paid by corporations. He made perhaps $20,000 or $25,000 a year, and thus was able to maintain his family in comfort. But he did not have the beautiful city houses, the spacious country estates, the private art-galleries, that fall into the hands of many great lawyers of the day. Indeed, Hughes never had the money-making sense. His enthusiasm for the law was mainly intellectual. He delighted in legal work very largely for the sake of the work itself, and put into his briefs much more research and industry than the possible fees would always warrant. The one subject upon which he and his senior

partner frequently disagreed was the size of the bills; and it was not unusual for Hughes to cut them in two before sending them out. As years went on, however, he made a deep impression on the legal fraternity. He was a lawyers' lawyer. "I guess we'd better take that to Hughes," the brethren would say, when faced with an especially difficult problem. A considerable part of his practice consisted in solving legal conundrums sent him by other lawyers.

Work his nature apparently craved. He would spend the whole day at his office, and then go to the Bar Association and labor hard until midnight. Then, going home, he would usually find his relaxation in light literature until one or two o'clock, and, rising early the next morning, he would repeat this performance. The thoroughness afterward manifested in great public investigations was also a conspicuous characteristic of these years. His mind, piercing, analytic, impatient of half-truths, instinctively sought the ultimate facts. Before he went into court he usually tried both sides. He advised his assistants always to examine carefully their adversary's case and imagine themselves, for the time being, engaged on that side; only after one has done this, Mr. Hughes would say, can he possibly prepare his own argument. His memory reminds one of Macaulay's; he could quote scores of important decisions without consulting a book, and, in particular, he had a faculty for keeping figures in his head. Afterward, when he came to draw up the report in the gas investigation, he had at his fingers' ends the intricate facts and figures concerning the companies' capitalization, the cost of gas manufacture, and thousands of other details. His habit of thorough preparation made him one of the most formidable trial lawyers in New York. When he went into court, he could usually defeat his adversary not only on the point directly at issue, but upon dozens of others that might come up correlatively. In his search for information he never limited his investigations to law-books. He was once called upon to defend a patent held by a company manufacturing a mechanical piano-player. He mastered all the law points involved, and then began to work on the mechanism itself. He had an instrument moved up to his house, and spent many hours playing upon it, taking it apart, and becoming entirely familiar with its mechanical details. When Mr. Hughes appeared in court, he confounded the experts by his familiarity with the technicalities involved and easily won his case. The suit that perhaps brought him widest fame was one involving the manufacture of beet-sugar. A German refining company had installed a beet-sugar plant in a Western city, under a contract to put in machinery only of the most modern manufacture. Under Mr. Hughes' advice, the Germans had been forced to file a bond for $300,000 guaranteeing the performance of this contract. When the machinery went to pieces under use, the American company discovered that it was extremely antiquated, and sued the surety on the bond for damages. Hughes represented the Americans, and Henry W. Taft, brother of the Secretary of War, represented the Germans. Everybody believed that the enormous technical knowledge required to prove the inadequacy of the machinery would prevent the American company from winning its case. But Hughes went to work. He prepared a pile of exhibits, all involving the most technical labor, that filled three enormous dry-goods boxes. When he appeared in court, the experts retained by the opposition fled in despair. They afterward said that Hughes knew much more about beet-sugar and its manufacture than they did themselves. He obtained large damages for his clients.

Through these years Mr. Hughes was also developing upon the personal side. Above everything else, he has been a family man. Mrs. Hughes is a woman of much cultivation and charm of manner. She was educated at Wellesley, is a good linguist, and is extremely well-read. Mr. and Mrs. Hughes' chief interest is their home and their children—they have one son and three daughters; for "society," in the narrow sense of the word, they have a positive aversion. Their home is distinctively intellectual, given up to good books, good music, and substantial friends—a household of the highest American type. Though naturally reserved in manner, Hughes has a genuine capacity for friendship, and all his former associates describe his unfailing courtesy and fairness. Many ridiculous stories have recently found their way into print concerning his excessive dignity and coldness. He has met the fate of most people who deal with facts, in that many refuse to regard him as anything more than an unbending logic machine. In reality, Mr. Hughes has always been a live, vital, sympathetic man. "I hope," he once said, referring to certain current yarns supposed to illustrate his undue frigidity, "that, if an autopsy is ever performed upon me, you will find something besides sawdust and useful information." Mr. Hughes has a well-established reputation as a story-teller. In current literature he is especially fond of Mr. Dooley, and can read aloud that philosopher's lucubrations with a most lifelike Irish brogue. His principal relaxations are Dumas, Balzac, golf, camping, European travel, and mountain-climbing. He has crossed the

MRS. DAVID C. HUGHES THE GOVERNOR'S MOTHER

MRS. HUGHES, AN ACCOMPLISHED LINGUIST AND MATHEMATICIAN, WAS THE GOVERNOR'S CHIEF BOYHOOD INSTRUCTOR

ocean more than twenty times, and has penetrated closely into all phases of foreign life. It is unquestionably true, however, that Mr. Hughes has never been a clubman, a "good fellow," and has never acquired a wide circle of personal intimates.

Mr. Hughes has always been affiliated with the Baptist Church. When his college mate, the Rev. W. H. P. Faunce, became the pastor of the Fifth Avenue Baptist Church, Mr. Hughes joined that congregation. It was Mr. Hughes who organized and for some time taught the famous men's Bible class of which John D. Rockefeller, Jr., is the present preceptor.

In 1891 Mr. Hughes, his health considerably broken by overwork, accepted a professorship of law at Cornell University. He evidently believed, when he left New York for this new work, that he had definitely abandoned the old life. A year or two of teaching, however,

REV. DAVID C. HUGHES, D.D., THE GOVERNOR'S FATHER

A NATIVE OF WALES, AND A WELL-KNOWN BAPTIST CLERGYMAN, WHO TAUGHT HIS SON, AS A BOY, THAT "A STRAIGHT LINE IS THE SHORTEST DISTANCE BETWEEN TWO POINTS"

proved sufficient. With restored health there came the old desire for activity, for a wider field than that supplied by the university, and in 1893 he resumed his old position in the Carter law firm.

Hughes vs. the Consolidated Gas Company

Unknown to the general newspaper-reading public, though widely known among his own profession, Hughes slowly forged his way ahead, accumulating experience and character, and received that thorough preparation for the great public services which, in 1905, suddenly made his name famous in two continents. In the spring of that year, a committee of the legislature came down to New York City to investigate the gas situation. The Standard Oil people are the predominant owners of the Consolidated Gas Company, which has an absolute monopoly

in gas and electric lighting in New York; William Rockefeller, James Stillman, and other leading Standard men are on the board of directors. Among the lawyers whom the committee attempted to engage as counsel was Henry W. Taft, Mr. Hughes' old opponent in the beet-sugar case. Mr. Taft was too much engaged with other matters to take up the work. "Hughes is the man for you," he declared; and he added that there was no man in New York who was better qualified for that particular task. Other lawyers, when appealed to, similarly asked, "Why don't you get Hughes?" Mr. Hughes, when asked to take the retainer, at first declined. He did not regard the committee seriously, did not think it really intended to get the facts, and therefore did not care to associate his name with it. The committee, however, gave him assurances that it meant business, and that he should have an absolutely free hand to conduct the investigation in his own way. On these terms Mr. Hughes consented to accept the work.

Mr. Hughes' activity on the Gas Commission brought him face to face with what is unquestionably the greatest problem of the day — that of corporation lawlessness. Much has been said, and much written, about the regulation of corporations, but, reduced to its ultimate elements, the question is not especially intricate. The simple fact is that corporations are not subject to law. In the first place, the State has not utilized its undoubted powers for their regulation; in the second, such spasmodic and ill-digested laws as have found their way to the statute-book have been practically unenforced. To a great extent, the corporations have themselves become the government. Controlling the legislatures, they have kept much essential legislation from the statute-book; controlling the executive machinery, they have made dead letters of such inadequate laws as exist. Under these conditions, a few men, obtaining control of our gas, our insurance, our street-railway companies, our steam railroads, have been able to rob the investing public, steal the people's property, pillage their own stock-holders — all practically unrestrained by law. They have obtained possession of the country's most cherished institutions and are using them for their personal ends. Whether the people shall reassert their privileges, become the actual governing power, and subject to fundamental law the corporations they have created — probably every one admits that that is the one pressing national problem. That, on the other hand, corporations themselves have definitely defined rights, and that in the enjoyment of these rights they are entitled to the protection of the State, is also a fundamental truth. Manifestly, the readjustment in the relations of corporations to the people must be secured in a way that will carefully preserve the rights of each. It is because Governor Hughes has contributed so much, in actual achievement, to the solution of this problem that he is to-day a figure of great national importance.

In nine weeks Mr. Hughes, in a minute examination of the public lighting situation in New York, gave an exceedingly graphic and concrete picture of corporation lawlessness. Quietly, calmly, with no attempt at theatricalism, but with an inexorable determination to get the facts, he took up company after company, showed its history in detail, explained precisely what its capitalization was, what that capitalization represented, and what it cost to manufacture its product. When he had finished, he had a bewildering array of figures,— figures which, at first blush, might seem an uninteresting and unprofitable result of nine weeks' hard work, but which, to one capable of reading them, told a remarkable story of lawlessness, extortion, and misgovernment. The Consolidated Gas Company, as its history was unfolded by Mr. Hughes, appeared as the product of nearly a century's watered stock and speculation. Its absolute lawlessness came out when Mr. Hughes showed that there was a serious question whether it had any legal rights to use the streets. Nearly all its franchises had been originally granted for limited terms; those periods had expired and had never been renewed. Its fundamental property rights, in other ways, had been obtained in violation of the most elementary ideas of law. Mr. Hughes also showed how the controlling interests had utilized the property acquired in this way. Having secured all competing lighting companies, it possessed a monopoly on one of the necessaries of modern life, and thus had an earning power entirely disproportionate to the money invested. Instead of reducing prices of gas, it had used this monopoly as a basis for the issue of many millions of additional stock. In reality, Mr. Hughes showed that its plant represented an actual investment of $27,000,000; it had outstanding capital of $80,000,000; and the difference between these two figures represented the value of its monopoly in the gas business. So valuable was this, however, that the Consolidated easily paid 8 per cent. dividends, and had secured authority to increase its capital stock to $100,000,000. That these large dividends on this watered stock represented extortion, Mr. Hughes proved by going exhaustively into the cost of manufacturing and distributing gas. The Consolidated spent about 60 cents a thousand feet on its product, and it charged the pub-

lic $1.00. Its profits, Mr. Hughes declared, "represented an earning capacity due to a monopolization of the public service"; the Consolidated had "capitalized its grip upon the public."

Mr. Hughes and Insurance Lawlessness

This investigation had great educational value, both for Mr. Hughes and for the public. It furnished Mr. Hughes with data and experience that afterward formed the basis of the most important reforms of his term as Governor. As the legislation in which it resulted was largely incorporated in Mr. Hughes' public service measure, it can be better discussed in connection with that law. Even more important the investigation revealed to the New York public a new personality and a new method of obtaining reforms. Nothing quite like the sincerity, the courage, the directness, the relentlessness in the pursuit of fact, exhibited by Mr. Hughes had ever been known in a public investigation. When, a few months afterward, the New York legislature organized a committee to investigate the insurance companies, Mr. Hughes' name immediately struck the popular mind as that of the man ideally fitted to undertake the work. The legislative committee summoned him from Switzerland, where he was enjoying a holiday, and he immediately started on his new task.

Here again, the issue, reduced to its final principles, was one of corporation lawlessness. When New York State chartered the Mutual, the New York Life, and the Equitable, a life-insurance company was an aggregation of individuals who had joined fortunes for a simple and elementary purpose — that is, life-insurance protection. The State had organized an insurance department merely for the purpose of assuring the members of these associations that this end would be subserved. The department's main business was the maintenance of solvency. In fifty years the New York companies had become radically different institutions from those their charters authorized. In size they had become the most important and powerful corporations in the United States. The assets of the three combined amounted to nearly a billion and a half of dollars, and nearly a million dollars liquid capital — not stocks or bonds or promissory notes, but cash — poured into their coffers every day. They no longer dealt exclusively in life-insurance policies, but had concocted endless catch-penny schemes which, in effect, largely nullified the life-insurance idea. In order to make these new policies popular, they had wasted millions of their trust funds in employing a dishonest and reckless agency force and in engaging in the most extravagant advertising schemes. Their aggregations of capital, instead of being regarded as trust funds, had been annexed to a large extent by Wall Street banks and trust companies, and utilized in all manner of doubtful enterprises and speculations. All this time the State had constitutional powers for the regulation of these corporations, but had not exercised them. For thirty years the men controlling the New York companies had practically usurped the executive and legislative branches of the government in so far as life insurance was concerned, precisely as the gas companies had usurped the same powers in so far as gas was concerned. They usually named the Superintendent of Insurance in New York State, and thus dictated his acts. Frequently this superintendent, after his term expired, became an officer or pensioner of the companies. John A. McCall, after serving for several years as Superintendent of Insurance, left that office to become Comptroller of the Equitable; John F. Pierce, one of his successors, had been for years one of the counsel for the Mutual Life, and, after leaving office, went upon its pension list. Again, the companies had centered in their own offices the legislative power. Nearly all the insurance bills that passed originated either with the Equitable, the Mutual, or the New York Life. All measures proposed by other interests had to have their "O.K." before they became laws. How completely they controlled the situation is shown by the fact that they had secured the passage of an act which virtually prohibited policy-holders from suing their own companies. In other words, so far as life insurance was concerned, there was actually no such thing as government in New York State. To what enormous abuses this absence of governmental supervision had brought the insurance business Mr. Hughes promptly showed.

Hughes' Determination to Get Results

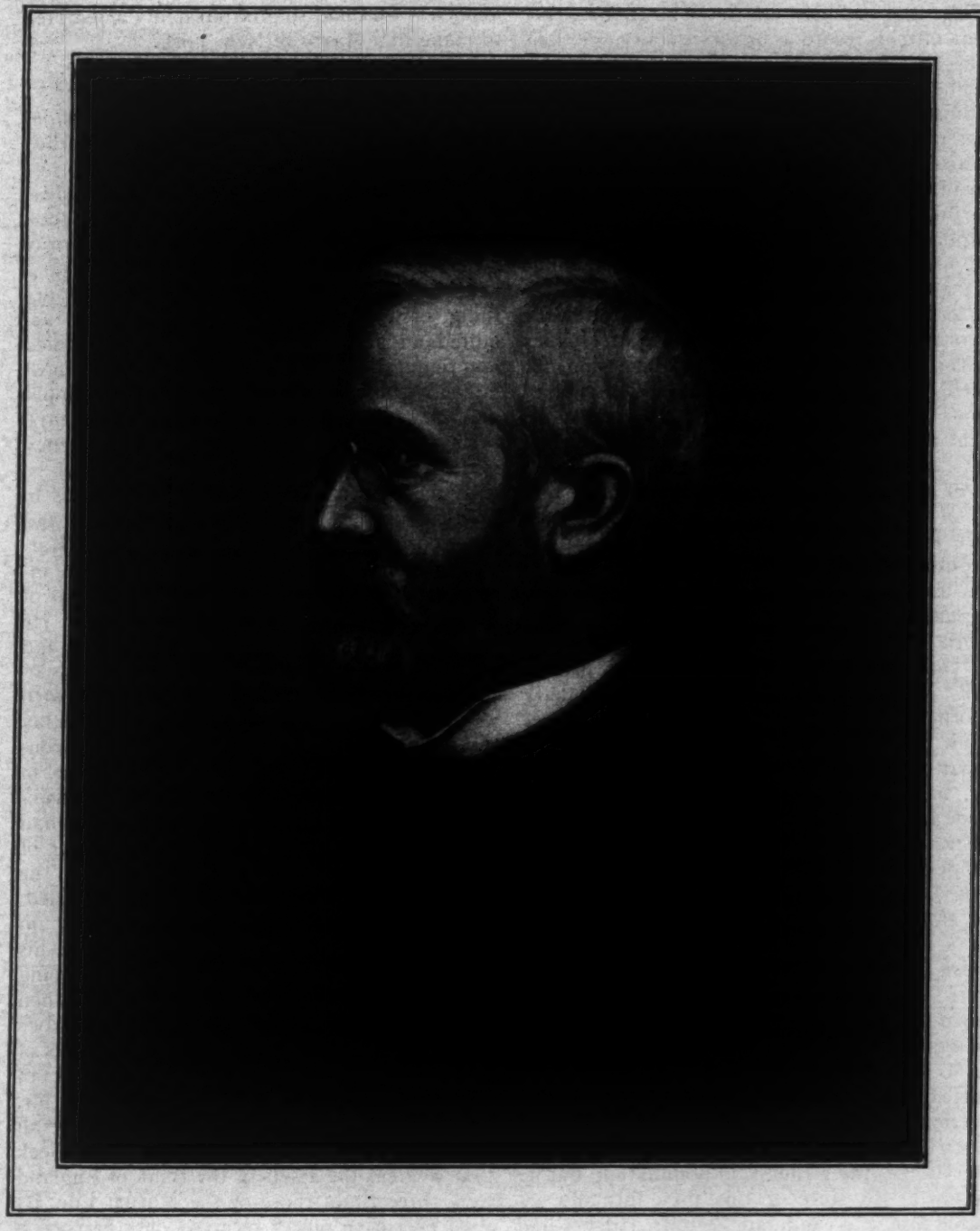
He went at this problem in the most efficient and systematic way. Above all, he intended to secure results. His mission, as he interpreted it, was not primarily to unearth political and financial scandals and to ruin reputations, but to secure actual betterments in life-insurance conditions. In order to accomplish this, he saw the necessity of uncovering the facts in all their nakedness. In accomplishing these reforms he relied, first of all, upon public sentiment. Against the wealth, the political and social power arrayed against him, he saw he had only one possible ally — public opinion. From the first he kept constantly in touch with it. Though no one ever accused him of cheap sensationalism, he kept his investigation before the

public mind with a skill worthy of the most expert manipulator. If, as a result of too much actuarial detail, the newspapers began cutting short their accounts and "putting them on the inside," Mr. Hughes, by suddenly springing some new surprise, would promptly restore the insurance story to the front page. He did these things deliberately, because he realized the necessity of constantly keeping the public aroused; when he should come before the legislature with his reforms, he knew that only the tremendous power of public opinion could make them law.

In the conduct of the investigation, however, Mr. Hughes was the embodiment of honesty, dignity, and justice. Day after day he uncovered the most astounding facts without ever manifesting a sense of personal triumph. He did not argue with his witnesses, nor gloat over their discomfiture; he simply asked them questions. There was something almost uncanny in these steady, impassive, remorseless interrogations. No witness ever side-tracked him, the cleverest counsel could not befog the issue. James M. Beck, the Mutual's attorney, would dramatically raise his hand and proclaim that the "Mutual is the pride of America"; the next moment Mr. Hughes would show that it had spent hundreds of thousands of dollars corrupting legislatures and had falsified its books to conceal its dishonesty. Thus always Mr. Hughes superseded rhetoric with fact. When witnesses attacked him, as they did frequently, he almost invariably suppressed a natural inclination to make retorts. Only once did he become angry, and that was when George W. Perkins, in describing his management of certain New York Life Nylic funds, made a reference to Mr. Hughes' handling of his fees. "My fees," Mr. Hughes flashed back, "are not trust funds." It was when the same witness was on the stand that Mr. Hughes, for about the only time, permitted himself to display some slight satisfaction over a certain discovery. He had just made Mr. Perkins admit that the New York Life had contributed $48,000 to the Republican campaign fund in 1904. "I am glad you brought that out," said Mr. Perkins. "Yes, I intended to bring it out," quietly remarked Mr. Hughes. With these two exceptions, Mr. Hughes hardly deviated from his plan of remorselessly uncovering the facts and of letting them speak for themselves. He went to every extreme to make sure that the life-insurance officers should have a fair show and not be misrepresented. Frequently, when a witness had made a particularly damaging statement, Mr. Hughes would pause. "Now, let's thoroughly go over this," he would say. "I don't wish to misunderstand you or to attach to your statement a meaning that you didn't intend"; and then he would give the witness all possible chance to qualify or explain. On more than one occasion the newspaper men, when preparing their copy for the next day, would be called to the telephone by Mr. Hughes. "I want to put you right on that matter," he would say; and then he would explain that certain facts brought out in the day's hearing might be easily misinterpreted; that, as a matter of fact, they did not reflect unfavorably upon such and such an officer, and that he hoped the newspapers would not unwittingly do him an injustice. In this way Mr. Hughes spoiled many a good head-line and saved more than one insurance man from unjust aspersion. As the investigation proceeded, those most criticized were most outspoken in praising Mr. Hughes' justice and dignity.

Rich Men and Powerful Politicians Not Spared

Mr. Hughes showed the utmost fearlessness. Money, rank, position, influence — these considerations never deterred him for an instant. The investigation touched some of the foremost leaders in American finance, and Mr. Hughes put them all upon the stand. He called Jacob H. Schiff, one of the world's greatest bankers, showed how he had facilitated the famous "James H. Hyde and Associates" syndicate; and how, although he was a member of the Equitable Finance Committee, his firm had sold it $33,000,000 of securities in five years. Mr. Hughes called Edward H. Harriman, and made him tell how, although a director, he had borrowed large sums from the Equitable, attempted to secure James H. Hyde's appointment as Ambassador to France, threatened to use his political influence against Thomas F. Ryan, and sought to share Ryan's control of the society. He also put Ryan on the stand, and obtained from him the whole interesting story of the Equitable purchase. After Ryan had explained the transaction on the ground of "philanthropy," Mr. Hughes examined the Washington Life, which that public-spirited citizen also controlled, and immediately showed how he was disregarding his policy-holders in its management. Mr. Hughes did not even fear to expose the interest before which many of our most courageous public men bow down — the newspaper press. When he learned that the Mutual Life had paid a dollar a line for favorable reports of the investigation, he insisted on recording the name of many influential newspapers which had received the money. Mr. Hughes' courage was equaled only by his independence. A life-long Republican, he



WALTER S. CARTER

A NEW YORK LAWYER FAMOUS FOR HIS SKILL IN SELECTING BRILLIANT YOUNG MEN. GOVERNOR HUGHES ENTERED HIS LAW OFFICE AFTER LEAVING COLUMBIA, AND WAS FOR MANY YEARS HIS PARTNER

gave the Republican organization in New York State the worst scourging it had ever received. Things that had been matters of gossip for years went into his record as history. For more than a decade the Republican National Committee had been accused of getting large campaign contributions from corporations; Mr. Hughes showed that the three great New York life-insurance companies had regularly paid $50,000 each. Thomas C. Platt had for years been assailed by the press on the general ground of blackmailing corporations. Mr. Hughes made the wretched old man tell how, for fifteen years, he had annually got ten-thousand-dollar bundles of greenbacks from the Equitable, virtually in return for favorable legislation. In a few days Mr. Hughes destroyed the reputation of Benjamin B. Odell, for two terms Republican Governor of New York, by showing that he had used his great office to enforce the settlement of private suits against the Equitable group.

All kinds of pressure were exerted for getting rid of Hughes and his inquiry. The insurance investigation had been authorized by a Republican legislature; and here its counsel was using his opportunities to besmirch many Republicans in prominent public office. Many subtle hints were given the committee's counsel concerning lines that it might be just as well to leave unexplored. He was quietly informed, for example, that the "Hanover Bank Office Account" of the New York Life, about which he had manifested much curiosity, was a cloak for a campaign contribution made in 1904 to the Republican National Committee. With most investigators, such a reminder would have accomplished its purpose — that is, they would have discreetly left that matter alone. Hughes, however, did not hesitate for a moment; had it contained information which would have sent his dearest friend to state's prison, he would have as inexorably followed up the clue. The Republican politicians, failing in other ways, now attempted to appeal to Mr. Hughes' vanity. Soon after the committee began its work, the campaign for the election of a Mayor in New York began. The party leaders, before the convention met, offered Mr. Hughes the Republican nomination, but he declined. In spite of this, they formally selected him as a candidate. If Mr. Hughes had accepted, he could not possibly have continued the investigation. He could not have devoted his time to this work and also conducted a political campaign, and manifestly he would have been embarrassed in his inquiry if suspected of seeking partizan advantage. He therefore declined the honor, immediately resumed the work of examining witnesses, and among the many who afterward suffered from the disclosures were the very politicians and financiers who had so disinterestedly attempted to make him Mayor of New York.

A Genius for Doing the Obvious Thing

Mr. Hughes' thoroughness and mastery of detail aroused general admiration. He worked day and night for three months, held two sessions a day, investigated thirteen companies, examined nearly two hundred witnesses, took nine large printed volumes of testimony, wrote a report of five hundred pages, and drew up a new code of insurance laws. Knowing nothing of insurance, in a few weeks he acquired an actuarial knowledge that qualified him to question the leading experts on the most difficult subjects. He examined the companies' charters, their by-laws, their investments, their methods of management, their agency systems, their form of policies, their dividends, their methods of accounting, their relations to political parties, banks, trust companies, and other corporations. "Mr. Hughes," says Marvyn Scudder, his financial statistician in the insurance investigation, "has a better grasp of figures than most expert accountants. He would take a balance-sheet, give it a glance, and immediately pick out the important and essential items. The rapidity and sureness with which he hit upon the entries back of which lay the secret history of the companies was a constant source of wonderment to us." When, in 1896, the New York Life had contributed $50,000 to the Republican campaign fund, it had done it so secretively that no living officer of the company, not even the president or the cashier, knew where the item was concealed. Mr. Hughes, however, got this testimony on the record. Much of his success lay in his genius for doing the obvious thing — in going directly to headquarters for his facts. When James M. Beck attempted to justify McCurdy's $150,000 salary by declaring that the assets of the Mutual Life exceeded those of the Banks of England, France, and Germany combined, Mr. Hughes immediately sent cablegrams to all these banks, and the next day showed Mr. Beck that whereas the assets of the Bank of England were three times those of the Mutual Life, its chief executive officer received only $10,000 a year salary. Merely by doing the obvious thing, he unearthed those scandals that most shocked the public — the use of policy-holders' money in corrupting legislatures. In analyzing the books of the New York Life he discovered an item of $235,000 charged up to "Home Office Annex Account." The bookkeeper said that the money had been used in purchasing real estate

as part of a site for an annex to the New York Life Building. Mr. Hughes sent one of his assistants to the Register's office and had him take the official records of the transfer of every piece of property on the block in question. He had a map prepared, showing the situation in detail, and then subpoenaed President John A. McCall, instructing him to bring all the checks drawn in payment for this property. It was the most dramatic episode of the investigation. Mr. Hughes took up each parcel and made Mr. McCall produce the check with which it was purchased. After he had finished there was still the check for $235,000 unaccounted for. In reality, as was shown, this had gone to one Andrew Hamilton, a well-known Albany lobbyist, and was part of a large corruption fund which Mr. McCall had placed at his disposal. From this discovery came the disclosures of the campaign in State legislatures which the three big New York companies had been carrying on for many years.

Fundamental Reforms in Life Insurance

The public has yet no adequate comprehension of the permanent reforms accomplished by this six months' work. Mr. Hughes' reforms are not superficial; they are fundamental. For almost the first time in thirty years, there are insurance laws on the statute-books of New York State which the insurance managements have not placed there themselves. The State legislature, in so far as insurance legislation is concerned, has resumed its constitutional functions. By doing so it has largely redeemed one of the most useful institutions of modern life. In order to comprehend what Mr. Hughes has accomplished, it is necessary to consider first what were the fundamental abuses revealed. They were not $100,000 French balls, or even $100,000 salaries — these things were merely the outgrowth of certain evils that were destroying the whole institution. Back of all the scandals lay the system of insurance known as the "deferred dividend." Under this plan, the companies did not pay their dividends every year, but accumulated them for certain periods, usually twenty years, and then paid them only to survivors. If you died or dropped your policy before the expiration of this period, you received no dividends at all. These unpaid dividends, held in the companies' treasuries, amounted to enormous sums — about $67,000,000 in the Equitable, $70,000,000 in the Mutual, and $47,000,000 in the New York Life. This scheme not only made life insurance a system of wholesale gambling, but, in these great surpluses of liquid capital, furnished a huge corruption fund. Without this source of supply, the big salaries, the high agents' commissions, the extravagant office buildings, the legislative bribery, the financial profits to insiders, would have been practically impossible. Evidently, the most effectual way of reforming the abuses was to remove the cause. In framing a law requiring insurance companies to pay their dividends annually, this is precisely what Mr. Hughes has done. In other words, these dividends henceforth will become the property of the policy-holders, and will not be diverted, to the extent of many millions annually, into other hands. This single change establishes as complete a revolution in life-insurance conditions as the abolition of the protective tariff would work in the nation's fiscal policy.

Again, the gravest financial abuses arose from the alliance which the New York companies had made with trust companies and banks. For years they had kept standing deposits in certain favored institutions. Thence the money found its way into all sorts of doubtful Wall Street enterprises. The life-insurance companies, their directors, and their financial associates largely controlled these depositaries; in other words, they were using policy-holders' money for personal profit. How hazardous and speculative is the trust company business, recent developments in New York City have shown. In view of the failure of one of the largest and the demonstrated weakness of others, the wickedness of the old Equitable management, in keeping $40,000,000 of its policy-holders' money at one time in trust companies, is apparent. Mr. Hughes' new insurance laws will virtually prohibit this. The companies must sell all their trust company and bank stocks within a certain period, and other measures adopted will keep their banking balances on a business basis. Other drastic laws — such as that limiting the annual business a company can write, thus moderating that fierce craze for size which had become such a scandal; that forbidding campaign contributions; that prohibiting any except certain standard forms of policies; and that requiring full publicity in each company's reports — Mr. Hughes has also secured. There may be minor defects in these new laws, but in all essentials they unquestionably represent a great performance in constructive legislation. Their effect is not confined to New York, for many other States have adopted them, in whole or in part.

Perhaps more important than the definite legislation obtained, was the stimulation of the public conscience which followed the insurance inquiry. Mr. Hughes began this work as a skilled attorney; when he finished it, he was a statesman, if to be a statesman is to awaken the

national consciousness upon the gravest questions affecting the national life. The alliance between finance and politics, the use of corporation money in presidential campaigns, the annexation of the State legislatures by certain interests which are seeking special privilege, the misappropriation of the people's savings by Wall Street, the disregard, by those hitherto held in the highest esteem, of the sense of trusteeship — certainly no one had quite so emphatically brought these subjects home as had Mr. Hughes. On all these topics he had transformed vague suspicion into fact. Others had accused, he had submitted proof. Until the insurance inquiry, the nation had lived content in its consciousness of wealth and power and luxury and material happiness; this event, however, made the most thoughtless pause and consider the unsatisfactory basis upon which much of their prosperity rested. That the spirit of reform, the popular determination to face the ugliest national problems and change them fundamentally, received its first great impetus from the insurance investigation, every one must admit. That its effects will be permanent is evident from the new spirit of the insurance companies themselves. The New York managements wish to change certain parts of the new laws; but none of them conceives the possibility of returning to the old conditions.

The gas and the insurance investigation made Mr. Hughes the Governor of New York State. His own disclosures had created the real issue of the governorship campaign of 1906. Taking advantage of the public sentiment which he had created, the radical forces had selected as their candidate Mr. William R. Hearst, and it soon became evident that the Democratic organization would indorse his candidacy. With an ordinary Republican candidate, there was not the slightest question but that Mr. Hearst would be elected. From all sides, therefore, arose a popular demand for the nomination of Mr. Hughes. Although a life-long Republican, Mr. Hughes had never figured in politics and had no ambition for public office. The insurance investigation had made him one of the leaders of the American bar, and there lay before him a distinguished and profitable career in his cherished profession. Moreover, whatever might be his popularity with the rank and file, the Republican politicians felt no enthusiasm for his nomination. In their eyes, he was the man who, by laying bare many Republican secrets, and exposing the whole Republican machine, had "destroyed his party" in New York State. Mr. Hughes' attitude was entirely characteristic and consistent. He would do nothing to secure his nomination; he believed that the governorship should come to a man, if at all, as a genuine tender from the people, and that no man could actively seek the office without incurring obligations that might interfere with its disinterested administration. On the other hand, no good citizen could possibly decline a genuine public request to assume its responsibilities.

The convention which met at Saratoga was dominated by the old Republican war-horses, practically all of whom refused to admit that Mr. Hughes had any strength. They did their best to unite upon some politician of the familiar type, and for some time their favorite was ex-Governor Frank S. Black. There was one man, however, who thoroughly believed in Mr. Hughes' candidacy. This was President Roosevelt. With his rare political sense, the President saw that the selection of any other man meant disaster to the Republican party. Secretary George B. Cortelyou, when the Republican convention met, was in New York, keeping in constant telephone communication with Saratoga. On the midnight preceding the day the nomination was made, Mr. Cortelyou called up Senator Alfred R. Page, the most active supporter of the Hughes interest. "I have a message for you," said Mr. Cortelyou. "It is as follows:

> "I think that Mr. Hughes is the strongest candidate before the convention. We need just his qualities in the coming campaign.
>
> "THEODORE ROOSEVELT."

While this message was coming over the telephone wire, the Republican leaders were holding a midnight conference for the selection of a leader. At its conclusion, after considering every possible candidate, only to dismiss him as impossible, they decided to accept the man whom the people demanded. Even without the President's message, therefore, Mr. Hughes would probably have been chosen. When that message was made public by Congressman William W. Cocks, of Mr. Roosevelt's own district, the convention nominated Hughes by acclamation.

The event justified the political wisdom of Mr. Hughes' supporters. Of the whole Republican ticket, he was the only man elected. His election, therefore, was not a political triumph; it was an expression of an aroused public conscience demanding reforms. When, on January 1, 1907, Mr. Hughes went to Albany, he became the representative, not of a party, but of the whole people, and he had emphatic instructions to seek in his administration only the public interest. How well Governor Hughes has observed this obligation will be described in another article.

THE CLANGING HOURS

BY

GRACE MacGOWAN COOKE

AND

CAROLINE WOOD MORRISON

ILLUSTRATIONS BY WORTH BREHM

"BY whose order" — the bass caught his breath, looking savagely at the small, militant choir directress — "by whose order, may I ask, was that — little door — closed?"

The choir was largely juvenile, and it smiled delightedly, then settled itself firmly upon the uncomfortable benches for the row that must ensue. Was not this choir practice? Was not the unfortunate directress in for at least three scrimmages at each session of the sort? An added interest displayed itself because the little door in question was a blessed privilege to all of them, an exit by which they might slip out after the opening hymn and miss the sermon, stealing back in time to bear their additional part in the concluding service.

"I presume it was the vestry; I had nothing to do with it," asserted Miss Bayley, with her usual monotonous, irritating calm. "Will you rise while we try this, please?"

"The vestry!" snorted the bass. He was already on his feet, and had no need to comply with her request. "The vestry!" he repeated in scorn. "Men that can't sing a note! I see no use in paying any attention to what they say or do."

This summary disposal of their pastors and masters because they couldn't sing struck Maida as so funny that she giggled outright, and then tried to turn it into a cough. Maida was plump and pretty and fourteen. She had a contralto voice, and therefore was placed at the end of the line, next to the boys. Donald enjoyed giggles, so he slipped into the chair beside hers.

"We certainly will not discuss the matter at present," said Miss Bayley in an awful voice. "Are you ever going to stand up? Maida Crawford, this is no place for levity."

The young person addressed, feeling all eyes turned upon her, lost control of her voice for reply, and found herself unable to rise. She leaned weakly against Don. He enjoyed that, too.

"Maida!" ejaculated the directress, feeling that her command of the whole squirming mass was slipping, "you may leave the room until you can behave with decorum."

The girl made no movement to rise. She prolonged her moment of importance.

"How can I go?" she inquired, rounding big blue eyes of innocence at Miss Bayley. "How can I, when the vestry have locked all the doors?"

The directress said something that was lost in the half-subdued laughter which greeted this. Don got to his feet.

"Come on," he whispered, reaching a hand

down to his neighbor. "You started the whole push to snickering, and there's going to be an awful row. Let's move!"

He pulled her after him by the hand, not unwilling, out on the stone porch, where it was dark and cool and the night air made one too happy to laugh. They stood side by side in the dusk, drawn together in sudden warmth of intimacy by the inconsequent attraction of youth, high spirits, and propinquity. Donald Harvey was the best-looking boy in St. Paul's, and he knew it — sometimes. But, as yet, he noticed girls only fitfully and in the intervals of matters more important and absorbing. Maida had come into her heritage of coquetry earlier, as is the way of women.

"Ain't I something awful?" she inquired softly, leaning close in the shadow. "When I get started that way, I just can't stop myself. What did you come with me for? Now, if Miss Bayley expels me, she'll turn you out, too."

"Huh! They couldn't keep me in after they'd expelled you," Donald found himself saying, without any particular volition of his own.

He spoke with boyish gruffness, yet there was a warmth in his tone which made the girl catch his arm and pull him down beside her on the door-stone, crying:

"Say, Don, let's peek and see what they're doing."

She applied a bright eye to the keyhole.

"O-o-oh! she's got 'em all up, lecturing 'em. Well, she can't expel the whole choir."

"No; she needs us in her business," agreed Don, kneeling beside the exile.

"My — just look!" cried the girl in a whispered shriek, turning to him so swiftly that their heads almost bumped.

He could see her eyes shining in the twilight; her face was within a few inches of his own, and a strand of hair blew across his lips. Suddenly he was aware of why he knelt there, why Maida knelt beside him, why, indeed, the directress had thrust them forth together into outer darkness. He leaned forward and kissed her — a boy's good, loud kiss.

"Oh!" she deprecated, without drawing away. "You mustn't do that. Why — they'll hear us in there! We must — we must be quieter. We've got to go back right now."

Donald took so much of her advice that, as they scrambled to their feet preparatory to going in, he kissed her once more — "quieter."

The boys and girls of the choir always walked home together; but to-night chance separated Don and Maida from the others — or Don thought it did, quite unaware of any manoeuvering on the girl's part. Once started walking alone with him, the young creature began to bring forth and try upon him all her store of pretty, girlish love conceits, challenges, and blandishments.

"I want you to promise to think of me once every hour to-morrow, and I'll do the same for you," she said, as they paused at the gate.

"Once an hour!" echoed Don. "A fellow thinks of his best girl every minute, doesn't he?" and then he wondered at his own adroitness.

Maida was searching in her pocket, and did not give this quite so much attention as it seemed to him to deserve. "See here," she announced, pulling out two bits of pasteboard, "these are dance programs. I'll keep this one with the pink pencil, and give you the one with the little blue pencil to it. You must carry it with you, and write down exactly what's in your mind about me every time the clock strikes."

"Suppose I don't happen to hear it strike?" demanded the boy, who was too honest to realize that he might crib sentimentalities as other fellows cribbed exams.

"Oh, well, you always know what time it is, don't you?" Maida tossed her pretty head and made eyes at him in the light of the late moon, which had risen.

"I reckon I do," agreed Donald, removing his cap to scratch a worried head. "What sort of stuff do you want me to write, anyhow?"

"What sort of stuff do you think about me — anyhow?" mimicked Maida, looking adorably mischievous.

"Why, that you're the cutest, prettiest, sweetest girl in town," asseverated Don stanchly.

"Smarty!" The big eyes were swiftly veiled and there was a great showing of dimples as the girl laughed at him. "I suppose you can write *that* down — if you can't make up anything more sensible."

"Will it do if I just write that twelve times?" asked literal Don doubtfully.

Would it do! Maida thought with gleeful anticipation of having such a card with Donald Harvey's name on it to show to her ten dearest friends. "If you can't do any better," she pouted.

"Well," sighed the youthful swain,— rather oppressed by the job he had on hand, feeling that it was time to go, and that a boy who had kissed a girl at the beginning of the evening ought surely to kiss her good night,— "well, I reckon I can do it. But I'd a heap rather say it to you."

That was to have led up to the good-night kiss, as both of them well knew; but now came a thin, sweet voice from an upper window:

"Maida — Maida! Is that you out there? Who's with you?" A shutter moved.

"Yes, Mama," responded Maida in a dutiful little-girl voice which Don hardly recognized. "It's only Donald Harvey. We walked up from choir practice together."

"It's late, children," and Don thought he saw a head behind the shutter. "I left a light in the hall, Maida. Don't fail to put the cat out, dear, so she can get to her kittens."

"Yes, Mama." The eager young voice grew fainter as Maida turned disappointed eyes to where her recently captured prize was disappearing in the darkness.

II

His father wakened him at six-thirty to split that kindling he had forgotten the night before. This made him late about milking the cow. He was at it when the clock struck seven, but — well, there are no clocks in stables, and the dainty little gilt-edged card with its dangling blue pencil remained sunk in oblivion and in the hip-pocket of his trousers past that fated hour. There was a grudged fifteen minutes for breakfast, a hasty performance of the remaining chores, then Don's real day began with a dive in the river. It was vacation-time, and all the fellows were out. Oh, that cutting through the air with a lithe, sharp-boned body — the plunge in the clear waters, soft as velvet and thrilling with liquid electricity! There was a Babel by the riverside, so many shrill young voices in rapid vibration.

"Aw, 'fraid-cat, dive!"

"Juniper! See Sam go over!"

"Hurry up, Jim."

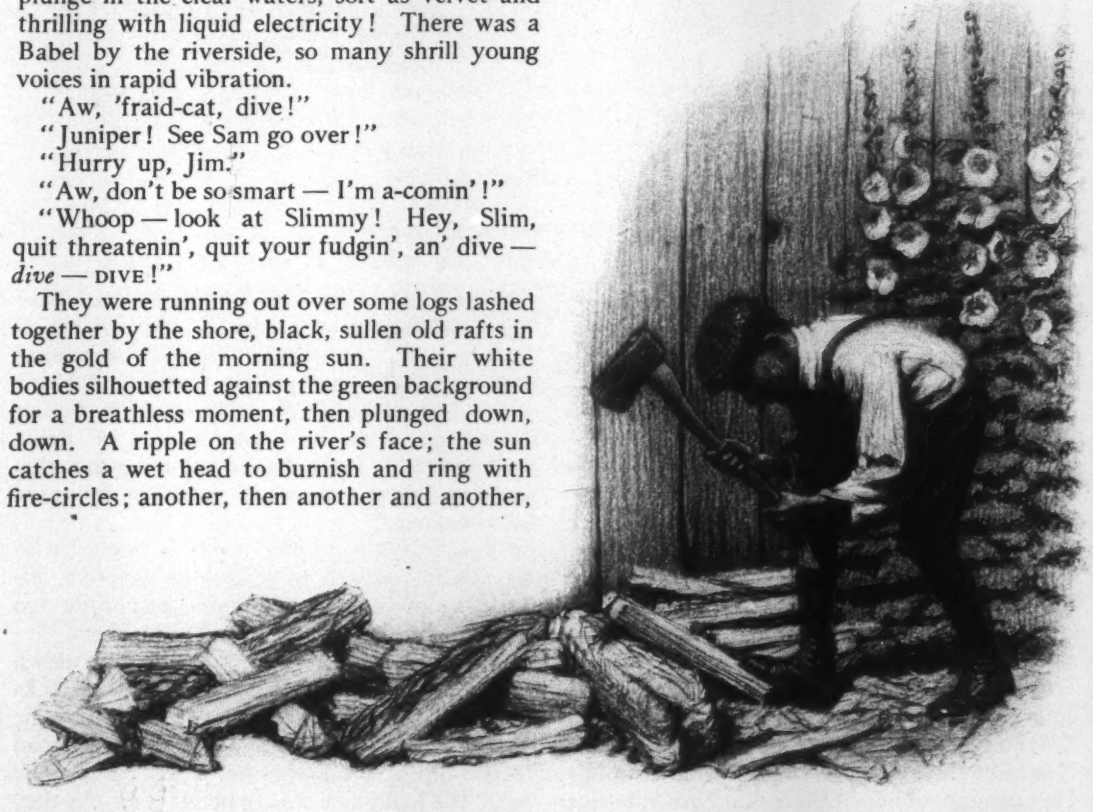
"Aw, don't be so smart — I'm a-comin'!"

"Whoop — look at Slimmy! Hey, Slim, quit threatenin', quit your fudgin', an' dive — *dive* — DIVE!"

They were running out over some logs lashed together by the shore, black, sullen old rafts in the gold of the morning sun. Their white bodies silhouetted against the green background for a breathless moment, then plunged down, down. A ripple on the river's face; the sun catches a wet head to burnish and ring with fire-circles; another, then another and another, rises on the stream, and all the fire-circles run together in broken gleams and flashes.

Don tingled with enjoyment. Did a clock strike? Was there a clock in the world? If there was, could a boy take a program and blue pencil out of a pocket when he had no pocket on? Hands above head, fingers extended and joined — one, two, three, over! Oh, the triumph of it! the boy-souls not comprehending why they rioted so at surmounting natural laws — the land-animal living in water depths and proud of the miracle!

They bantered one another to go farther and farther out on the rafts, crying, "It's bully to dive where it's real deep!" until Donald distanced them all. With a splendid leap, he cleared the far end of the last raft and cleft the swifter waters. There came a crashing blow on his head. His nostrils smarted and filled; his muscles slackened — lost their cunning. Like a weed awash, he was being sucked down. But he understood what had chanced: he had risen beneath the raft, his head colliding with the old sodden logs. With quick presence of mind, he flung up his arms as he rose again, and pushed himself out from under the death-



"HIS FATHER WAKENED HIM AT SIX-THIRTY TO SPLIT THAT KINDLING HE HAD FORGOTTEN"

"'SAY, DON, YOU'RE THE STUFF!'"

trap. Going down once more then, he was spewed up again yet farther out in the stream, played with by the current, helpless, all but senseless.

What came cutting through the water, swift as an arrow, as no man or boat could come?— yes, as one can come — the motor-boat, whose owner, young Carrington, had been diving over by the island. Carrington had heard the boys' shout of dismay, and, with his wet skin glistening in the early light, had leaped aboard, lifted the lever, and borne down on the drowning lad. One quick plunge, and he had Don on his arm, safe!

"Here, fellows, bear a hand!" cried the newcomer, as half a dozen swarmed aboard. "Make her fast. Where's a — that keg'll do. Now, like this — see? There — that's enough. He's coming round. Chuck that bath-robe over here. Now, son," as Don opened his eyes, "will you have a carriage? Go home? You cold? Have some blankets? A doctor? Stimulants?"

"Uh — uh, uk — guk — naw!" sputtered Don, sitting suddenly bolt upright. "Much — er — much oblige'," as he took in young Carrington and the motor-boat. "I don't need nothin'. I'm going to the mountain this morning — got a base-ball game on up there for afternoon."

"Couldn't stop to die," said his rescuer, who was young enough to know the feverish, inflated value of vacation hours, and quite too wise, therefore, to suggest curtailing them.

It was while they were rubbing Don down and getting his clothes on him that the clocks in town struck nine. They struck ten while he and his chums were toiling up the red-clay road to the top of the mountain, where, in a small park, the ball game was to be played. As they arrived at the summit, to them hastened Sam

Swaney, captain of the Dons, explaining eagerly to Don, manager:

"You see, it's this way. The Bellevilles know we can put up a stiff game, and they ain't never been beat. I hate to play with teams that hain't been weaned! Jeff Hazencamp's just told me that they're working a dirt-mean trick. They've left their regular subs at home, and brought along a couple of fellows that have played with professionals. Of course, they'll lame some of their weak men right away, and ring in them big galoots on us. Gee! we can't put up any fight against that kind of a push."

"Them subs they've got must be a bum pair," observed Don. "No decent professionals would let an amateur team ring them in on a crowd half their size. I don't see what we can do, though. If we kick, everybody'll say we're not treating our visitors fair."

"Say," broke out Sam, "them fellows must 'a' been bought; men that have been bribed once can be bribed again — if we had the money."

There was heavy silence for a moment, as the crowd of hot, dusty boys trailed disconsolately along; then Don spoke again, slowly but with finality:

"Father paid me off to-day for two months' chores — five dollars. I did intend — but — I'll put up the mon'! You send Hank Dosser back to hunt up them fellows and buy 'em off."

"Gee!" "Good fer you!" "Say, Don, you're the stuff!" the boys whispered feelingly.

In taking the bills from his pocket, Don dropped out a white square with a blue pencil attached; as he did so, the clocks in the village below, had they been audible, might have been heard to strike eleven. The boy unconsciously put a broad sole on the dance program while he counted the price of victory into Hank's perspiring scarlet-and-umber palm, pouring instructions, meanwhile, into his fellow-conspirator's windmill ears.

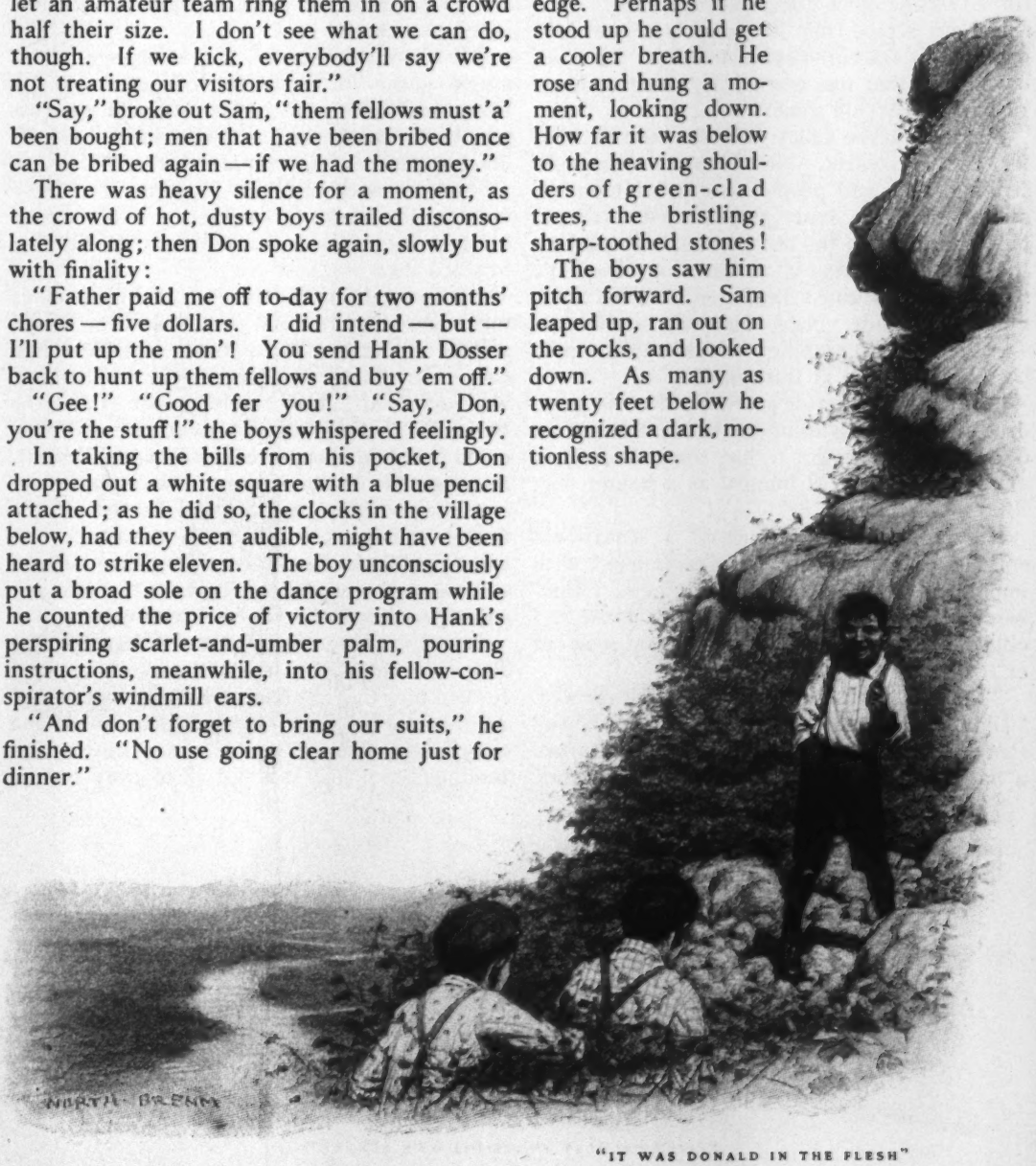
"And don't forget to bring our suits," he finished. "No use going clear home just for dinner."

The devoted Hank sped away. The boys disposed themselves on a high, grassy swell rising from a small gray bluff that jutted out over the valley, commanding river and town.

"My head feels funny," Donald announced meditatively. "I guess I'll go out and lay down in the shade there, where it's cool. Maybe I'll sleep a little. Sometimes it kind o' feels that way."

He flung himself flat in the shadow of the boulder, his eyes on the far blue distances, his thoughts with the coming struggle. His mouth felt hot. Even the rock on which he lay was sun-warmed. He crawled farther out and stuck his head over the edge. Perhaps if he stood up he could get a cooler breath. He rose and hung a moment, looking down. How far it was below to the heaving shoulders of green-clad trees, the bristling, sharp-toothed stones!

The boys saw him pitch forward. Sam leaped up, ran out on the rocks, and looked down. As many as twenty feet below he recognized a dark, motionless shape.



"IT WAS DONALD IN THE FLESH"

"Run — run!" he yelled to the others. "We got to go round and come back on the side. There's no way to get down here — only the way he went."

Bareheaded, they forged through the stinging heat, gasping, sweating; but no red pumped to their pallid faces. Now they plunged over the slope, sliding, rolling, brambles tearing, vines tripping, low-swinging limbs whipping their smarting eyelids. Almost spent, they reached the bench, swerved to the right, crawled along a boulder — and met a boy in the narrow way!

"Hello, fellers!" It was Donald in the flesh, limping, but coming on. "Anybody got a match? They all spilled out of me when I turned upside down going over the bluff." He fished out a pipe from his trousers pocket and regarded its fractured stem ruefully. "I must have broke that too, when I lit," he grumbled. "I barked my shin some."

Far away in the valley, whistles were blowing for twelve o'clock. No doubt clocks were striking, also, and people were going home to dinner. But the dance program with its little blue pencil lay in the dusty road, trampled by the feet of passers-by, as far from Donald's stubby, earth-stained fingers as from his boy's mind — all rude, male, Homeric activity — were the sweet nothings which should have been written on it at this hour.

"Maybe we'd better go round by the little drug-store and plaster up my head; it feels kind o' queer. Say, we got to buy some sandwiches at the park. I'm as hungry as a hound dog. Who's got the mon'?"

He had no desire to avoid a sensational episode. He was only too preoccupied with important things to stop and play hero. Otherwise he might have remembered to pause and oblige his comrades with a dramatic moment or two.

"I ought to wash off this blood," he allowed. "Didn't I scratch my face up rolling down there? — I rolled most of the way." He turned a battered countenance from one to another. "I'm afraid if my folks see me looking like this they'll take me out of the game, and some of them are sure to be there."

"Let's go over to the creek," suggested Dinkey Martin. But when they arrived at the bank of the boulder-checked stream, controversy arose as to drying conveniences.

"Use your shirt an' leave it hangin' on a limb — we'll get it after the game," some one suggested.

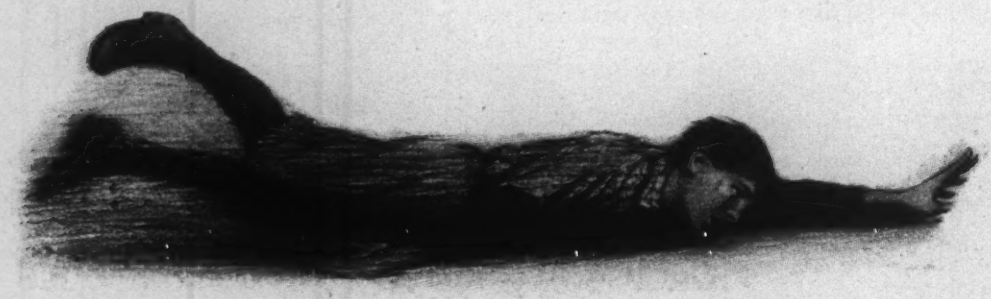
The boy who had twice in one morning pulled the whiskers of death put up a really serious objection to this. "I'd forget and go home without it, and then ma'd miss it and scold me. I can stand most things, but ma's scolding gets me. I'll dry on my shirt and put it back on. It'll feel nice and cool."

One o'clock at the park saw stragglers beginning to gather for the two-o'clock game and the Dons negotiating for lunch. Donald ate two ponderous sandwiches, pronounced himself fit, lined up his men and prepared for battle.

Two o'clock came, and the familiar cry, "Play ball!" The visitors, anxious for a chance to bring in the professionals they had secured, put forward their weakest players.

In the first inning the Mount Pisgah boys made one home run and three bags, and in the second inning one home run. It looked like easy victory, but neither Donald nor Swaney was deceived. They were aware that the Bellevilles felt willing not to score until they could bring in their hired professional talent. At a signal from the manager, one of their players felt his shin, groaned, and limped off the field. There was a call for his substitute, two calls, a fusillade of cat-calls, tiger-yells, the howl of the jungle wolf, for that substitute — for any substitute; but none was forthcoming!

Instead, a note was put into the hands of the Belleville captain. In it the professionals informed him that conscience had at the last moment seized them, as it were, by the throat, and dragged them out of the way of temptation, and reminded him that it is not all of glory to win,



"SLIDES ALMOST TWICE HIS OWN LENGTH"

that honesty and fair play are the best part of any game. They added that they were leaving for Belleville on the next train, but neglected to mention that these fine sentiments had cost the manager of the Dons five dollars.

The lame player recovered miraculously, and drifted back to his base wearing a sheepish grin. The Bellevilles had deliberately lost ground. Their captain came to the bat with the courage of despair. He looked his men over; they understood that, having failed at treachery, they were expected to do the impossible — and they meant to try.

One home run and two bags for the visiting team in the third inning. No score for the home nine.

"We're beat — we're beat right now!" groaned Sam, as Donald came out.

The manager of the home team ground his teeth. A strip of plaster running the length of his forehead, bramble scratches swelling on his sun-blistered face, he dropped the end of his bat to earth and glared defiance.

Somewhere a clock struck three — but not in that world which his spirit now inhabited. What need to tell the details of the boyish struggle, heat palpitating in the air, the sun glaring down pitilessly upon the dry, baked diamond with the cinder-lines? Suffice it to say that in the ninth inning, after pulling forward and back, the score stood seven to seven, Donald was again at the bat, the captain of the Bellevilles in the pitcher's stand.

"Look out for him, Don!" Sam had whispered the warning. "That fellow can knock spots out of anybody with a ball."

"He ain't a-goin' to knock no spots out of me," Donald muttered from the pit of his stomach.

The first ball came. Don clutched his bat hard, lest it go off automatically with all the fury of combat which he felt running down his arms. But that ball! It was an impossibility — such curves the treacherous Bellevilleite threw!

Don had tested his bat; he spat on his hands, squared his legs, glowered at the umpire, swung the bat on high, and struck — air.

"Strike, one!"

It seemed to the boy, for the moment, that those swallow-dipping balls had been flying over his head for years. Then he summoned back the confidence with which he had begun. His appearance was surely enough to scare one of those invisible-rope-walking spheres into falling at his feet. One was coming now. He fanned the air like a windmill.

"Strike, two!"

The captain of the Bellevilles grinned, triumphant. He, too, stood with legs apart and glared like an Indian on the war-path. He tasted salt sweat in his open mouth, and forgot to wipe it off. Blood was in his eye, the scent of glory in his nostrils. It needed but one more. He gave a last upward sweep, and delivered a beautiful rising-and-falling ball.

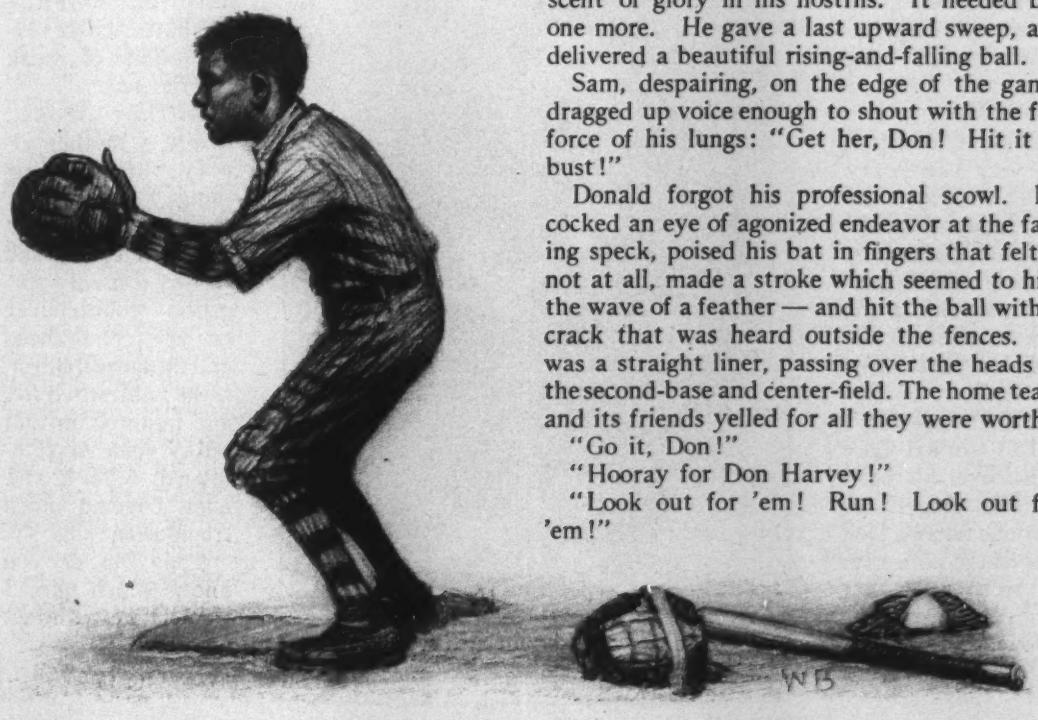
Sam, despairing, on the edge of the game, dragged up voice enough to shout with the full force of his lungs: "Get her, Don! Hit it or bust!"

Donald forgot his professional scowl. He cocked an eye of agonized endeavor at the falling speck, poised his bat in fingers that felt it not at all, made a stroke which seemed to him the wave of a feather — and hit the ball with a crack that was heard outside the fences. It was a straight liner, passing over the heads of the second-base and center-field. The home team and its friends yelled for all they were worth:

"Go it, Don!"

"Hooray for Don Harvey!"

"Look out for 'em! Run! Look out for 'em!"



The out-field of the Bellevilles has the ball in his hands. He is throwing it to the captain in the box. Like a thing without feeling or weariness of the flesh, like a mechanical toy running swiftly between the hot earth and the blazing sky, Don was covering the distance from third to home!

Is this tireless runner the boy who broke his head on the river raft this morning — who fell off the bluff — who has walked ten dusty miles?

The captain of the Bellevilles has the ball, and is sending it red-hot over the home plate.

A clock is striking four, but Donald does not stop to search for a dance program and a blue pencil. He has lost all sensation but motion, all desire save speed.

The Mount Pisgahs are yelling deliriously. They can scarcely withhold their legs from running with him.

"Hit her up, Don!"

"Yah! Ye're beat, Bellevilles!"

"Come on! Come on!"

"Slide! *Slide!* Gol durn it, SLIDE!"

And he does slide over the tearing cinders, with one forearm under him, and a cheek that gets a dab now and then. Gasping, grunting, streaming with sweat, he slides almost twice his own length. Stretching flat out, his abraded finger-ends touch the home base — and it's victory for the Dons!

That night, as a tired boy very tenderly peeled a damp shirt from blistered shoulders, his mother, on her way to the kitchen, tossed in at his door a delicately scented, pink-tinted envelop.

With the one sleeve he had worked loose pulled over his head and held gingerly in cautious fingers, Don opened the note with his teeth and left hand, and read the following:

DEAR DONALD: Wasn't it fine your team won! Did you think of me every minute while you were playing? I shall never forget our walk home last night. Bring your program to the library in the morning and let's exchange. Mine is full. YOU KNOW WHO.

As he struggled through this communication, Donald's jaw gradually fell.

"'Our walk home last night'—'program'!" Moved by some vague memory of the muscles alone, his hand went to his trousers pocket in which card and pencil had been stowed. It came away empty.

Last night! Empires had risen and been cast down since then; dynasties had come into power and suffered decay. His mind groped helplessly for the mood which belonged with the missing program. Poor Don! He meant so well. He was as sincere in one side of his nature as in the other. What had he promised to write? Where was he to meet the sender of that note? Why, who ——?

Suddenly his brain, so recently occupied by rude masculine activities, refused him memory. Even as he sorted and shuffled phrases in his mind, determined to fill some program with tender expressions and meet some one somewhere, as he wondered whether affinity was spelled with two f's, he pushed his way into the kitchen, whence emanated appetizing odors of steak and onions.

"DONALD'S JAW GRADUALLY FELL"

Mother would know — mother always did know things! She stood at the table making delectable biscuits, and turned a mildly surprised countenance on her demoralized and disfigured eldest, as he confronted her and inquired, in that husky voice of command which she knew covered much trepidation:

"Say, Ma, do you know which girl I went home with last night?"

From the collection of Robert Coster

EDWIN BOOTH AS HAMLET

MEMORIES OF BOOTH AND SARAH BERNHARDT*

BY

ELLEN TERRY

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS AND FROM A DRAWING BY ERIC PAPE

From the collection of Robert Coster

EDWIN BOOTH AS IAGO

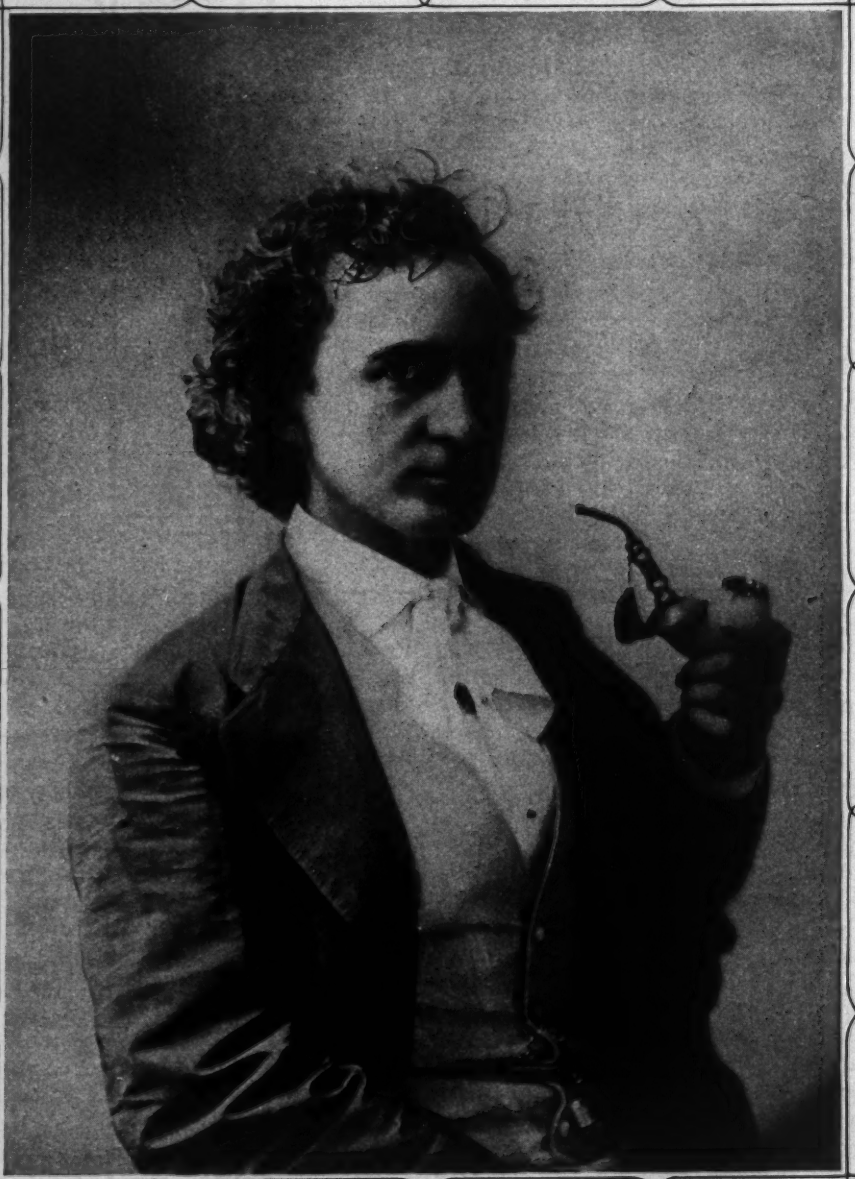
"THE CUP" and "The Corsican Brothers" together made the bill too heavy and too long, even at a time when we still "rang up" at seven-thirty; and in the April following the production of Tennyson's beautiful tragedy — which I think in sheer poetic intensity surpasses "Becket," although it is not nearly so good a play —"The Belle's Stratagem" was substituted for "The Corsican Brothers." This was the first real rollicking comedy that a Lyceum audience had ever seen, and the way they laughed did my heart good. I had had enough of tragedy and the horrors by this time, and I could have cried with joy at that rare and welcome sight, an audience rocking with laughter. On the first night the play opened propitiously enough with a loud laugh, due to the only accident of the kind that ever happened at the Lyceum. The curtain went up before the staff had "cleared," and Arnott, Jimmy, and the rest were seen running for their lives out of the centre entrance!

From the collection of F. H. Meserve

SARAH BERNHARDT

People said that it was so clever of me to play Camma and Laetitia Hardy (the comedy part in "The Belle's Stratagem") on the same evening. They used to say the same kind of thing, "only more so," when Henry played Jingle and Mathias in "The Bells." But I never liked doing it. A *tour de force* is always more interesting to the looker-on than to the person who is taking part in it. One feels no pride in such an achievement, which ought to be possible to any one calling himself an actor. Personally, I never play comedy and tragedy on the same night

* *Copyright, 1908, by Ellen Terry (Mrs. Carew)*



Photograph by Sarony, in the collection of Robert Coster

EDWIN THOMAS BOOTH

The appearance of Edwin Booth with Henry Irving and Ellen Terry in "Othello" marked one of the great moments of Irving's management. Each week the two actors changed parts, affording a remarkably interesting contrast in method

without a sense that one is spoiling the other.

What Irving's Face Did for Him

Henry Irving was immensely funny as Doricourt. We had sort of Beatrice and Benedick scenes together, and I began to notice what a lot his *face* did for him. There have only been two faces on the stage in my time — his and Duse's.

My face has never been of much use to me, but my *pace* has filled the deficiency sometimes — in comedy, at any rate. In "The Belle's Stratagem" the public had face and pace together, and they seemed to like it.

There was one scene in which I sang "Where are you going to, my pretty maid?" I used to act it all the way through and give imitations of Doricourt — ending up by chucking him under the chin. The house rose at it!

I was often asked at this time, when I went out to a party, if I would not sing that dear little song from "The Cup." When I said I didn't think it would sound very nice without the harp, since it was only a chant on two or three notes, some one would be sure to say:

"Well, then, the song in 'The Belle's Stratagem'! *That* has no accompaniment."

"No," I used to answer, "but it isn't a song. It's a look here, a gesture there, a laugh anywhere, *and* Henry Irving's face everywhere!"

ELLEN TERRY AS JULIET

"Beautiful as Portia was, Juliet leaves her far, far behind. Never anybody acted more exquisitely the parts of the performance that I saw from the front. 'Hie to high fortune' and 'Where spirits resort' were simply incomparable"

Henry Irving's letter to Ellen Terry

"An Agricultural Actor"

Mr. Howe was one of the new arrivals who came to us about this time. He was at his funniest as Mr. Hardy in "The Belle's Stratagem." The dear old man was much liked by every one. He had a tremendous pair of legs; was bluff and bustling in manner, though courtly, too; and cared more about gardening than acting. He had a little farm at Isleworth, and he was one of those actors who do not allow the longest theatrical season to interfere with domesticity and horticulture! Because of his stout gaitered legs and his Isleworth estate, Henry called him "the agricultural actor." He was a good old port and whisky drinker, but he could carry his liquor like a Regency man.

He was a walking history of the stage. "Yes, my dear," he used to say to me, "I was in the original cast of the first performance of 'The Lady of Lyons,' which Lord Lytton gave Macready as a present, and I was the original François when 'Richelieu' was produced — Lord Lytton wrote this part for a lady, but at rehearsal it was found that there was a good deal of movement awkward for a lady to do, and so I was put into it."

"What year was it, Daddy?"

"God bless me, I must think. . . . It must have been about a year after her Majesty took the throne."

For forty years and nine months old Mr. Howe acted at the Haymarket Theatre! When he was first there the theatre was lighted with oil-lamps, and when a lamp smoked or went out, the servant of the theatre came on and lighted it up again during the action of the play.

The Last Days of Edmund Kean

It was the acting of Edmund Kean in "Richard III." which first filled Daddy Howe with the desire to go on the stage. He saw the great actor again when he was living in retirement at Richmond — in those last sad days when the Baroness Burdett-Coutts, driving up the hill one day, saw him sitting huddled up on one of the public seats, and asked if she could do anything for him.

"Nothing, I think," he answered sadly. "Ah, yes, there is one thing. Your ladyship was kind enough once to send me some very excellent brandy. *Send me some more.*"

Daddy Howe was the first member of the Lyceum Company who got a reception from the audience, on his entrance, as a public favourite. He remained with us until his death, which occurred during our fourth American tour, in 1893.

II

IRVING INVITES BOOTH TO PLAY ALTERNATE PARTS WITH HIM IN "OTHELLO"—BOOTH'S APPEARANCE AT THE LYCEUM

EVERY one has commended Henry Irving's kindly courtesy in inviting Edwin Booth to come and play with him at the Lyceum Theatre. Booth was having a wretched season at the Princess', which was, when he went there, a theatre on the down grade and under a thoroughly commercial management. The great American actor, through much domestic trouble and bereavement, had more or less "given up" things. At any rate, he had not the spirit which can combat such treatment as he received at the Princess', where the pieces in which he appeared were "thrown" on to the stage with every mark of assumption that he was not going to be a success.

Yet, although he accepted with gratitude

ELLEN TERRY AS JULIET
WITH MRS. STIRLING AS THE NURSE

Mrs. Stirling's career on the stage lasted for nearly sixty years. At one time she played leading parts with Macready, and she was the original Olivia in Tom Taylor's adaptation of "The Vicar of Wakefield." In her later years she had no equal in parts such as Mrs. Candour, Mrs. Malaprop, and the Nurse, which she played to the Juliet of Ellen Terry and of Mary Anderson

Henry Irving's suggestion that he should migrate from the Princess' to the Lyceum, and appear there three times a week as Othello, with the Lyceum Company and its manager to support him, I cannot be sure that Booth's pride was not more hurt by this magnificent hospitality than it ever could have been by disaster. It is always more difficult to *receive* than to *give*.

Few people thought of this, I suppose. I did, because I could imagine Henry Irving in America in the same situation — accepting the hospitality of Booth. Would not he, too, have been melancholy, quiet, unassertive, *almost* uninteresting and uninterested, as Booth was?

I saw him first at a benefit performance at Drury Lane. I came to the door of the room where Henry was dressing, and Booth was sitting there with his back to me.

"Here's Miss Terry," said Henry, as I came round the door.

Booth looked up at me swiftly. I have never, in any face, in any country, seen such wonderful eyes. There was a mystery about his appearance and his manner — a sort of pride which seemed to say: "Don't try to know me, for I am not what I have been." He seemed broken, and devoid of ambition.

At rehearsal he was very gentle and apathetic. Accustomed to playing Othello with stock companies, he had few suggestions to make about the stage-management. The part was to him more or less of a monologue.

"I shall never make you black," he said one morning. "When I take your hand I shall have a corner of my drapery in my hand. That will protect you."

I am bound to say I thought of that "protection" with some yearning the next week, when I played Desdemona to Henry's Othello. Before he had done with me I was nearly as black as he.

WILLIAM TERRISS AS MERCUTIO

"As I look back, I remember no figure in the theatre more remarkable than Terriss," Ellen Terry writes in her Memoirs. "He was one of those heaven-born actors who, like kings by divine right, can, up to a certain point, do no wrong"

Booth and Salvini in "Othello"

Booth was a melancholy, dignified Othello, but not great as Salvini was great. Salvini's Hamlet made me scream with mirth, but his Othello was the grandest, biggest, most glorious thing! We often prate of "reserved force." Salvini had it, for the simple reason that his was the gigantic force which may be restrained because of its immensity. Men have no need to dam up a little purling brook. If they do it in acting, it is tame, absurd, and pretentious. But Salvini held himself in, and still his groan was like a tempest, his passion huge.

The fact is that, apart from Salvini's personal genius, the foreign temperament is better fitted to deal with Othello than the English. Shakespeare's French and Italians, Greeks and Latins, mediaevals and barbarians, fancifuls and reals, all have a dash of Elizabethan Englishmen in them; but not Othello.

Booth's Othello was very helpful to my Desdemona. It is difficult to preserve the simple, heroic blindness of Desdemona to the fact that her lord mistrusts her, if her lord is raving and stamping under her nose! Booth was gentle in the scenes with Desdemona until *the* scene where Othello overwhelms her with the foul word and destroys her fool's paradise.

Love *does* make fools of us all, surely, but I wanted to make Desdemona out the fool who is the victim of love and faith; not the simpleton whose want of tact in continually pleading Cassio's cause is sometimes irritating to the audience.

My greatest triumph as Desdemona was not gained with the audience, but with Henry Irving! He found my endeavours to accept comfort from Iago so pathetic that they brought the tears to his eyes. It was the oddest sensation, when I said, "Oh, good Iago, what shall I do to win my lord again?" to look up — my own eyes dry, for Desdemona is past crying then — and see Henry's eyes at their biggest, luminous, soft, and full of tears! He was, in spite of Iago and in spite of his power of identifying himself with the part, very deeply moved by my acting. But he knew how to turn it to his purpose: he obtrusively took the tears with his fingers and blew his nose with much feeling, softly and long, so that the audience might think his emotion a fresh stroke of hypocrisy.

Every one liked Henry's Iago. For the first time in his life, he knew what it was to win unanimous praise. Nothing could be better, I think, than Mr. Walkley's* description: "Daringly Italian, a true compatriot of the Borgias, or, rather, better than Italian, that devil incarnate, an Englishman Italianate."

One adored him, devil though he was. He was so full of charm, so sincerely the "honest" Iago, peculiarly sympathetic with Othello, Desdemona, Roderigo — *all* of them, except his wife. It was only in the soliloquies and in the scenes with his wife that he revealed his devil's nature. Could one ever forget those grapes which he plucked in the first act, and slowly ate, spitting out the seeds, as if each one represented a worthy virtue to be put out of his mouth, as God, according to the evangelist, puts out the lukewarm virtues? His Iago and his Romeo, in different ways, proved his power to portray *Italian* passions — the passions of lovely, treacherous people, who will either sing you a love sonnet or stab you in the back, you are not sure which!

Photograph by H. Walter Garnett, Hyde Park Corner

SARAH BERNHARDT
AS MARGUERITE GAUTIER IN
"LA DAME AUX CAMÉLIAS"

"It is the extraordinary decorative and symbolic quality of Sarah's which makes her without any sex on the stage. No one plays a love scene better, but it is a picture of love that she gives, a strange, orchidaceous picture, rather than a suggestion of the human passion."

We played "Othello" for six weeks, three performances a week, to guinea stalls, and could have played it longer. Each week Henry and Booth changed parts. For both of them it was a change *for the worse*.

Booth's Iago seemed deadly commonplace after Henry's. He was always the snake in the grass; he showed the villain in all the scenes. He could not resist the temptation of making polished and ornate effects.

Henry Irving's Othello was condemned almost as universally as his Iago was praised. For once I find myself with the majority. He screamed and ranted and raved, lost his voice, was slow where he should have been swift, incoherent where he should have been strong. I could not bear to see him in the part. It was painful to me. Yet, night after night, he achieved in the speech to the Senate one of the most superb and beautiful bits of acting of his life. It was *wonderful*. He spoke the speech, beaming on Desdemona all the time. The gallantry of the thing was indescribable.

I think his failure as Othello was one of the

* Mr. A. B. Walkley, the gifted dramatic critic of the *Times*. E.T.

unspoken bitternesses of Henry's life. When I say "failure," I am, of course, judging him by his own standard, and using the word to describe what he was to himself, not what he was to the public. On the last night, he rolled up the clothes that he had worn as the Moor, dashed the bundle into a corner of the dressing-room, and said: "Never again!"

Mr. Pinero was excellent as Roderigo in this production. He was always good in the "silly ass" type of part, and no one could say of him that he was playing himself!

Desdemona is not counted a big part by actresses, but I loved playing it. Some nights I played it beautifully. My appearance was right — I was such a poor wraith of a thing. But it took strength to act this weakness and passiveness of Desdemona's. I soon found that, like Cordelia, she has plenty of character.

Reading the play the other day, I studied the opening scene. It is the finest opening to a play I know.

From the collection of Miss Evelyn Smalley

ELEANORA DUSE

AS MARGUERITE GAUTIER IN "LA DAME AUX CAMELIAS"

"Her walk is the walk of the peasant, fine and free. She has the superb carriage of the head which goes with that fearless movement from the hips. And her face! There is nothing like it, nothing! But it is as a real woman, a particular woman, that Duse triumphs most"

III

"ROMEO AND JULIET," IRVING'S FIRST GREAT SHAKESPEARIAN PRODUCTION — IMPRESSIONS OF SARAH BERNHARDT

"ROMEO AND JULIET" was the first of Henry Irving's great Shakespearian productions. "Hamlet" and "Othello" had been mounted with care, but, in spite of statements that I have seen to the contrary, they were not true reflections of Irving as a producer. In beauty I do not think that "Romeo and Juliet" surpassed "The Cup," but it was very sumptuous, impressive, and Italian. It was the most *elaborate* of all the Lyceum productions. In it Henry first displayed his mastery of crowds. The brawling of the rival houses in the streets, the procession of girls to wake Juliet on her wedding morning, the musicians, the magnificent reconciliation of the two houses which closed the play, every one on the stage holding a torch, were all treated with a marvellous sense of pictorial effect.

Henry once said to me: "'Hamlet' could be played anywhere on its acting merits. It marches from situation to situation. But 'Romeo and Juliet' proceeds from picture to picture. Every line suggests a picture. It is a dramatic poem rather than a drama, and I mean to treat it from that point of view."

While he was preparing the production he revived "The Two Roses," a comedy in which, as Digby Grant, he had made a great success years before. I rehearsed the part of Lottie two or three times, but Henry released me because I was studying Juliet, and, as he said, "You've got to do all you know with it."

Studying Juliet from Books

Perhaps the sense of this responsibility weighed on me. Perhaps I was neither young enough nor old enough to play Juliet. I read everything that had ever been written about her before I had myself decided what she was. It

was a dreadful mistake. That was the first thing wrong with my Juliet — lack of original impulse.

As for the second and the third and the fourth — well, I am not more than common

Photograph by the Vander Weyde Light

LILY LANGTRY

"That most lovely and exquisite creature, Lily Langtry, could not go out anywhere, at the dawn of the eighties, without being the nucleus of a crowd. It was no rare thing to see the crowd, to ask its cause, to receive the answer, 'Mrs. Langtry,' and to look in vain for the nucleus"

vain, I trust, but I see no occasion to write them *all* down.

It was perhaps the greatest opportunity that I had yet had at the Lyceum. I studied the part at my cottage at Hampton Court in a bedroom looking out over the park. There was nothing wrong with *that*. By the way, how important it is to be careful about environment and everything else when one is studying! One ought to be in the country, but not all the time. It is good to go about and see pictures, hear music, and watch everything. One should be very much alone, and should study early and late — all night, if need be, even at the cost of sleep. Everything that one does or thinks or sees will have an effect upon the part, precisely as on an unborn child.

I wish now that, instead of reading how this and that actress had played Juliet, and cracking my brain over the different readings of her lines, and making myself familiar with the dif-

Drawn by Eric Pape

ELLEN TERRY AS LAETITIA HARDY
IN "THE BELLE'S STRATAGEM"

ferent opinions of philosophers and critics, I had gone to Verona and just *imagined*. Perhaps the most wonderful description of Juliet as she should be acted occurs in Gabriele d'Annunzio's "Il Fuoco" ("The Flame"). In the book an Italian actress tells her friend how she played the part when she was a girl of fourteen in an open-air theatre near Verona. Could a girl of fourteen play such a part? Yes, if she were not youthful, only young with the youth of the poet, tragically old, as some youth is.

Now I understand Juliet better. Now I know how she should be played. But time is inexorable. At sixty, know what one may, one cannot play Juliet.

I know that Henry Irving's production of "Romeo and Juliet" has been attributed to my ambition. What nonsense! Henry Irving now had in view the production of all Shakespeare's actable plays, and naturally "Romeo and Juliet" would come as early as possible in the programme.

The music was composed by Sir Julius Benedict, and was exactly right. There was no *leitmotif*, no attempt to reflect the passionate emotion of the drama, but a great deal of Southern joy, of flutes and wood and wind! At a rehearsal which had lasted far into the night, I asked Sir Julius, who was very old, if he wasn't sleepy.

"Sleepy! Good heavens, no! I never sleep more than two hours. It's the end of my life, and I don't want to waste it in sleep!"

The "Old 'Uns" Carry off the Honors

There is generally some "old 'un" in a company now who complains of insufficient rehearsal, and says, perhaps, "Think of Irving's rehearsals! They were the real thing." While we were rehearsing "Romeo and Juliet," I remember that Mrs. Stirling, a charming and ripe old actress whom Henry had engaged to play the Nurse, was always groaning out that she had not rehearsed enough.

"Oh, these modern ways!" she used to say. "We never have any rehearsals at all. How am I going to play the Nurse?"

She played it splendidly — indeed, she as the Nurse and old Tom Mead as the Apothecary, the two "old 'uns," romped away with chief honours — had the play all to nothing.

I had one battle with Mrs. Stirling over "tradition." It was in the scene beginning

> The clock struck nine, when I did send the nurse;
> . . . And yet she is not come.

Tradition said that Juliet must go on coquetting and clicking over the Nurse to get the news of Romeo out of her; tradition said that Juliet must give imitations of the Nurse on the line, "Where's your mother?" in order to get that cheap reward, "a safe laugh." I felt that it was wrong. I felt that Juliet was *angry* with the Nurse. Each time she delayed in answering, I lost my temper with genuine passion. At "Where's your mother?" I spoke with indignation, tears, and rage. We were a long time coaxing Mrs. Stirling to let the scene be played on these lines, but this was how it *was* played eventually.

She was the only Nurse that I have ever seen who did not play the part like a female Pantaloon. She did not assume any great decrepitude. In the "Cords" scene, where the Nurse tells Juliet of the death of Paris, she did not play for comedy at all, but was very emotional. Her parrot scream when she found me dead was horribly real and effective.

An Early Impression of Mrs. Stirling

Years before, I had seen Mrs. Stirling act at the Adelphi with Benjamin Webster, and had cried out: "*That's* my idea of an actress!" In those days she was playing Olivia (in a version of "The Vicar of Wakefield" by Tom Taylor), Peg Woffington, and other parts of the kind. She swept on the stage, and, in that magical way never, never to be learned, *filled* it. She had such breadth of style, such a lovely voice, such a beautiful, expressive eye! When she played the Nurse at the Lyceum, her voice had become a little jangled and harsh, but her eye was still bright and her art had not abated — not one little bit! Nor had her charm. Her smile was the most fascinating, irresistible thing imaginable.

The production was received with abuse by the critics. It was one of our failures, yet it ran one hundred and fifty nights!

Henry Irving's Romeo had more bricks thrown at it even than my Juliet! I remember that, not long after we opened, a well-known politician, who had enough wit and knowledge of the theatre to have taken a more original view, came up to me and said:

"I say, E.T., why is Irving playing Romeo?"

I looked at him distraught. "You should ask me why I am playing Juliet! Why are we any of us doing what we have to do?"

"Oh, *you're* all right. But Irving!"

"I don't agree with you," I said. I was growing a little angry by this time. "Besides, who would you have play Romeo?"

"Well, it's so obvious. You've got Terriss in the cast."

"*Terriss!*"

"Yes. I don't doubt Irving's intellectual-

ity, you know, but in acting Romeo he reminds me of a pig who has been taught to play the fiddle. He does it cleverly, but he would be better employed in squealing. He cannot shine in the part like the fiddler. Terriss in this case is the fiddler."

I was furious. "I am sorry you don't realise," I said, "that the worst thing Henry Irving could do would be better than the best of any one else."

When dear Terriss did play Romeo at the Lyceum two or three years later, to the Juliet of Mary Anderson, he attacked the part with a good deal of fire. He was young, truly, and stamped his foot a great deal, was vehement and passionate. But it was so obvious that there was no intelligence behind his reading. He did not know what the part was about, and all the finer shades of meaning in it he missed. Yet the majority, with my political friend, would always prefer a Terriss as Romeo to a Henry Irving.

Reproduced by Goodwin (copyright registered)

MRS. STIRLING

FROM AN ORIGINAL DRAWING BY DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI

"I had seen Mrs. Stirling act at the Adelphi with Benjamin Webster, and had cried out, '*That's* my idea of an actress!' She swept on the stage, and, in that magical way never, never to be learned, *filled* it. She had such breadth of style, such a lovely voice, such a beautiful, expressive eye!"

Irving's Failure in Emotional Scenes

I am not going to say that Henry's Romeo was good. What I do say is that some bits of it were as good as anything he ever did. In the big emotional scene (in the Friar's cell) he came to grief precisely as he had done in "Othello." He screamed, got slower and slower, and looked older and older. When I begin to think it over, I see that he often failed in such scenes through his very genius for impersonation. An actor of commoner mould takes such scenes rhetorically — recites them, and gets through them with some success. But the actor who impersonates, feels, and lives such anguish or passion or tempestuous grief does for the moment, in imagination, nearly die. Imagination impeded Henry Irving in what are known as "strong" scenes.

He was a perfect Hamlet, a perfect Richard III., a perfect Shylock, except in the scene with Tubal, where I think his voice failed him. He was an imperfect Romeo; yet, as I have said, he did things in the part which were equal to the best of his perfect Hamlet.

His whole attitude before he met Juliet was beautiful. He came on from the very back of the stage, and walked over a little bridge with a book in his hand, sighing and dying for Rosaline. As Iago he had been Italian. Then it was the Italy of Venice. As Romeo it was the Italy of Tuscany. His clothes were as Florentine as his bearing. He ignored the silly tradition that Romeo must wear a feather in his cap. In the course of his study of the part, he had found that the youthful fops and gallants of the period put in their hats anything that they had been given — some souvenir "dallying with the innocence of love"; and he wore in his hat a sprig of crimson oleander.

It is not usual, I think, to make much of the Rosaline episode. Henry Irving chose with great care a tall, dark girl to represent Rosaline at the ball. Can I ever forget his face when suddenly, in pursuit of *her*, he saw *me*? . . . Once more I reflect that a *face* is the chiefest equipment of the actor.

Criticisms of Irving's Romeo

I know they said he looked too old — was too old — for Romeo. In some scenes he looked aged as only a very young man can look. He was not boyish, but ought Romeo to be boyish?

I hold no brief for an elderly Romeo. When it came to the scenes where Romeo "poses," and is poetical but insincere, Henry *did* seem elderly. He couldn't catch the youthful pose of melancholy with its extravagant expression. It was in the repressed scenes, where the mel-

ancholy was sincere, the feeling deeper, and the expression slighter, that he was at his best.

"He may be good, but he isn't Romeo," is a favourite type of criticism. But I have seen Duse and Bernhardt in "La dame aux camélias," and cannot say which is Marguerite Gautier. Each has her own view of the character, and each *is* it *according to her imagination*.

According to his imagination, Henry Irving was Romeo.

Again in this play he used his favourite "fate" tree. It gloomed over the street along which Romeo went to the ball. It was in the scene with the Apothecary. Henry thought that it symbolised the destiny hanging over the lovers.

It is usual for Romeo to go in to the dead body of Juliet lying in Capulet's monument through a gate on the level, as if the Capulets were buried but a few feet from the road. At rehearsals Henry Irving kept on saying: "I must go *down* to the vault." After a great deal of consideration he had an inspiration. He had the exterior of the vault in one scene, the entrance to it down a flight of steps. Then the scene changed to the interior of the vault, and the same steps now led from a height above the stage. At the close of the scene, when the Friar and the crowd came rushing down into the tomb, these steps were thronged with people, each one holding a torch, and the effect was magnificent.

At the opening of the Apothecary scene, when Balthazar comes to tell Romeo of Juliet's supposed death, Henry was marvellous. His face grew whiter and whiter.

> Then she is well, and nothing can be ill;
> Her body sleeps in Capels' monument.

It was during the silence after those two lines that Henry Irving as Romeo had one of those sublime moments which an actor achieves only once or twice in his life. The only thing that I ever saw to compare with it was Duse's moment when she took Kellner's card, in "Magda." There was absolutely no movement, but her face grew white, and the audience knew what was going on in her soul as she read the name of the man who years before had seduced and deserted her.

A Juliet with a "Fringe"

As Juliet I did not *look* right. My little daughter Edy, a born archaeologist, said: "Mother, you oughtn't to have a fringe." Yet, strangely enough, Henry himself liked me as Juliet. After the first night — or was it the dress-rehearsal? I am not quite clear which — he wrote to me that, "beautiful as Portia was, Juliet leaves her far, far behind. Never anybody acted more exquisitely the parts of the performance which I saw from the front. 'Hie to high fortune' and 'Where spirits resort' were simply incomparable. . . . Your mother looked very radiant last night. I told her how proud she should be, and she was. . . . The play will be, I believe, a mighty 'go'— for the beauty of it is bewildering. I am sure of this, for it dumfoundered them all last night. Now you — we — must make our task a delightful one by doing everything possible to make our acting easy and comfortable. We are in for a long run."

To this letter he added a very human postscript: "I have determined not to see a paper for a week — I know they'll cut me up, and I don't like it!"

Yes, he *was* cut up, and he didn't like it; but a few people knew. One of them was Mr. Frankfort Moore, the novelist, who wrote to me of this "revealing Romeo — full of originality and power."

Sarah Bernhardt Comes to Celebrate the Hundredth Night

On the hundredth night, although no one liked my Juliet very much, I received many flowers, little tokens, and poems. To one bouquet was pinned a note which ran:

> To Juliet,
> As a mark of respect and esteem
> From the Gasmen of the Lyceum Theatre.

That alone would have made my recollections of "Romeo and Juliet" pleasant. But there was more. At the supper on the stage after the hundredth performance, Sarah Bernhardt was present. She said nice things to me, and I was enraptured that my *vraies larmes* should have pleased and astonished her! I noticed that she hardly ever moved; yet all the time she gave the impression of swift, butterfly movement. While talking to Henry she took some red stuff out of her bag and rubbed it on her lips! This frank "making up" in public was a far more astonishing thing in the eighties than it would be now. But I liked her for it as I liked her for everything.

"Miss Sarah" and I have always been able to understand each other, although I hardly know a word of French and her English is scanty. She, too, liked my Juliet — she and Henry Irving! Well, that was charming, although I could not like it myself, except for my "Cords" scene, of which I shall always be proud.

How wonderful she looked in those days! She was as transparent as an azalea, only more so; like a cloud, only not so thick. Smoke from

a burning paper describes her more nearly! She was hollow-eyed, thin, almost consumptive. Her body was not the prison of her soul, but its shadow.

Bernhardt's "L'Aiglon"

On the stage she has always seemed to me more a symbol, an ideal, an epitome, than a *woman.* It is this quality which makes her so easy in such lofty parts as Phèdre. She is always a miracle. Let her play "L'Aiglon," and while matter-of-fact members of the audience are wondering if she looks *really* like the unfortunate King of Rome, and deciding against her and in favour of Maude Adams,— who did look the boy to perfection,— more imaginative watchers see in Sarah's performance a truth far bigger than a mere physical resemblance. Rostand says, in the preface to his play, that in it he does not espouse this cause or that, but only tells the story of "one poor little boy." In another of his plays, "Cyrano de Bergerac," there is one poor little tune played on a pipe of which the hero says:

"Ecoutez, Gascons, c'est toute la Gascogne."

Though I am not French, and know next to nothing of the language, I thought, when I saw Sarah's "L'Aiglon," that of that one poor little boy, too, might be said:

"Ecoutez, Français, c'est toute la France!"

It is this extraordinary decorative and symbolic quality of Sarah's which makes her without any sex on the stage. No one plays a love scene better, but it is a picture of love that she gives, a strange orchidaceous picture, rather than a suggestion of the human passion. She is exotic — well, what else should she be? One does not, at any rate one should not, quarrel with an exquisite tropical flower and call it unnatural because it is not a buttercup or a cowslip.

I came across some extracts in my diary the other day, written after just having seen her in three of her performances:

Sat: 11th June: 1897.

To see "Miss Sarah" as "Cléopâtre" (Sardou). Superb! She was inspired! The essence of Shakespeare's Cleopatra. I went round and implored her to do Juliet. She said she was too old. She can *never* be old. "Age cannot wither her."

June 18th.

Again to see Sarah, and this time "La Dame aux Camélias." Fine, marvellous. Her writing the letter, and the last act, the best.

July 11th.

Telegraph says "Frou-Frou" was "never at any time a character in which she [Sarah] excelled." Dear me! When I saw it I thought it wonderful. It made me ashamed of ever having played it.

Bernhardt and Duse

I have spoken of the face as the chief equipment of the actor. Sarah Bernhardt contradicts this at once. Her face does little for her. Her walk is not much. Nothing about her is more remarkable than the way she gets about the stage without one ever seeing her move. By what magic does she triumph without two of the richest possessions that an actress can have? Eleanora Duse has them. Her walk is the walk of the peasant, fine and free. She has the superb carriage of the head which goes with that fearless movement from the hips. And her face! There is nothing like it, nothing! But it is as the real woman, a particular woman, that Duse triumphs most. Her Cleopatra was insignificant compared with Sarah's. She is not so pictorial.

How silly it is to make comparisons! Better far to thank Heaven for both these women.

Sarah Bernhardt has shown herself the equal of any man as a manager. Her productions are always beautiful; she chooses her company with discrétion, and sees to every detail of the stage-management. In this respect she differs from all other foreign artists that I have seen. I have always regretted that Duse should play, as a rule, with such a mediocre company, and should be apparently so indifferent to her surroundings. In "Adrienne Lecouvreur" it struck me that the careless stage-management utterly ruined the play, and I could not bear to see Duse as Adrienne beautifully dressed, while the Princess and the other court ladies wore cheap red velveteen and white satin, bringing the pictorial level of the performance down to that of a "fit-up" or booth.

Who could mention "Miss Sarah" (my own particular name for her) as being present at a supper-party without saying something about her by the way! Still, I have been a long time by the way.

At that hundredth-night celebration I saw Mrs. Langtry in evening dress for the first time, and for the first time realised how beautiful she was. Her neck and shoulders kept me so busy looking that I could neither talk nor listen. The King, then Prince of Wales, was at the supper, too, and sat between Mrs. Langtry and me.

EZEKIEL PROMISES

BY

LUCY PRATT

AUTHOR OF "THE ENTRANCE OF EZEKIEL," "THE COLOR-BEARER," ETC.

ILLUSTRATION BY FREDERIC DORR STEELE

WITH her conscience working in insistent thumps, Miss Jane Lane stepped down from her clean white veranda and looked through the trees to the house of her neighbor. Across the well-kept lawn in front of the house she watched a small figure move slowly. That it was Ezekiel there seemed to be not a reasonable doubt; and with another insistent, conscientious reminder, she again realized that she was losing track of her former protégé. Why, it was more than two weeks since she had *seen* Ezekiel! As she moved on across the green lawn to the neighboring house, she still looked through the trees at the small, slowly moving figure. Then she wound into the yard by way of a curved path and stood before him.

"Why, Ezekiel!" she began, "what *are* you doing?" For at the very moment of her arrival he had taken an unexpected leap into the air, with some ultimate purpose, apparently, of soaring away to the clouds quite beyond her reach.

Just at this moment there was a step behind her, and Miss Jane turned and recognized her neighbor, Mr. Jonas Rankin. Now, Mr. Jonas Rankin, like Miss Jane, was a New Englander. In fact, Miss Jane had known him in New England before she had known him in Virginia. To be even more explicit, although Miss Jane and Mr. Ran-kin, as she called him, had known each other many years, neither one had the slightest affection for the other. And though Miss Jane would not admit that she entertained the least rancor toward her neighbor, she did acknowledge that at times his views and expressions of opinion were certainly very peculiar and exasperating. She was even forced to recall that more than once, in talking with him, she had become so wroth that the only safe thing had been to discontinue the conversation. It was with a perceptible slight straightening in general carriage, then, that Miss Jane turned and recognized her neighbor.

"Oh, good morning, Mr. Ran-kin," she began, in a well-directed attempt at affability combined with dignity, "good morning! Yes, I was just having a little conversation with Ezekiel. You know, I am always interested in Ezekiel, and he seemed to be acting so very strangely as I came in. I was just questioning him as to what he was doing."

"Doing!" interrupted Mr. Jonas Rankin, without introductory parley of any sort. "Doing! Good Lord! If you can find out one thing that he has done in the last hour and a half, Miss — Miss Lane, I'll be much obliged!"

Miss Jane glanced around the yard with evident hopes of obliging Mr. Rankin, and, not being immediately successful, glanced at Ezekiel, who, having alighted from his brief flight, was standing smilingly before them.

"Doing!" put in Mr. Rankin again, while his naturally red face seemed to deepen in hue with repetition. "I put him out here, Miss Lane, to pick up a few leaves and sticks. By the looks now, I should say he might get through by the end of next week!"

"Why, Ezekiel!" began Miss Jane, feeling really mortified as well as apologetic, "do you call this *work?*"

"Yas'm," agreed Ezekiel, still smiling amiably. "I'se jes a-chasin' a leaf, Miss Jane. Yer see, Mister Rankin he tole me ter git all de leaves 'n' sticks 'n' any udder li'l' ole fings I seen layin' aroun'." Just here he took another leap after another elusive leaf, and Miss Jane involuntarily reached up a detaining arm.

"Why, Ezekiel!" she began, when he was on land once more, "how you do act this morning! Now, please don't go careering up like that again! You have work to do here which you must finish. And not only that, but when you get through here, I have something which I

should like to have you do for me. Now, think. Can you come and do a little work for me this afternoon, after school?"

"Af' school — dis evenin'?" ruminated Ezekiel. "Yas'm, I kin do a li'l' wuk fer yer af' school, Miss Jane."

"Now, see here," put in Mr. Rankin, "excuse me, Miss Lane, but no, you can't, either, you young rascal. You promised to come back here again after school and finish your work here. You know you did, now, so what are you talking about?"

"Yas, sir, I'se comin' back 'gin af' school — ter finish my wuk yere, Mister Rankin."

"But then why did you say that you would come to me, Ezekiel?" objected Miss Jane. "Because, of course, you can't be in two places at once. I am sorry that you can't, because I need you very much — right after school."

Miss Jane looked perplexed, and Ezekiel looked up at her comfortingly.

"Yas'm, I'll come aroun' right *af*ter school, Miss Jane, jes soon's I kin git dere; yas'm — I'll ——"

"Why, you young weathercock!" expostulated Mr. Rankin, flourishing his cane around excitedly, "didn't you just tell me that you were coming here right after school?"

"Yas, sir — yas, sir," corrected Ezekiel confusedly, "I — I tole yer I'se comin' yere right af' school, cuz co'se — yas, sir, I'se a-comin' yere right af' school, Mister Rankin ——"

"But, Ezekiel," concluded Miss Jane gently, "then, of course, you *can't* come to me."

"Yas'm, I — I'll come ter —" he began unsteadily, while his words caught confusedly in his throat, "I'll ——"

"No," went on Miss Jane, gentleness still dropping through her reserve, "no, Ezekiel, you can't. You see, he naturally is of a very — a very *obligi*ng disposition, Mr. Ran-kin."

"Obliging!" snorted Mr. Rankin. "I should say he naturally was a dirty little liar!"

Miss Jane was shocked into ramrod stiffness.

"Of course, of course," Mr. Rankin briskly apologized, "I don't wish to be offensive, but — oh, it's the same old thing, Miss Lane! Their word's nothing; you can't trust 'em, you can't believe 'em, and then you make all this hullabaloo about *ed*ucating them! Boo!"

"It would never occur to me that the reasons you give are particularly good ones for *not* educating them," responded Miss Jane icily.

"Educate that young prevaricator!" went on Mr. Rankin, half humorously, half stormily. "Why, you can't believe a word he says!"

"And that, even if it were so, would argue that he does *not* need educating? It would never occur to me to reason in that way." Miss Jane's words might have been dropping in little icy balls at Mr. Rankin's feet.

"Bosh! Reason! Education! He isn't capable of receiving it. That boy, now! He isn't capable of receiving information of any variety."

"On the contrary, Miss North says she finds him exceptionally capable."

"And who is Miss North, pray tell?"

"Miss North is his teacher. She has really had more experience with him than you have, Mr. Rankin."

"She's welcome to it," he grunted.

"By the way, Ezekiel," Miss Jane went on, quite ignoring petty retorts, "isn't it almost time for school?"

"I suppose so, I suppose so," agreed her friend. "Just observe how much he's accomplished this morning, Miss Lane! But run along to school, boy! Miss — Miss North's waiting for you and I'm glad to get rid of you! But remember that you come back here again after school or you'll hear from *me!*"

"Yas, sir," assured Ezekiel modestly; "I'se gwine come right back yere af' school."

"And, Ezekiel," concluded Miss Jane, bound to have the last word, "when you are through with Mr. Ran-kin, perhaps there will still be time to come to me."

"Yas'm," came the willing answer, "I — I'll come ter you, too, Miss Jane!"

As he traveled on to school, his small dusty brown face looked listlessly irresponsive and passive until his eyes, wandering away down the long road, rested on one moving object among many others. Then his steps quickened, and, passing other children on the road, he came up with hurried, short breaths beside Miss North.

"I'll ca'y yer books fer you, Miss No'th!" he panted, and dropped into a slower walk beside her.

"Oh — yes, thank you," she said abstractedly. "Just see those lovely violets down there, Ezekiel. I was just thinking how neglected my own garden-bed at the Institute is. Don't you think you could come around after school this afternoon and weed it for me, Ezekiel? It troubles me to have it so neglected."

Ezekiel looked up, momentarily perplexed, at Miss North; his brown face softened a shade, and then his eyes dropped.

"Yas'm, Miss No'th," he answered softly, "yas'm; I kin come roun' af' school — an' — an' weed it fer you!"

It had been a long, bright, uneventful day at school, and Miss North looked at her children with the satisfied feeling of another day done,

and raised her hand to the bell. But the door opened, and her hand stopped, arrested for a moment, while Miss Jane Lane walked into the room.

"Oh, how do you do?" smiled Miss North, dropping her voice to that lower note conventional between a teacher and visitor, as she tapped the bell.

"I just want to see Ezekiel one moment," explained Miss Jane, coming nearer, and dropping into the lower note, too.

"Will you remain a moment, Ezekiel?" asked Miss North, and the other children passed out.

He stood before them waiting, and Miss Jane explained:

"I find I can't get home again until after six, Ezekiel; but I want to tell you just what you are to do in the garden when you get there."

Ezekiel glanced a bit evasively at Miss North; but she was listening to something which sounded like a brisk peremptory tapping on her school-room door, and did not notice.

"Come!" said Miss North, believing herself mistaken, and Mr. Jonas Rankin walked into the room. Both Miss Jane and Ezekiel looked momentarily startled at this new arrival, and Miss North, not being actually acquainted with the gentleman, looked at him with an expression of polite interrogation.

"Miss North? Yes, yes," he puffed. (Ezekiel concluded that Mr. Rankin "mus' 'a' been a-runnin'.") "I'm Mr. Rankin. How do you do, Miss Lane? I just dropped in to leave a message with this — this feller here. I was going by, and thought probably I'd just catch him."

Ezekiel looked pleasantly expectant.

"H'm, yes; I've got to go out of town for a few hours, and I sha'n't be on hand to tag you round when you come over to finish up. He's promised to do some little odds and ends for me this afternoon," he explained briefly to Miss North. "Now, just listen, won't you, and see if you can't do it just as I tell you."

Miss North looked suddenly down at Ezekiel and opened her lips to say something — and changed her mind. Mr. Rankin went on with quick, concise explanations:

"Now, see that you do it, boy! Will you?" he concluded, not unkindly.

"Yas, sir," and Ezekiel's look hovered in some distress between Miss Jane and Miss North. Miss Jane glanced at her old neighbor and felt a sudden warm glow of aggressiveness.

"And you know you are promised to me, Ezekiel, when you are through with Mr. Rankin. My work must be done before night, too."

Again Miss North's eyes dropped quickly on Ezekiel, and again her lips opened in surprise; and then again Miss North, still looking inscrutably down at Ezekiel, changed her mind.

"He won't be through at my place before dark, I'm afraid, Miss Lane," went on Mr. Rankin briskly; "but, if he is, all right. Now you understand, don't you, boy?"

Ezekiel looked unhappily up at Miss North, whose eyes were still resting on him in silent inscrutability, and miserably realized that an explanation was absolutely called for.

"Yas, sir — yas'm — yas, sir —" he stammered; "I reckon I — I'll be right busy dis evenin'." He smiled a little wildly, and picked confusedly at one short trouser-leg. "'Cuz" — he looked appealingly at Miss North — "cuz I tole Miss — Miss No'th — I — I'se gwine do a li'l' wuk af' school — fer — fer her, too!"

His three employers gazed down at him for a moment, and the young employee, wretched with self-abasement, made no show of gazing back.

"Well!" Mr. Rankin was the first to speak. "I wish you success! You've engaged yourself to three distinct persons at the same time. Oh, Lord! isn't that the race all over? The amount of it'll be, he won't get one thing done for any one of us — not one thing! If that's not the truth, I've never spoken it. I give up!"

Mr. Rankin wheeled suddenly around and departed, and Ezekiel stood glancing at brief intervals at his two remaining employers.

"I'm afraid there is something in it, Ezekiel," began Miss Jane dolorously, after the silence; "you don't think what you are saying, and you make promises that — that you really *can't* fulfil."

Ezekiel's eyes, burning with consciousness, gazed immovably down at the floor.

"I don't know what to expect of you in this case, I'm sure. Of course, you can't do all that you have promised. Well, all I can say is — I hope you will do as well as you can."

And, too much burdened even to say good night to Miss North, Miss Jane turned and walked away, and closed the door behind her.

The final employer and employee stood alone.

Ezekiel was still looking so hard at one particular board in the floor that he couldn't possibly look at Miss North, too; but suddenly he thought he heard her move. Slowly he raised his eyes. It wasn't so bad, after all, to be just — just alone with Miss North. He had been left alone with Miss North before.

"Well, Ezekiel," she began calmly, as she sat down at her desk, "it looks as if you were going to have rather a full evening, doesn't it?"

"Yas'm," began Ezekiel; but his voice was such a husky apology, it seemed better not to continue.

Miss North leaned lightly on her arms, which rested on her desk, her fingers clasped.

"Oh, Ezekiel!" she began suddenly, and Ezekiel looked up again with a startled feeling of not knowing just what she was going to do. Laugh? No. "Oh, Ezekiel, *Ezekiel*, why do you?"

"*I* dunno'm," he murmured vaguely, contritely.

"I don't know, either, I'm sure." And her eyes stopped again on the small brown face as if she were trying to read through to that strange little bundle of shifting thoughts and feelings inside.

"Well, Ezekiel," she finally went on, moving quickly in her chair, as if she were waking up and realized that there were things to be accomplished, "it's just this! Come right here, so that you can understand every word I say."

Ezekiel moved slowly nearer, looking very much as if he were seeking protection from her because she frightened him!

"Now, look at me and listen," she began, as one small hand sought waveringly a fold in her dress. "You have promised Mr. Rankin that you will do what he has told you to do in his yard this afternoon; you have promised Miss Jane that you will do what she has told you to do in her garden; and — I don't know that you have *promised* — but you certainly have given me to understand that you will also do what I asked you to do in my garden. Now, Ezekiel, if I were you, I should do all those things, if it took me *all night*."

Ezekiel had apparently decided to be only frightened.

"Of course, it won't take you all night," she added more gently, looking at him; "of course, if you hurry, and work just as hard as you can, you will probably get through with it all — before supper-time, won't you? You see, the point is, Ezekiel, you must — not — get into the habit of promising things you can't do."

"I — I'se gwine do it all, Miss No'th," he began in a small, far-away voice; "I knowed all de time — I'se 'blige do all — all I say I would!"

"Why, yes, of course you're going to do it all, because you said you would. Mr. Rankin said you wouldn't, didn't he? But you will, won't you? Yes, yes; go on, Ezekiel, go on and see how quickly you can get it done."

Ezekiel went on, his eyes fixed steadily on a distant green lawn.

"Co'se, w'en I say — I'se gwine do it — w'y, co'se I is," he ruminated as he ran.

On the green lawn by Mr. Rankin's house, and on the more ragged brown lawn behind the house, and in the garden-beds at the side of the house, things seemed to grow and multiply and grow again as he worked on. . . .

Dusty and tired, he shuffled out of the yard and moved on, looking at the western sky, where only a few faint suggestions of the departing sun remained.

"I wisht I ain't say I'd do — quite ser much!" he soliloquized just audibly, and he looked down at the thick, small weeds in Miss Jane's chrysanthemum-bed, "cuz I — I ain't 'ad no supper — yit, an' I'se — kine o' tired, too! Seem like I — ain' nuver been — ser tired befo'!" Then he looked back at the still more dimly streaked sky, and a real fear took possession of him. It was growing dark.

"I didn' reckon — 'twas gwine tek me ser long at Mr. Rankin's," he argued wearily, "but seem like it allays teks me r'al long — ter do jes — a li'l'!"

He let himself drop gently down on to the soft earth and looked up at the darkening sky. Already he thought he saw a star twinkling away up there above him, and he looked at it steadily until, far away on the horizon, something else caught his eye. It was an early-evening moon climbing slowly up and looking strangely round and dim in the half dark.

"Cert'nly is pretty," he soliloquized, "an' I jes wish I could go right ter sleep, too. But I reckon I cyan't, cuz I mus' git right up an' go 'long wid my wuk 'gin." He raised himself to his knees, and then he bent down over the chrysanthemum-bed. Suddenly he straightened himself up and looked around in a queer, dazed way at numberless other beds around him.

"Miss Jane didn' — didn' finish *tell*in' me!" he gasped. "I wonder did she — did she want me — *ter weed de whul gyarden!*"

Miss North found it hard to go to sleep that night. Bygone scenes of the day persistently came back to her. First it was the long road and Ezekiel, with her books under his arm, trudging at her side. "Yas'm — I kin come roun' — af' school," his small voice began again; and then the scene shifted, and, standing between Miss Jane Lane and Mr. Rankin, she was again looking down on Ezekiel. Pleadingly his eyes were seeking hers while she stood silent between his two other accusers. Again she heard Mr. Rankin's voice vibrating coarsely, uncompromisingly: "Oh, Lord! isn't that the race all over? . . . Not one thing! . . . I give up!"

"OH, MY POOR LITTLE BOY! YOU MUST GET UP; YOU ARE COLD AND—AND SICK!"

But he had understood so well — Ezekiel — after she had talked with him! He would get everything done, *every*thing that he had promised! And Mr. Rankin should know about *that*, too! She hoped it hadn't taken too long, though. It did take Ezekiel so long — sometimes. Her eyes closed sleepily. He didn't really seem to understand — very well — about work. She turned over with her face to the light, and her eyes opened and closed again.

How long afterward it was that the moon-flooded room faded into nothingness she couldn't have told. The next thing she knew, she was sitting up in bed and looking around in bewilderment. The light was so vivid that she got up to draw her curtain, and stopped at the window a moment, looking down. Suddenly a sharp sound caught in her throat, and she leaned over the window-sill, peering through the brightness. Below her, huddled over a violet-bed, a little figure crouched close to the ground, while with slow, weary, machinelike movements a hand still fumbled among the violets and pulled up weeds in the moonlight. There was a cold, sharp wind blowing from the water, and she saw him stop and put both his hands together and blow on them. Then, slowly and fumblingly, he began pulling again at the weeds.

"Ezekiel!" she called in a quick, sharp whisper; but he did not hear.

With rapid movements she began to dress. Through the long dim corridors she made her way down-stairs, out, down the path, until she stood beside the violet-bed.

"Ezekiel, Ezekiel!" she began, putting out her hand unsteadily.

He turned quickly, and looked up at her with tired, frightened eyes.

"I'se a-doin' it, Miss No'th!" he began, almost in a sob. "I'se a-doin' it — jes de way I say I would! Only — Miss Jane's gyarden wuz — s-ser b-big! An' I been wukkin' — right smart long!" With an effort, he shifted his sore, aching knees and slid wearily down to the cold earth.

Miss North, with a bitter, accusing conscience, bent over him.

"Oh, my child, my poor little boy! Ezekiel, what have you been trying to do? What have you — Ezekiel! don't you hear me? You must get up; you are cold and — and sick! Oh, what have I done?" she mumbled.

He dragged himself to his feet and held on loosely by one of her shoulders.

"No'm, I ain' sick — Miss No'th," he assured her faintly, "an' I reckon I kin git it — all done, only yer mus' gib me — jes a — li'l' mo' time!" He turned mechanically again to the weeds.

"No, Ezekiel, no! I didn't mean that! You must get to — somewhere to bed. I didn't *mean* that you were to stay out like this — Ezekiel; I didn't mean — like this. Come with me! Miss Jane wants to see you — Miss *Jane* wants to see you now!"

"Mr. Rankin'll say — I didn' git it — done. An' I ain't, is I? I ain' did w'at I — I say I would, Miss No'th — is I? But I reckon I could, too — ef yer could only jes gib me — jes gib me — a li'l' mo' time!"

"No, you didn't — you didn't," she muttered. "Mr. Rankin — never mind — oh, I'm glad you didn't, Ezekiel — I'm *glad you — didn't get it done!*"

He put his hand passively in hers and unresistingly followed her as she led him to Miss Jane's door.

THE STATUES IN THE MUSEUM

BY FLORENCE WILKINSON

Statues of fauns and wrestlers,
Marble-chill nereids,
Centaurs and bacchanals,
Aloof you look and lonely,
Stripped exiles from those sapphire coasts
Of long ago.

Ye carven gods and symbols
Of occult things and awful,
Serapis, Pallas, Peitho,
Speechless you stand and humbled,
Without one kneeling suppliant
Or votive lamp aglow.

Where are your fluted temples,
Blue Paestum and Girgenti,
Altars and wreathèd oxen,
Veiled whirling priestesses
And the urn-bearing worshipers
Shouting Io?

Instead, a rigid hallway
Where, pagan, antique, wistful,
You stand, stared at and jostled
By mad new hurrying peoples
With pinched and smileless visages
You do not know.

MY SOLDIER

BY

LaSALLE CORBELL PICKETT

DRAWING BY BLENDON CAMPBELL

EVEN with those we knew best, even with those we loved best, I think that memory most frequently dwells upon stray moments, here and there, more sharply outlined than the rest. However acute our recollection of every day and every hour, there are still those moments — special bas-reliefs in the long hieroglyphic story — which come to us most clearly and which oftenest attract our back-looking thoughts.

It has been easy for me to write of Lincoln and Davis, of Grant and Lee and Jackson and the rest, because I knew them and admired them. But to write of the one I knew and loved is different. In a sense, it is impossible. He was too dear to me for words to picture him to others as I saw him; but in an effort to draw the man and the soldier whom others saw, I shall pick from those pregnant moments — those sharpest bas-reliefs — just a few which seem to me best expressive of the character, quality, and contour of the man I loved.

Almost from babyhood I knew him and loved him, and from the first time I ever spoke to him to the end I always called him "Soldier"— "My Soldier." I was a wee bit of a girl at that first meeting. I had been visiting my grandmother, when whooping-cough broke out in the neighborhood, and she took me off to Old Point Comfort to visit her friend Mrs. Boykin, the sister of John Y. Mason. I could dance and sing and play games, and was made much of by the other children and their parents there, till I suddenly developed the cough; then I was shunned and isolated. I could not understand the change. I would press my face against the ball-room window-panes and watch the merry-making inside, and my little heart would almost break. One morning, while playing alone on the beach, I saw an officer lying on the sand under an umbrella, reading. I had noticed him several times, always apart from the others. I could imagine but one reason for his desolation, and, in pity for him and desire to comfort him, I crept under his umbrella to ask him if he, too, had the whooping-cough. He smiled and answered no; but as I still persisted, he drew me to him, telling me that he had lost his wife and little girl, and that he was very lonely. I asked him their names; they had both been called Sally.

"You can call me Sally," I offered. "I'll be your wife and little girl."

"That's a promise," he replied. "You shall be named Sally and be my wife."

My Soldier took a little ring from his watch-guard and put it on my finger, and gave me a tiny heart-shaped locket with "Sally" engraved on one side; and I crept from under the umbrella pledged to Lieutenant George E. Pickett of the United States Army for life and death; for I still hold most sacred the little locket and the ring. It is small wonder that this first picture of him is among the most vivid still; the memory of him as he lay stretched in the shade of the umbrella, not tall, and rather slender, but very graceful, and perfect in manly beauty. With childish appreciation, I particularly noticed his very small hands and feet. He had beautiful gray eyes that looked at me through sunny lights — eyes that smiled with his lips. His mustache was gallantly curled. His hair was exactly the color of mine, dark brown, and long and wavy, in the fashion of the time. The neatness of his dress attracted even a child's admiration. His shirt-front of the finest white linen was in soft puffs and ruffles, and the sleeves were edged with hemstitched thread cambric ruffles. He would never, to the end of his life, wear the stiff linen collars and cuffs and stocks which came into fashion among men. While he was at West Point he paid heavily in demerits for obstinacy in refusing to wear the regulation stock. Only when the demerits reached the danger-point would he temporarily give up his soft necktie.

It was under that umbrella, in the days that

followed, that I learned, while he guided my hand, to make my first letters and spell my first words. They were "Sally" and "Soldier." I remember, too, the songs he used to sing me in the clear, rich voice of which his soldiers were so fond, frequently accompanying himself on the guitar. He kept a diary of those days, and after the war it was returned to him from San Juan by the British officer who occupied the island conjointly with him before the opening of the war. I have it now in my possession.

Three years after our first meeting I saw my Soldier again. He had just received his commission as captain, and was recruiting his company at Fortress Monroe, before sailing for San Juan. The first real sorrow of my life was when I watched the *St. Louis* go out to sea with my Soldier on board, bound around the Horn to Puget Sound, where he was stationed at Fort Bellingham, which I thought must be farther than the end of the world. Forty thousand Indians had risen against the settlers. For two years he was in the thick of it, and greatly distinguished himself; but he did even better after the Indians were suppressed, for he made them his friends, learned their languages, built school-houses for them and taught them, and they called him *Nesika Tyee* — Our Chief. One old Indian chief insisted upon making him a present of one of his children. He translated the Lord's Prayer and some of our hymns and patriotic songs into their jargon and taught the Indians to sing them. He taught me some of them afterward. Years later, one night after the Civil War, while we were exiles in Montreal, General Pickett and I were singing a hymn in Chinook to put our baby to sleep, when a voice in the next room joined us. At the close of the hymn a stranger came in and spoke to my Soldier in Chinook. When he left, he invited us to the theater where he was playing. He was William Florence, and he gave me my first taste of the pleasures of the drama.

Following the Indian war, the quarrel with the British over the ownership of San Juan Island reached a white heat, and on the night of July 26, 1859, my Soldier, with sixty-eight men, was sent from the mainland to take possession. They were none too soon, for when morning dawned there were five British war-ships off the coast, with nineteen hundred and forty men ready to land. They proposed joint occupation, but Captain Pickett replied:

"I cannot allow joint occupation until so ordered by my commanding general."

The English captain said: "I have a thousand men ready to land to-night."

Captain Pickett replied: "Captain, if you undertake it, I will fight you as long as I have a man."

"I shall land at once," said the British officer.

"If you will give me forty-eight hours, till I hear from my commanding officer, my orders may be countermanded. If you don't, you must be responsible for the bloodshed that will follow."

"Not one minute," was the English captain's reply.

My Soldier gave orders for the drawing up of his men in lines on the hill facing the beach where the English must land.

"We will make a Bunker Hill of it, and don't be afraid of their big guns," he said.

In his official report General Harney said: "So satisfied were the British officers that Captain Pickett would carry out this course, that they hesitated."

The United States retained the island, and my Soldier remained in command till the outbreak of the Civil War. When Virginia passed the ordinance of secession, he resigned his commission, and on his way home wrote a letter which shows the contending emotions of a brave and loyal heart:

"I pray God that this direful revolution which has come about because of misunderstandings, and for which I see no real necessity, may yet in some way be averted.

"Of course, President Lincoln's call to march against the South, the encampment around Washington, the invasion of Maryland by a Massachusetts regiment, the blockading of Southern ports against the commerce of the whole world, mean war, and leave but one honorable course open to me.

"Dearly, therefore, as I love the Union, and proud as I am of my country and the great name of an American citizen, I cannot invade my own fireside — I cannot raise my arm against my own kith and kin. All my ambition and patriotism shall henceforth live only in the defense of my beloved State, which has the first claim upon my allegiance and demands this my immediate return to her. I hope the South has thought to keep our flag, the stars and stripes, for the star-spangled banner will be worth more to us in the coming conflict than the people of the South, who only know their own State flags, have any idea."

Like many others who fought as bravely against the national government as in happier times they had fought for it, he loved the Union and every star in that flag which he had so often borne to victory.

My Soldier reached Richmond September 13, 1861, and at once enlisted as a private. The next day he was given a commission as cap-

tain, a short time later promoted to a colonelcy, and early in 1862 received his commission as brigadier-general. In June, while leading his brigade in a charge at Gaines' Mill, he was severely wounded in the shoulder, but refused to leave the field, ordering Dr. Chancellor to extract the bullet on the field. The surgeon remonstrated, but he said:

"My men need me here, Doctor. Fix me now."

He was finally carried off, but was back with his brigade two months before he was able to draw a sleeve over the wounded arm.

Time has not lessened the fame of Pickett's Charge at Gettysburg, and it never will; for the changes that have taken place in the science of war leave no possibility that future history will produce its counterpart. Truly, "the first day of the terrible three at Gettysburg was an accident, the second a blunder," and the third the greatest tragedy that has ever been played upon the stage of war. With its imperishable glory — overshadowing all other events in martial history, notwithstanding its appalling disaster — is linked forever the name of my Soldier. Lee gave the order. Longstreet could not speak; he foresaw too clearly what the result must be. But he gave his assent with a nod, and General Pickett replied:

"I shall lead my division forward, sir."

Down the slope into the smoke-filled valley the devoted men followed him as he rode in advance upon his black war-horse. Their ranks were thinned and torn and shattered by the tempest of lead which from every side was turned on them. Smoke and flame surrounded them. But from the rear the men sprang to fill the gaps in front as they pressed after their leader through the tempest of iron. Five thousand Virginians followed him at the start; but when the Southern flag floated on the ridge, in less than half an hour, not two thousand were left to rally beneath it, and these for only one glorious, victory-intoxicated moment. They were not strong enough to hold the position they had so dearly won; and, broken-hearted, even at the very moment of his immortal triumph, my Soldier led his remaining men down the slope again. He dismounted and walked beside the stretcher upon which General Kemper, one of his officers, was being carried, fanning him and speaking cheerfully to comfort him in his suffering. When he reached Seminary Ridge again and reported to General Lee, his face was wet with tears as he pointed to the crimson valley and said:

"My noble division lies there!"

"General Pickett," said the commander, "you and your men have covered yourselves with glory."

My Soldier replied:

"Not all the glory in the world, General Lee, could atone for the widows and orphans this day has made."

Some years later, George Augustus Sala asked my Soldier whom he considered the hero of Gettysburg on the Northern side. He replied:

"The hero of Gettysburg on both sides was the private soldier."

One Sunday just after the battle, when he was in Richmond recruiting his division, we were walking to church together, when we saw a little Hebrew child, standing first on one foot and then on the other, rubbing his eyes with very dirty hands, and crying as if his heart would break.

"What is the matter, little man?" my Soldier asked.

"My shoes is hurtin' my feet so, I can't walk! I can't get anywhere!" the boy sobbed. General Pickett knelt down, unlaced the shoes, took them off, tied them together, wiped away the muddy tears with his own clean handkerchief, and, taking the child in his arms, carried him to his home.

The ovation which had followed him all the way from Gettysburg to Richmond, when women and children lined the road, hanging garlands on his horse; the fact that the whole Southland had risen to honor the man whose great effort had been given in her service; the glory and the sorrow of that awful day, the grave duties of the present, the shrouded fears for the morrow,— all these could not fill his heart so full that there was not room for the cry of suffering from the unknown child.

It was soon after the great battle that my Soldier confided to his corps commander his intention of marrying, and asked for a furlough. General Longstreet replied that they were not granting furloughs then, but added, with the twinkle in his eye which those who knew him so well remember: "I might detail you for special duty, and you could, of course, stop off and get married if you wanted to."

In old St. Paul's Church in Petersburg, September 15, 1863, we were married, while the bells rang out the chimes that still make music from that old belfry and are yet known as "Pickett's Chimes." In the throng which crowded the church and extended to the sidewalk were hundreds whose mourning garb attested to the costly sacrifice which Petersburg had given to the South. Many hands were reached out to greet my Soldier, and from the lips of many a black-robed mother came the words: "My son was with you at Gettysburg — God bless you!" A salute of a hundred guns

announced the marriage; cheers followed us, and chimes and bands and bugles played as we left for Richmond for our wedding reception.

The food-supply of the South was reduced to narrow limits then. Salt was reclaimed from the earth under smoke-houses. Guests at distinguished functions were regaled with ice-cream made of frozen buttermilk sweetened with sorghum. But friends of the general had almost worked miracles to prepare a wedding supper. It was sora season, and those little birds had been killed at night with paddles,— the South being not much richer in ammunition than in edibles,— and contributed so lavishly to our banquet that it was always afterward known as "the wedding sora supper." Our wedding present from Mrs. Lee was a fruit-cake, and Bishop Dudley's mother sent a black cake she had been saving for her golden wedding. Little bags of salt and sugar were sent as presents. The army was in camp near by, and all the men at the reception, except President Davis, his cabinet, and a few clergymen, came in full uniform, officers and privates as well.

We returned without delay to Petersburg, that being my Soldier's headquarters. He was at this time assigned to the Department of North Carolina, commanding all that part of Virginia and North Carolina between James River on the north and Cape Fear River on the south and reaching eastward to the Federal lines around Suffolk and to the Blackwater and Chowan, including all the troops in that region. It was all war talk and war company. My Soldier said, one day, that he should be glad to be in every war that had a just cause. I had been taught to believe that the war with Mexico lacked it, and when I asked him, he replied:

"At West Point some of us were reprimanded for expressing doubts of its justice. I was one of them. After we were in it, we had to fight it through, and, since it had to be done, I was glad to do my share."

In early May, General Butler, with thirty thousand men, came down upon Petersburg, defended by only six hundred. They held the place till half-starved and ragged reinforcements were hurried in from every direction. We women carried the despatches, and cooked the food and carried it to the men at the guns. The roar of cannon and the shriek of shot and shell filled our ears day and night. At train-time we would go to the station and send up cheer after cheer to welcome the train from its short trip out into the country, hoping to blind the Yankees to the fact that it brought in only the half-starved railroad men. During the entire week, until he had Butler safely "bottled up at Petersburg," my Soldier did not sleep, and the only times I saw him were when I carried his bread and soup and coffee out to him. It was just as it had been when he started for Cemetery Hill at Gettysburg. He would never stop till he had accomplished his work. After Pickett's Division had retaken Bermuda Hundred the following summer, General Anderson, commanding Longstreet's Corps, wrote to General Lee: "We tried very hard to stop Pickett and his men from capturing the breastworks of the enemy, but we could not do it."

The devotion of General Pickett's men to him has often been recounted as something phenomenal. It was equaled only by his devotion to them. Very near the end of the war, when the army had subsisted on nothing but corn for many days, as my Soldier was riding toward Sailor's Creek, a woman ran out of a house and handed him something to eat. He carried it in his hand as he rode on. Presently he came upon a soldier lying behind a log, and spoke to him. The man looked up, revealing a boyish face, scarcely more than a child's — thin and pale.

"What's the matter?" asked my Soldier.

"I'm starving, General," the boy replied. "I couldn't help it. I couldn't keep up, so I just lay down here to die."

"Take this," handing the boy his luncheon; "and when you have eaten it and rested, go on back home. It would only waste another life for you to go on."

The boy took the food eagerly, but replied:

"No, Marse George. If I get strength enough to go at all, I'll follow you to the last."

He did, for he was killed a few days later at Sailor's Creek.

I was in Richmond when my Soldier fought the awful battle of Five Forks, Richmond surrendered, and the surging sea of fire swept the city. News of the fate of Five Forks had reached us, and the city was full of rumors that General Pickett was killed. I did not believe them. I knew he would come back: he had told me so. But they were very anxious hours. The day after the fire, there was a sharp rap at the door. The servants had all run away. The city was full of Yankees, and my environment had not taught me to love them. The fate of other cities had awakened my fears for Richmond. With my baby on my arm, I opened the door, and looked up at a tall, gaunt, sad-faced man in ill-fitting clothes. He asked: "Is this George Pickett's home?"

With all the courage and dignity I could muster, I replied: "Yes, and I am his wife and this is his baby."

"I am Abraham Lincoln."

"The President!" I gasped. I had never

seen him, but I knew the intense love and reverence with which my Soldier always spoke of him. The stranger shook his head and replied:

"No; Abraham Lincoln, George's old friend."

The baby pushed away from me and reached out his hands to Mr. Lincoln, who took him in his arms. As he did so an expression of rapt, almost divine tenderness and love lighted up the sad face. It was a look that I have never seen on any other face. The baby opened his mouth wide and insisted upon giving his father's friend a dewy infantile kiss. As Mr. Lincoln gave the little one back to me, he said:

"Tell your father, the rascal, that I forgive him for the sake of your bright eyes."

It was through Mr. Lincoln that my Soldier, as a lad of seventeen, received his appointment to West Point. Mr. Lincoln was at that time associated in his law practice with George Pickett's uncle, Mr. Andrew Johnson, a distinguished lawyer and scholar, who was very anxious that his nephew follow in his footsteps and study for the law — an ambition which, it is needless to say, my Soldier did not share. He confided his perplexities to Mr. Lincoln, who was very fond of the lad; and the great statesman went at once to work to secure his appointment. In a letter announcing the success of his efforts, Mr. Lincoln wrote to my Soldier:

I never encourage deceit; and falsehood, especially if you have got a bad memory, is the *worst* enemy a fellow can have. The fact is, truth is your truest friend, no matter what the circumstances are. Notwithstanding this copy-book preamble, my boy, I am inclined to suggest a *little prudence* on your part. You see, I have a congenital aversion to failure, and the sudden announcement to your Uncle Andrew of the success of your "lamp-rubbing" might possibly prevent your passing the severe *physical* examination to which you will be subjected in order to enter the Military Academy. You see, I should like to have a perfect soldier credited to dear old Illinois — no broken bones, scalp wounds, etc. So I think perhaps it might be wise to hand this letter from me, in to your good uncle through his room-window *after* he has had a *comfortable dinner*, and watch its effect from the top of the pigeon-house.

In one of the letters which the young cadet received from Mr. Lincoln soon after entering West Point is the following passage:

I have just told the folks here in Springfield on this 111th anniversary of the birth of him whose name, mightiest in the cause of civil liberty, still mightiest in the cause of moral reformation, we mention in solemn awe, in naked, deathless splendor, that the one victory we can ever call complete will be that one which proclaims that there is not one slave or one drunkard on the face of God's green earth. Recruit for this victory.

At the close of the letter he said:

Now, boy, on your march, don't you go and forget the old maxim that "one drop of honey catches more flies than a half-gallon of gall." Load your musket with this maxim, and smoke it in your pipe.

Pickett remembered, for there was not a drop of gall in his whole life.

After Richmond's fall I anxiously awaited my Soldier's return, and at last one morning I caught the familiar clatter of the hoofs of his little thoroughbred chestnut which he always rode when he came home, and the sound of his voice saying: "Whoa, Lucy; whoa, little girl."

He gave his staff a farewell breakfast at our home. They did not once refer to the past, but each wore a blue strip tied like a sash around his waist. It was the old headquarters flag, which they had saved from the surrender and torn into strips, that each might keep one in sad memory. After breakfast he went to the door, and from a white rose-bush which his mother had planted he cut a bud for each. He put one in my hair and pinned one to the coat of each of his officers. Then for the first time the tears came, and the men who had been closer than brothers for four fearful years clasped hands in silence and parted.

General Grant had been a dear friend of my Soldier's ever since the Mexican War. At the time our first baby was born, the two armies were encamped facing each other, and they often swapped coffee and tobacco under flags of truce. On the occasion of my son's birth, bonfires were lighted in celebration all along Pickett's line. Grant saw them, and sent scouts to learn the cause. When they reported, he said to General Ingalls:

"Haven't we some kindling on this side of the line? Why don't we strike a light for the young Pickett?"

In a little while bonfires were flaming from the Federal line. A few days later there was taken through the lines a baby's silver service, engraved: "To George E. Pickett, Jr., from his father's friends, U. S. Grant, Rufus Ingalls, George Suckley."

It was through their courtesy that we were taken from Richmond down the James to my father's old home at Chuckatuck. But we were not allowed to remain long at peace. General Ingalls warned my Soldier that General Butler was making speeches against him in Congress, and urged that he would be safer on foreign ground. Though he did not believe it, he reluctantly consented to go. He mounted Lucy and rode to the station. It was a pathetic incident that, just as the train moved out, the chestnut thoroughbred lay down and died.

We had been in Canada almost a year when General Grant, learning of our exile, wrote to us to return, saying that his cartel with General Lee should be kept, if it required another war to make it good. We went back to our dear old place, Turkey Island, on the James River, and built a little cottage in the place of the magnificent mansion which had been sacked and burned by order of General Butler. I asked my Soldier once why it was called Turkey Island. He replied that there were two good reasons: one was that it was not an island; the other that there were never any turkeys there. Everything, even the monument in the family cemetery, had been destroyed, but it was home. We loved it. My Soldier was always passionately fond of flowers, and our garden was an unfailing delight to us both.

He tried to turn his sword into a plowshare, but he was not expert with plowshares; and, worse, he constantly received applications for employment from old comrades no more skilled than he. All were made welcome, though they might not be able to distinguish a rake from a rail fence or tell whether potatoes grew on trees or on trellised vines. They would rise at what hour pleased them, linger over breakfast, and then go out to the fields. If the sun were too hot or the wind too cold, they would come back, to sit on the veranda or around the fire till dinner was ready. There were generals, colonels, majors, captains, lieutenants, privates — all of one rank now; and he who desired a graphic history of the four years' war needed only to listen to the conversation of the agricultural army at Turkey Island. But the inevitable came: resources were in time exhausted, and proprietor and guests were forced to seek other fields.

The Khedive of Egypt offered my Soldier the position of general in his army, but he declined. When General Grant became President, he entertained us as his guests at the White House, and one of my keenest memories is of President Grant and my Soldier as they stood facing each other in the White House office the last day of our visit. Grant's hand was on the shoulder of my Soldier, and they were looking earnestly into each other's eyes. Grant, ever faithful to his friends, had been urging my Soldier to accept the marshalship of the State of Virginia. Pickett, sorely as he needed the appointment, knew the demands upon Grant, and that his acceptance would create criticism and enemies for the President. He shook his head, saying:

"You can't afford to do this for me, Sam, and I can't afford to take it."

"I can afford to do anything I please," said Grant, emphasizing the statement with a word too strong to print. My Soldier still shook his head, but the deep emotion of his heart shone in his tear-dimmed eyes, and in Grant's, as they silently grasped each other's hands and then walked away in opposite directions and looked out of separate windows, while I stole away.

My Soldier was urged to accept a position with Generals Beauregard and Early in connection with the Louisiana Lottery. There was a large salary attached to it, but he said there was not money enough in the world to induce him to lend his name to it. When he was offered the governorship of Virginia, he said that he never again wanted to hold any office, but would be glad to see Kemper, his old brigadier, made governor. Kemper was the only one of Pickett's brigadiers who came out of the battle of Gettysburg, and he was wounded and maimed for life. He was elected governor, and, since he was a bachelor, my Soldier and I often assisted him at his receptions.

For himself, my Soldier finally accepted the general agency for the South of the Washington Life Insurance Company, and held the office till his death. The headquarters were at Richmond. I always went with him on his trips, and we spent our summers in the Virginia mountains.

External conditions as well as natural instincts made my Soldier's life one of deep and tragic earnestness. He was always grave and dignified, but he was fond of jokes, especially if they were on me. Once, when he was leaving home for an absence of some length, he asked how much money I would need. I made a laborious calculation, and named a sum which he promptly doubled. He had not been gone long when I remembered an obligation, and telegraphed him that I had underestimated the amount. By the next mail came a check carefully made payable to "Mrs. Oliver Twist." I had to indorse it in that way, and he always carried the check in his pocket afterward for my benefit. I have it now.

At the wedding breakfast given for General Magruder's niece at the mansion of the governor-general of Canada, the governor asked my Soldier to what he attributed the failure of the Confederates at Gettysburg. With a twinkle in his eyes, he replied: "I think principally to the Yankees."

In the summer of 1875, when we were prepared to start for White Sulphur Springs, my Soldier was suddenly called to Norfolk. Very much against his advice, I insisted on accompanying him. It was fortunate, for after two days of anxious work he fell ill, and died there. The evening he was dying, the doctor wanted to give him an anodyne, but he said:

"Doctor, you say that I must die. I want to go in my right mind. I would rather suffer pain and know. Please leave me now. I do not want anybody but my wife."

The longest procession of mourners ever known in Virginia followed him to his grave on Gettysburg Hill, in beautiful Hollywood.

General Longstreet has written of my Soldier:

"I first met him as a cadet at West Point, in the heyday of his bright young manhood, in 1842. Upon graduating, he was assigned to the regiment to which I had been promoted, the Eighth United States Infantry, and Lieutenant Pickett served gallantly with us continuously until, for meritorious service, he was promoted captain in 1856. He served with distinguished valor in all the battles of General Scott in Mexico, including the siege of Vera Cruz, and was always conspicuous for gallantry. He was the first to scale the parapets of Chapultepec on the 13th of September, 1847, and was the brave American who unfurled our flag over the castle as the enemy's troops retreated, firing at the splendid Pickett as he floated our victorious colors.

"In memory I can see him, of medium height, of graceful build, dark, glossy hair, worn almost to his shoulders in curly waves, of wondrous pulchritude and magnetic presence, as he gallantly rode from me on that memorable third day of July, 1863, saying, in obedience to the imperative order to which I could only bow assent, 'I will lead my division forward, General Longstreet.' He was devoted to his martial profession. . . .

"His greatest battle was really at Five Forks, April 1, 1865, where his plans and operations were masterful and skilful. If they had been executed as he designed them there might have been no Appomattox, and, despite the disparity of overwhelming numbers, a brilliant victory would have been his if reinforcements which he had every reason to expect had opportunely reached him; but they were not ordered in season and did not join the hard-pressed Pickett until night, when his position had long since been attacked by vastly superior numbers with repeating rifles.

"He was of an open, frank, and genial temperament, but he felt very keenly the distressing calamities entailed upon his beloved sunny South by the results of the war; yet, with the characteristic fortitude of a soldier, he bowed with resignation to the inevitable, gracefully accepted the situation, recognized the duty of the unfortunate to accept the results in no querulous spirit, and felt his obligation to share its effects.

"No word of blame, or censure even, of his superior officers ever escaped Pickett's lips, but he nevertheless felt profoundly the sacrifice of his gallant soldiers whom he so loved. At Five Forks he had a desperate but a fighting chance, and if any soldier could have snatched victory from defeat, it was the intrepid Pickett, and it was cruel to leave that brilliant and heroic leader and his Spartan band to the same hard straits they so nobly met at Gettysburg. At Five Forks Pickett lost more men in thirty minutes than we lost, all told, in the recent Spanish-American war from bullets, wounds, sickness, or any other casualty, showing the unsurpassed bravery with which Pickett fought, and the tremendous odds and insuperable disadvantages under and against which this incomparable soldier so bravely contended; but with George E. Pickett, whether fighting under the stars and stripes at Chapultepec, or under the stars and bars at Gettysburg, duty was his polar star, and with him duty was above consequences, and, at a crisis, he would throw them overboard."

Colonel Selden Allen Day, retired officer of the United States Army, knew Pickett's Division on the battle-fields of the sixties, but did not meet my Soldier personally until after the war had closed. Upon Colonel Day's return recently from a tour of the world, he visited us and described to my grandchildren his first meeting with the General:

"Of course, after Gettysburg all the world knew Pickett and his men, and especially did we soldiers of the North have an impression of him that was not easy to forget or change. After being opposite to him in command of a battery on the Bermuda Hundred front, fighting more or less every day, we were particularly aware of the fighting qualities of his men, which caused me many a sleepless night. Naturally I got an impression that Pickett was a terrible person.

"When the war was over, it was my good fortune to meet General Pickett in his own devastated home, where he was trying to get a few things together to begin life again. In company with General Schofield and others, I drove down from Richmond, looking over old battle-fields, shooting ducks on the river and partridges in the fields, often as the guest of Buck Allen, the owner of Curl's Neck, the farm adjoining that of General Pickett. At the hospitable suggestion of General Pickett, we went over to Turkey Bend. Imagine my surprise when, instead of the fire-eater that I expected to meet, I clasped hands with the real George Pickett, the hero of the greatest charge in modern history. The one thing that impressed me above all others was his quiet demeanor, his

warm-hearted hospitality and gentleness. I stood in speechless wonder, trying to reconcile the man before me with my preconceived idea of the great warrior. It might all be summed up in the explanation that the bravest are always the tenderest."

General McClellan said:

"Perhaps there is no doubt that he was the best infantry soldier developed on either side during the Civil War. His friends and admirers are by no means confined to the Southern people or soldiers to whom he gave his heart and best affections and of whom he was so noble a type, but throughout the North and on the Pacific coast, where he long served, his friends and lovers are legion.

"He was of the purest type of the perfect soldier, possessing manly beauty in the highest degree; a mind large and capable of taking in the bearings of events under all circumstances; of that firm and dauntless texture of soul that no danger or shock of conflict could appal or confuse; full of that rare magnetism which could infuse itself into masses of men and cause any mass under his control to act as one; his perception clear; his courage of that rare proof which rose to the occasion; his genius for war so marked that his companions all knew that his mind worked clearer under fire, and in the 'deadly and imminent breach,' than even at mess-table or in the merry bivouac, where his genial and kindly comradeship and his perfect breeding as a gentleman made him beloved by his friends.

"He will live in history as nearer to Light-Horse Harry, of the Revolution, than any other of the many heroes produced by old Virginia—his whole history, when told, as it will be by some one of the survivors of Pickett's men, will reveal a modern type of the Chevalier Bayard, *sans peur et sans reproche*. . . .

"Could he have had his wish, he had died amid the roar of battle. No man of our age has better illustrated the aptitude for war of his class of our country, and with these talents for war was united the truest and sweetest nature. No man of his time was more beloved of women, of men, and of soldiers. He was to the latter a rigid disciplinarian and at the same time the soldier's friend. Virginia will rank him in her roll of fame with Lee, with Johnston, with the Jackson they love as Stonewall; and mourners for the noble and gallant gentleman, the able and accomplished soldier, are legion."

VERSES

BY

A. E. HOUSMAN

LOOK not in my eyes, for fear
They mirror true the sight I see,
And there you find your face too clear
And love it and be lost like me.
One the long nights through must lie,
Spent in star-defeated sighs;
But why should you as well as I
Perish? Gaze not in my eyes.

A Grecian lad, as I hear tell,
One that many loved in vain,
Looked into a forest well,
And never looked away again.
There, when the turf in springtime flowers,
With downward eye and gazes sad,
Stands amid the glancing showers
A jonquil, not a Grecian lad.

From "A Shropshire Lad."

THE HATE THAT SAVED

BY

JAMES HOPPER

AUTHOR OF "CAYBIGAN," "THE JUDGMENT OF MAN," ETC.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY C. R. MACAULEY

WE had been too long, we four, altogether too long in that flaming solitude, plodding after the gold that ever lured and ever evaded. Our little burros were shriveled and color of the sage, their leather straps as brittle as glass; we ourselves were shriveled and color of the sage, all the moisture sucked out of the marrow of our beings, and we were beginning to feel the hate that comes to men chained each to each. Even Wall, the calm, the efficient, the just, had fallen into the habit, now, of complaining querulously to me each night — as, wrapped in his blanket, he lay by my side — of the amount of baking-powder that Byng put into the biscuits, little dreaming that even while he sought my pity it was only with effort that I refrained from telling him that his manner of sticking his nose under mine when unburdening himself was something odious and palpably impossible of further toleration.

But it was between Byng and Alva that the tension was at the snapping-point, and both Wall and I had failed to give the matter the attention it cried for. Perhaps we were deceived by the fact that Byng had ceased the rude chaffing in which he had so delighted during the first months of the trip. As a matter of fact this meant nothing, for Alva now had come to the mood where one broods over injuries long past. For days he had spoken hardly a word. When we were on the march, he went along the flanks, amusing himself popping his revolver at the rattlesnakes that seemed to peer at us from behind every bush and rock of the cursed country — which he did with a somber and preoccupied air that was not pleasing. In the evening, at meal-time and after, he sat off to himself, his plate on his knee, with the expression, half distrustful, half resentful, of a dog with a bone; and for long minutes he would look at Byng, his black eyes gradually compressing and hardening till they looked like beads. It seems impossible now that we should not have noticed this; and yet we did not, so that when the crisis came it surprised us like the explosion of a bomb.

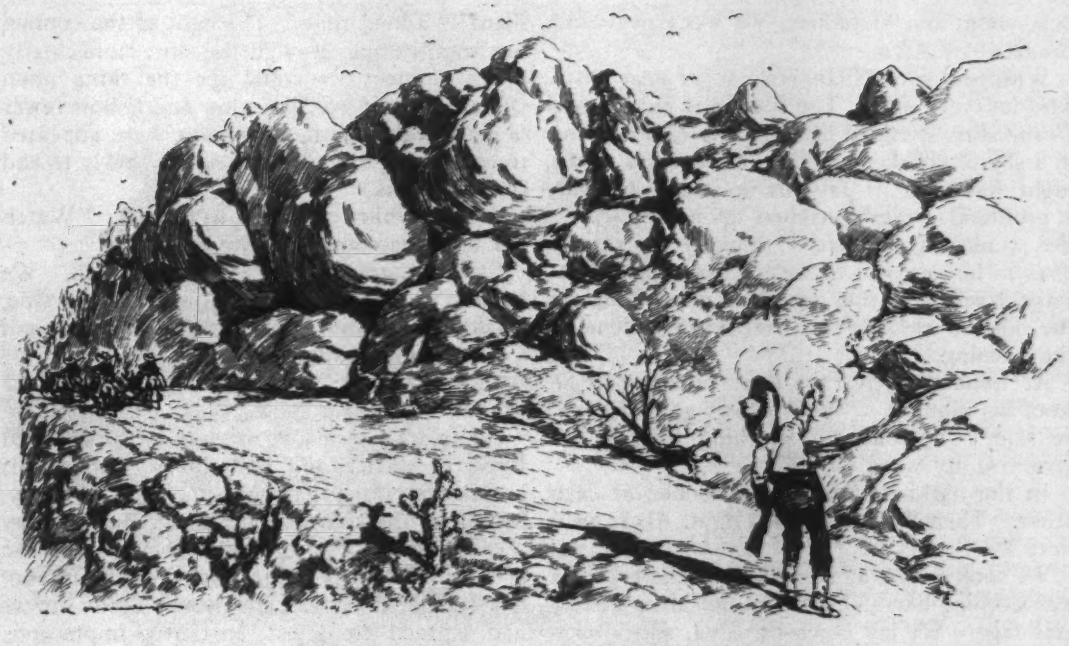
It was at the end of a day's march — at an hour always bad for us; for the sun, just set, inflamed the eastern slopes with a glow of red gold, outrageous as the laugh of the tout who has deceived. Wall, Alva, and I were sitting on the saddle-bags. Standing before us at the fire, frying-pan in hand, Byng was making flapjacks. As he finished each one, we held out our plates in turn, and then ate in silence. I had just received my third, and was chewing upon it, my eyes on the ground, thinking that, after all, Byng's method of turning pancakes was somewhat exasperating (he had a way of sending them up in the air with a double flip, while I preferred a single twist), when I heard Alva say, "That flapjack is burnt; I don't want burnt flapjacks."

My heart gave a thump; he had managed to put an incredible venom into that foolish, childish phrase. I looked up. He was still seated on the saddle-bag,— his plate, held by his left hand, on his knee,— and he was gazing straight up at Byng, towering big above him. "Do you hear?" he said again. "That pancake is burnt."

This time it was unmistakable — the buzz-saw rasp of the voice, the tense distinctness of articulation, of the man coldly provoking his enemy to attack, so as to kill him with full warning, with justification and with pride.

Byng had turned to him, his face very red from the heat of the fire, with surprise and anger. "Well, bub," he said, with growling jocoseness, "you just eat it; it won't hurt you."

With a lithe movement Alva was up, his slender form against Byng's huge frame. "There's your flapjack," he said, throwing



"POPPING HIS REVOLVER AT THE RATTLESNAKES"

the thing to the ground. "Now you cook me another, you ——!"

His last word, *the* insult unpardonable, he pronounced with a lingering emphasis of every syllable. At the same time his right hand, clutching his revolver, rose from his hip. Wall, still seated, flung out his arm, and by sheer luck struck the weapon as it was rising. It fell; a shot rang out as from the ground; then I saw Alva, very stiff, both arms tight down his sides, disappear as if beneath an avalanche.

Byng had hurled his whole big body upon him, crushing him to earth. For a moment Wall and I stood above them, trembling with the contagion of excitement; then we threw ourselves upon Byng to tear him off. Right away we found the task terrible. He lay upon Alva, sprawled upon him, fairly covered him, like a huge mass of vibrating flesh. With his left hand clutching the throat, he was pounding the face with his right fist. The striking arm was cramped with rage, and the short blows, precipitated one on the other, luckily were in part lost. Sometimes they glanced upon the head, sometimes they ground themselves into the sand and gravel; but once in a while the big fist struck square — and then it was horrible. Alva, beneath the terrific attack, lay still and unresisting; but once I caught sight of his teeth, bared like a dog's. All the while Wall and I, seeking to catch the choking hand, the pounding fist, were being tossed about like terriers by a bear. We panted; a rageful helplessness dissolved our bones. Then, just as the last of our strength was deserting us, Byng rose. He rose, passed his hand over his forehead, regarded us a moment silently, then, walking away a few steps, he began to blubber.

He stood there, huge, his knuckles in his eyes, sobbing like a child; and Alva, who had risen to a sitting posture, his hands twined about his drawn-up knees, looked at him out of his bleeding face with a hatred that was still cold.

"You fools, you darned pesky little fools," thundered Wall, exasperated, "killing each other over a burnt pancake!"

"He called me ——! He called me ——!" blubbered Byng, repeating Alva's foul word, and full of hysterical self-pity. "He called me ——!"

But Alva showed no hysteria. "You've struck me, Byng," he said, and his voice, his sharply carved enunciation, had a taste of iron. "You struck me — you knocked me down. I'm going to kill you, Byng; sometime, somewhere, I'm going to kill you."

And with this he rose, picked up his blanket, rolled himself in it a few yards from the fire, and was still.

We worked upon Byng, calmed him, and finally rolled him up in *his* blanket, on the other side of the fire. Then we looked at each other a moment. "Nothing to it but stay up and watch," I said tentatively.

"Nothing else," said Wall.

"Alva is the worse, I guess," I said.

"He is," said Wall. So, drawing our blan-

kets about our shoulders, we went over and squatted by Alva.

Wrapped in our blankets, we sat near Alva, who lay very still. The fire went out; above us the stars sparkled like hard jewels incrusted in a sky of polished stone. The serenity of the night was hard: it gave us no peace; instead, a profound disgust weighed upon our hearts. We would have given, I think, years of our lives to be returned to the good old times (retrospectively now they seemed "good") before the odious, absurd, and irretrievable scene of the evening.

At midnight Alva, without moving, spoke from his blanket. "You fellows go to sleep," he said, "I won't do anything to-night. I give you my word on it."

In the darkness Wall and I looked at each other. Then Wall said, "All right, Alva; we'll sleep."

We took a look at Byng first. The big man was sleeping like a child worn out after a petulant rage. We lay down by Alva, and after a while I slept. We were all very tired, I suppose.

After a while I dreamed that some one was calling me — a repeated calling, soft and insistent. I awoke. The sky above was whitening with dawn, and I heard, from somewhere, from nowhere, a voice like that of a ventriloquist, or that of a ghost, calling, "Wall, Wall, Wall."

I rose on my elbow. At the same time Wall also rose on his elbow, and we looked at each other silently, listening to that voice which came from the ground beneath us, the sky above, from nowhere. "Wall, Wall, Wall," it called, softly insistent; and then, suddenly, the eyes of both of us, pointing out our unconscious conclusion, turned to Byng.

He was lying some fifty feet from us, and, in spite of the blanket about him, with strange stiffness, I thought. "What is it, Byng?" said Wall — and his voice instinctively had taken on the smothered intonation of Byng's.

"Keep quiet, Wall; make the other fellows keep quiet. For God's sake, keep quiet! Don't talk, don't move," said Byng, in that same strange, pasty manner, as if his tongue were paralyzed or he were trying to speak without moving his jaw. "There is a snake on me."

Both of us, each sitting there with one hand on the ground, craned our necks forward. We could see upon his chest a vague form, a blotch, something like an indistinct turban, but not so flaccid.

"It's a rattler there upon his heart," whispered Wall.

We remained there — petrified, looking, very silent — a long time. The light of the coming day was filtering through the sky; more clearly every moment we could see the thing upon Byng. Now it was like a low and hollow tower of coiled cable; a moment later there appeared to us a triangular head, balancing slowly to and fro above this.

After a while, very low, Byng said: "Watch out for Alva; don't let him move."

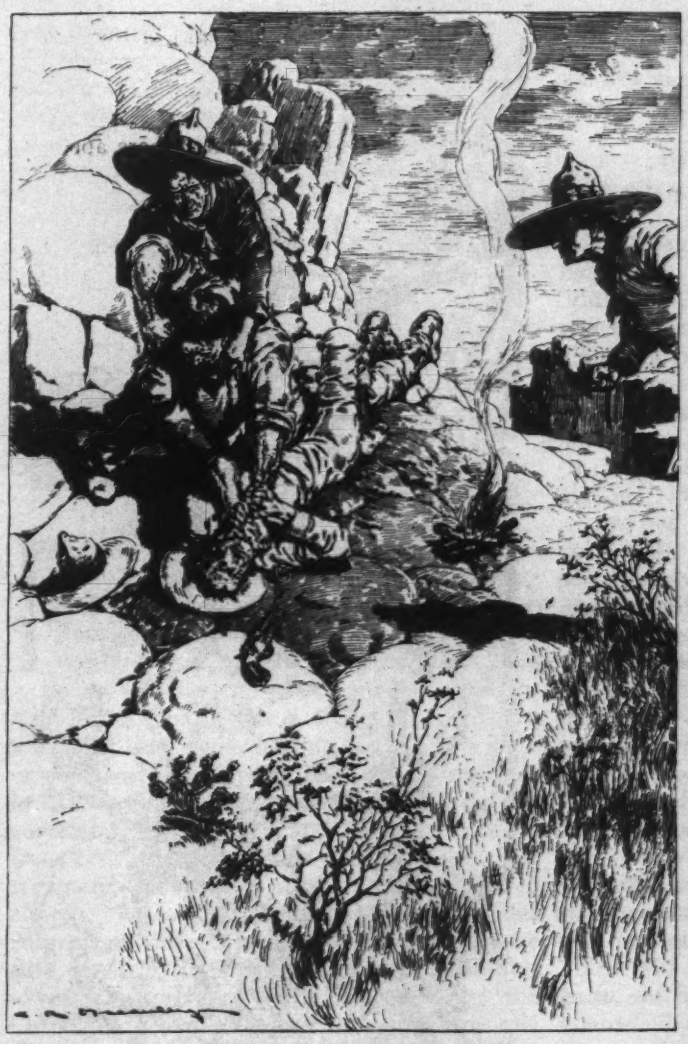
"Good Lord — Alva!" muttered Wall. We turned to Alva. He was lying on his side, awake, looking along the ground at Byng, and a yellow smile bared his teeth.

"I won't move," he said; "don't be afraid. I wouldn't spoil *that* show."

Again, for a time long as eternity, we watched Byng in silence and immobility. Above his breast the thing balanced its head torpidly, frozen by the cold of the night. But the day was breaking. On a ridge to the east the rim of the sun appeared. It rose, the full orb shot out, red like a heated cannon-ball — the sun we had learned to detest, instantly implacable. Its rays ran along the ground, bit our hands, our faces, our eyes. They struck the thing on Byng's heart. We saw now plainly the coils laid in a hollow column, the metallic flakes of the skin, like armor-plate.

"Look!" whispered Wall.

"SAT OFF TO HIMSELF"



"THE STRIKING ARM WAS CRAMPED WITH RAGE"

The beast was awakening with the heat of the sun. It raised its head above its coiled body with the movement of a dog baying to the moon; the mouth opened red, the little black forked tongue darted in and out.

From the blanket beneath, words came, very low, halting and pasty: "Shoot it — shoot — it. You've got to — I can't stand it! I'll — move — shoot ——"

"We must shoot it," whispered Wall.

He took his revolver. His hand rose out slowly. I watched the barrel, fascinated. It was describing little concentric circles. Once it was steady for a second; I shut my eyes. No sound came; I reopened them. The barrel was still pointed, but again it was drawing incessant little circles. It came down. "I can't do it," said Wall.

Taking a deep breath, I raised my gun and laid it across my left arm. Glancing along the barrel, I sighted the flat, venomous head. I followed its oscillations from left to right; I had it beaded fair. Like a flash the command went from my brain to the finger upon the trigger. But the finger did not move. It couldn't move. "I can't do it, Wall," I said. "The Lord pity us, I can't do it!"

"Good God, what cowards we are — what cowards we are!" he muttered.

And from the blanket words came again: "For the love of Christ, shoot! Shoot it or shoot me. Shoot me — I'm going to move!"

Some one groaned — Wall or I, I don't know which. A distrust, a feeling of danger, had come to the beast. Its tail shot up erect, vibrant with menace; the dry, crackling ringing of it came to us, convulsing our beings with loathing.

"We must shoot," said Wall — but he looked at me.

The head of the rattler rose high. It swung to the right and struck, swung to the left and struck, shot forward above Byng's upturned face and struck; then, recoiling, with a swanlike movement, it hovered above the coils, oscillating from side to side smoothly, as if swimming upon oil, the little black forked tongue crackling in the distended red mouth.

"Alva," called Byng, "Alva, *you* shoot."

We turned to Alva. He was still lying on his side, looking along the ground at Byng, the evil smile still upon his blood-smeared face.

"Put out your hand, Alva," said Wall.

He put out his hand; it was steady. "*I*'m not nervous," he drawled. "*I*'m betting on the snake."

Wall handed him his gun. "You shoot, Alva," he said.

Lithely, Alva stretched himself on his stomach. With both elbows on the ground, he placed the gun across his left wrist and ran his eyes along the barrel.

A moment passed — long as torture in hell. Then Wall's hand leaped across and clutched the weapon. "What are you aiming at, Alva?" he said, his eyes dilated with suspicion.

"Guess," said Alva.

Wall looked at him. "All right," he said, with a big sigh.

Again Alva sighted; but this time it was my hand which, independently of my volition, went across and seized the gun.

"Oh, all right," said Alva derisively.

I tried — but my hand danced, sparks were in my eyes.

"It's got to be you," I said, "Alva!"

With a smile, he raised the gun. I watched the barrel as it came down slowly, smoothly, in a slight curve. Finally it stopped and was steady. It remained there long, excruciatingly long. I shut my eyes, my hands went to my ears. Through the obstacle a detonation rang sharp, drilling into the marrow of my bones. I opened my eyes. I saw Byng's body arc itself as in a spasm. "You've shot him!" I cried, "you murderer!"— then sprang up and ran.

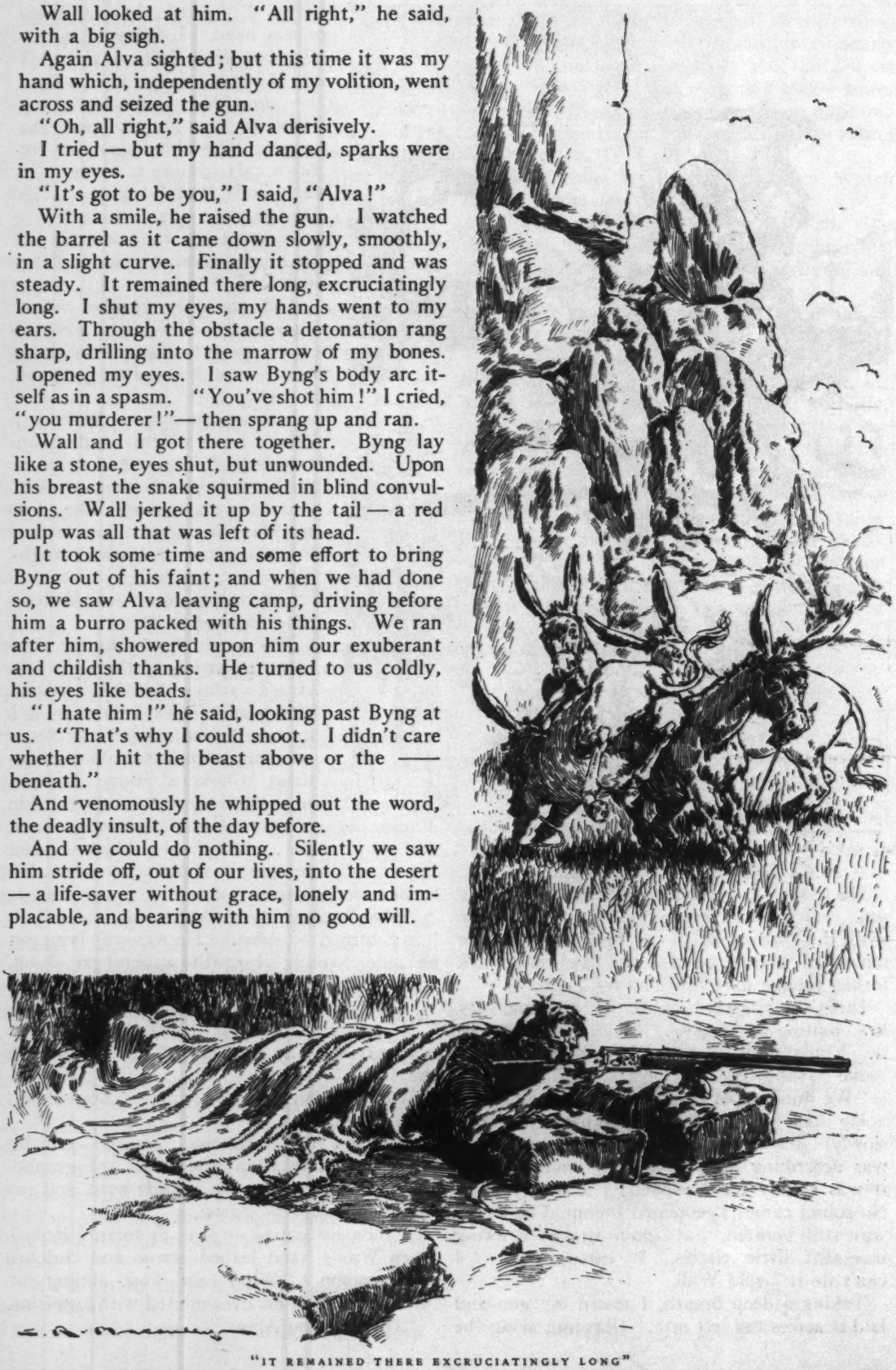
Wall and I got there together. Byng lay like a stone, eyes shut, but unwounded. Upon his breast the snake squirmed in blind convulsions. Wall jerked it up by the tail — a red pulp was all that was left of its head.

It took some time and some effort to bring Byng out of his faint; and when we had done so, we saw Alva leaving camp, driving before him a burro packed with his things. We ran after him, showered upon him our exuberant and childish thanks. He turned to us coldly, his eyes like beads.

"I hate him!" he said, looking past Byng at us. "That's why I could shoot. I didn't care whether I hit the beast above or the —— beneath."

And venomously he whipped out the word, the deadly insult, of the day before.

And we could do nothing. Silently we saw him stride off, out of our lives, into the desert — a life-saver without grace, lonely and implacable, and bearing with him no good will.



"IT REMAINED THERE EXCRUCIATINGLY LONG"

MARY BAKER G. EDDY

THE STORY OF HER LIFE AND THE HISTORY OF CHRISTIAN SCIENCE

BY GEORGINE MILMINE

XI

THE ADOPTION OF A SON AND THE FOUNDING OF THE MOTHER CHURCH

IN 1888 George Washington Glover, Mrs. Eddy's long-absent son, the child of her first marriage, came to spend a winter in Boston. He brought with him from the West his wife and four children, and took a house in Chelsea. Although his relations with his mother at that time seem to have been amicable, they were certainly not of a very close or confidential nature. While Mr. Glover was in Boston his mother's business affairs were still conducted by Mr. Frye, and the son was a far from conspicuous figure in her daily life. He was not a member of her household or of her church, and took no part in her great religious enterprise. Mr. Glover and his family were first publicly introduced to Mrs. Eddy's followers in December, at a fair given by the Christian Scientists. On this occasion the Glovers were cordially welcomed by Mrs. Eddy's friends, and the resemblance of the daughter, Mary Baker Glover, to her grandmother was the subject of general comment throughout the evening. At a late hour Mrs. Eddy herself appeared to grace the fair, and when she entered the hall the orchestra began to play Mendelssohn's wedding march, to symbolize, so the *Journal* explains, Mrs. Eddy's "indissoluble union with Truth."

Mr. Glover's prolonged stay in Chelsea seems not to have brought him and his mother any closer together, for, almost immediately after his return to the West, Mrs. Eddy adopted a son who was presumably more to her liking.

Ebenezer Johnson Foster was a man of forty-one when Mrs. Eddy adopted him, and she herself was then in her sixty-eighth year. Dr. Foster was a homeopathic physician who had been practising his profession at Waterbury Center, a little mountain town in Vermont. Like most of Mrs. Eddy's disciples, he had led a quiet, uneventful life until he came under her influence. As a boy of fifteen he had enlisted in the Union Army and had served for three years. Later he was graduated from the Hahnemann Medical College in Philadelphia.

Dr. Foster first heard of Christian Science through William Clark, an old army comrade who believed that his health had been restored through his study of Mrs. Eddy's book. Dr. Foster decided to investigate this new system of healing, and, in the autumn of 1887, when he went to Boston to pay a visit to an old aunt, he called at Mrs. Eddy's house on Columbus Avenue and was granted an interview. The first impressions on both sides were very agreeable. Mrs. Eddy was more than eager to enlist the sympathies of "the M.D.'s," as she termed physicians, and she saw in Dr. Foster the tractable kind of man she was always looking for. She lavished her most gracious manner upon him, and he was led away captive in the first interview. It seemed to Dr. Foster that Mrs. Eddy was very like his own mother; that she was full of gentleness and sympathy and affection. She told him that she wished him to become her student, and he entered her class the following day.

After completing his course at Mrs Eddy's Metaphysical College, Dr. Foster returned to Waterbury Center and resumed the practice of homeopathy, experimenting more or less with the Christian Science method of healing, and industriously reading "Science and Health." In the following May he received an urgent letter from Mrs. Eddy requesting him to attend the National Convention of the Christian Scientists' Association, which was to meet at Chicago in June. At this time there was division and discord in the Boston church,* and

*See February McClure's.

A SERIES OF PHOTOGRAPHS OF MARY BAKER G. EDDY, MADE ABOUT THE YEAR THE 1886 EDITION OF "SCIENCE AND HEALTH," THE FOURTH

Mrs. Eddy, foreseeing serious trouble, was strengthening her position by every possible means, and was ascertaining, in one way and another, which ones of her students could be depended upon in case of an emergency. Dr. Foster was easily persuaded to go to Chicago. After the convention adjourned and Mrs. Eddy returned to Boston, he went to visit his brother in Wisconsin. There he soon received a telegram from his teacher, bidding him come at once to Boston. Before he could start, another telegram from her told him not to come. Soon afterward he received a letter urging him to come at once.

When Dr. Foster arrived at Mrs. Eddy's new house on Commonwealth Avenue, July 4, 1888, he was at a loss to know just why she had sent for him, except that the recent schism in the Boston church, resulting in the withdrawal of thirty-six members, had left her short of active workers and in need of healing sympathy and admiration.

Mrs. Eddy and her New Son

Mrs. Eddy took great comfort in Dr. Foster's presence in the house and began to feel that from him she might hope for the unquestioning obedience and perpetual adoration she was always seeking. She loved to amaze and astonish; when her students ceased to "wonder," she was usually through with them. Each of her favorites gave her, as it were, a new lease of life; with each one her interest in everything quickened. The great outside audience meant very little as compared with the pliant neophyte beside her chair or across the table from her. It was when Mrs. Eddy was weaving her spell about a new favorite that she was at her best, and it was then that she most believed in herself. But she could never stop with enchanting, merely. She must altogether absorb the new candidate; he must have nothing left in him which was not from her. If she came upon one insoluble atom hidden away anywhere in the marrow of his bones, she experienced a revulsion and flung him contemptuously aside.

Dr. Foster had been in the house but a little while when Mrs. Eddy told him she foresaw that the relation between them must be a very close one. This announcement somewhat disconcerted him, until she explained that it was her intention to adopt him as her son. In her petition to the Court Mrs. Eddy stated that "said Foster is now associated with your petitioner in business, home life, and life work, and she needs such interested

1886. THE SECOND PICTURE ON THE RIGHT WAS USED AS A FRONTISPIECE FOR WAS LATER PUBLISHED IN "MISCELLANEOUS WRITINGS"

care and relationship." On the 5th of November, 1888, accordingly, Dr. Foster's legal name became Ebenezer J. Foster Eddy.

The new son was a small man with an affectionate disposition, gentle, affable manners, and very small, well-kept hands. He had certain qualities which Mrs. Eddy had always found desirable in those who were closely associated with her. He was entirely manageable, and, although a man in middle life, he was as submissive and obedient to her as a child of ten. He never offered Mrs. Eddy advice, never interfered with her wishes, never questioned her wisdom or demurred to her projects — as even Mr. Frye was sometimes known to do. He says to-day that he cannot remember ever having crossed his adopted mother in anything. If he had planned to go up to Waterbury Center to visit his father, for instance, and Mrs. Eddy told him to unpack his bag and stay at home, he did so without so much as a question, and preserved a cheerful countenance.

Mrs. Eddy's Household and the New Favorite

When Foster Eddy settled himself in his new home at 385 Commonwealth Avenue, he found that not all of Mrs. Eddy's friends were so kindly disposed toward him as was his mother. At this time Miss Julia Bartlett, Captain Eastaman, Josephine Woodbury, William B. Johnson, Mrs. Augusta Stetson, Frank Mason, and Marcellus Munroe constituted a kind of executive staff for Mrs. Eddy, and the new son felt confident that several of these persons had attempted to prevent his adoption from motives of self-interest. If Mrs. Eddy were going to adopt any one, why not one of her trusted and tried rather than a comparative stranger? From the day of his installation as the son of the house, Foster Eddy felt that Mrs. Eddy's cabinet was jealous of his influence over her, of her affection for him, of his musical accomplishments and his winning manners, and of his efforts to bring sunshine into his new home.

Mr. Frye went his silent, inscrutable way, keeping a wary eye upon the new favorite. Frye was little about the house in those days. When he was not doing his marketing he was usually to be found in his own room, waiting for orders and working at his accounts — he was always in trouble about them, and they often cost him sharp words from Mrs. Eddy. Although he seems to have been scrupulously honest, he was a poor book-

keeper. Once, during the early years of his service, Mrs. Eddy had his books audited and, finding him a few dollars short, fell into a violent rage. She charged him with trying to rob her, and railed at him so late into the night that the distracted man went out and persuaded another student to come and stay with him till morning. On another occasion Mrs. Eddy took him to task so savagely about his accounts that Mr. Frye told the other students, who had come in to pacify her, that he could stand it no longer, and he actually threatened to leave her. The students set about soothing him very promptly, for the prospect that one of them might have to fill Mr. Frye's place was not a little terrifying. It was after one of these periodical wrestles over his accounts that Mrs. Eddy was charged with having pulled Mr. Frye about by his hair. He probably knew that Mrs. Eddy trusted him in so far as she could trust any one, but that it was necessary for her to have grievances and to break into thunder-storms about them. Every one had to take his turn at standing up under these cataclysms of nerves; if it were not Mr. Frye, then it was some one else, and the new son was soon having his occasional bad day like the rest.

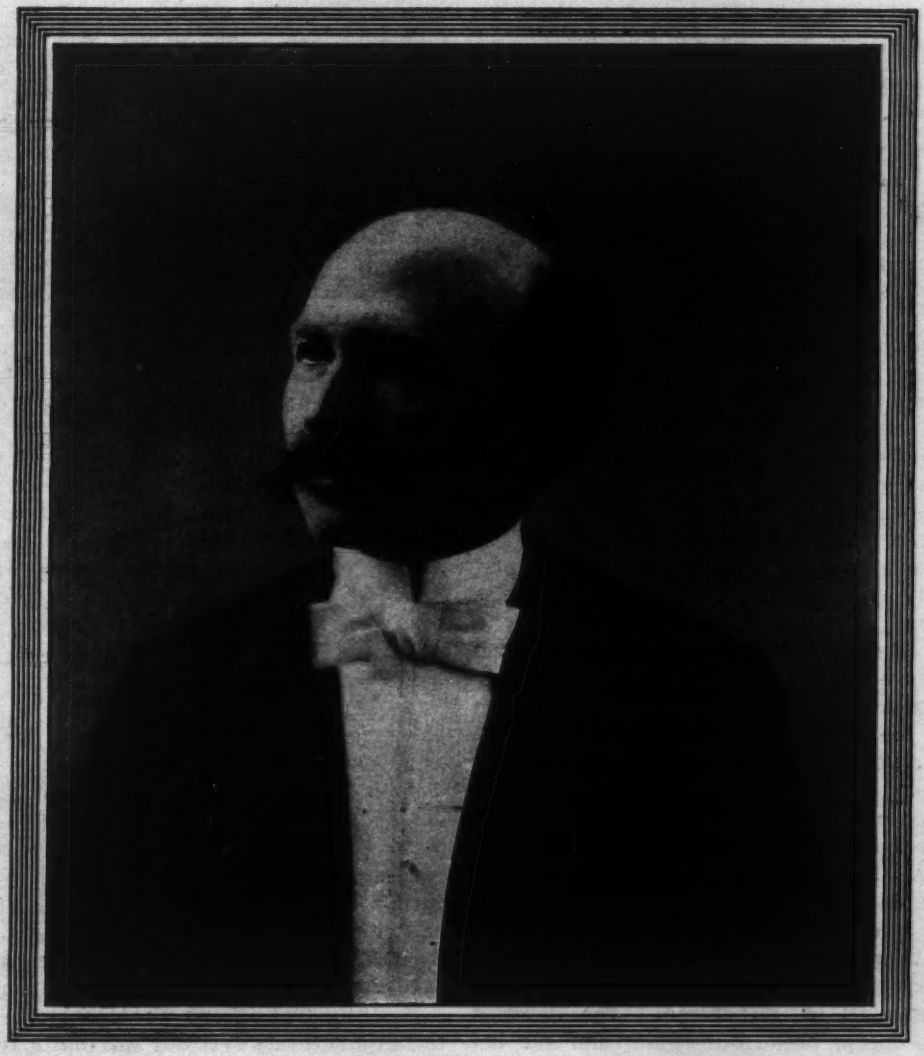
Mrs. Lydia Roaf, Mr. Frye's sister, was Mrs. Eddy's cook at this time, but she and her brother had little to say to each other and their converse was scarcely beyond the Biblical yea and nay. Miss Martha Morgan acted as housekeeper. She had come from Maine to study under Mrs. Eddy and had stayed to help with the housework. Foster Eddy's duties were manifold, but were chiefly in the nature of personal services to Mrs. Eddy. He went about town on errands to her publishers and printers; addressed meetings which she could not attend; wrote some of her letters for her; saw visitors when she was indisposed; sometimes took a drive with her; kept her desk in order; played and sang for her when she was in a pensive mood. Mrs. Eddy liked her son to appear with some distinction when he went out to represent her. In winter he usually wore a long fur-lined coat, and Mrs. Eddy later bought him a diamond solitaire for his little finger. Since he had to speak occasionally in public, Mrs. Eddy sent him to the Boston School of Oratory to have him taught the use of the voice. She called him "Bennie" and he addressed her as "mother."

Dr. Foster Eddy was sometimes called upon to attend Mrs. Eddy in her nocturnal illnesses, and he, like the other members of the household, spent his spare moments in treating her against that old foe, malicious animal magnetism, which was always infesting the house; which influenced even Mrs. Eddy's dressmakers and sometimes spoiled the fit of her gowns. Dr. Foster made himself useful about the house, and sometimes helped Miss Morgan with the dishes.

When Mrs. Eddy had a bad day, Dr. Foster's new home was a difficult place to live in, but the storms were usually forgotten in the smiles and calm which followed. Mrs. Eddy could be the most agreeable of hostesses and of mothers when she chose; winning, affectionate, and considerate; and she knew the power of flattery. From the days when she told a young man of Swampscott that if she could put on canvas her ideal of Jesus Christ the face would look like his, Mrs. Eddy never underestimated the human appetite for flattery. She could unblushingly refer to the "touch of fairy fingers" or the "music of footfalls," and could deliver the most threadbare euphuisms with a smile that warmed the heart of the recipient and covered him with foolish happiness. After having fretted herself to sleep the night before, she would sometimes arise in a mood almost beatific, and would greet the object of yesterday's invective with a benediction and a smile. In such a humor she was winning, confidential, and full of gracious condescension. She would promise the pardoned offender a larger place in her life and a greater control of her affairs, telling him that he, more than any one else, had understood the true meaning of her teachings and the real significance of her life, and that she must perforce look to him to carry on her great work after her. It was the same old story that Mrs. Eddy had breathed to Spofford, Arens, and Buswell, each in his turn, but to the eager listener it was always new.

Dr. Foster Made "Professor of Obstetrics"

The reader will recall that when Mrs. Eddy introduced her obstetrical course into the college curriculum, it was criticized as inadequate by some of her students. The death of Mrs. Corner's daughter in childbirth, under Christian Science treatment, had further tended to create dissatisfaction in this direction. Mrs. Eddy accordingly installed Dr. Foster as professor of obstetrics in her college, and raised the price of the course. "Dr. Foster," she announced in the *Journal*, "will teach the anatomy and surgery of obstetrics, and I its metaphysics. The combination of his knowledge of Christian Science with his



EBENEZER JOHNSON FOSTER EDDY, MRS. EDDY'S ADOPTED SON

HE WAS ADOPTED BY MRS. EDDY WHEN HE WAS FORTY-ONE YEARS OLD

anatomical skill, renders him a desirable teacher in this department of my college. . . . Students will receive the combined instruction of Mrs. Eddy and Dr. Foster for $200 tuition."

By the spring of 1889 Mrs. Eddy began to show the wear and strain of the preceding eight years. She had now reached the age of sixty-eight, and seems to have admitted to herself for the first time that there were situations which she preferred not to face. The "conspiracy" which had come to light in her church the year before had shown her that the Boston organization was not so completely under her control as she had believed, and she determined that something should be done to insure her domination of it in the future. She had decided, too, that she must get out a new edition of "Science and Health" as soon as possible. She was anxious to get away from Boston, where her work was subject to continual interruption and where she was always being fretted by irritating personalities. Mrs. Woodbury and Mrs. Stetson, in particular, had begun to wear upon her. Although Mrs. Stetson's success in building up the church organization in New York made her indispensable, Mrs. Eddy distrusted her and was annoyed as well as pleased at her progress. Soon after Mrs. Eddy adopted Dr. Foster, Mrs. Stetson took a young man from Maine, Carol Norton, to occupy a somewhat similar position in her household, although she did not legally adopt him. When

Mrs. Eddy heard of this she exclaimed with vexation, "See how Stetson apes me!"

Mrs. Eddy Driven from Boston by Mesmerism

Mrs. Eddy's fear of malicious animal magnetism never let her rest. She was continually complaining that she felt it trying to reach her through this and that one of the persons about her, and when she felt its influence she could not endure the presence of the suspected student. She believed that she could see it in their faces. As she once bitterly remarked to Mrs. Hopkins, "You are so full of mesmerism that your eyes stick out like a boiled codfish's." The greater part of Mrs. Eddy's time was taken up in talking about mesmerism; in treating and fighting against it; in discovering and thwarting imaginary plots. She had never loved any one so well that she could not, in a moment of irritation, believe him guilty, not only of disloyalty, but of theft, knavery, blackmail, or abominable corruption. She could never feel sure of even the ordinary decencies of conduct in her friends. All the suspicion, envy, and incontinent distrust which so often blazed in Mrs. Eddy's eyes, seemed to have found a concrete and corporeal expression in this thing, Mesmerism. Throughout the winter and early spring of 1889 Mrs. Eddy had been complaining to her adopted son that Boston was full of mesmerism; that it was choking her, and that she must escape from it.

Her one thought was "flight"—to get away from the Boston Christian Scientists, from every one she knew. She talked of going to Cincinnati or Pittsburgh. The delusion of persecution broke out again, and she believed that she was watched and spied upon—her mail, her clothes, her house, her friends, were infected with mesmerism, and inanimate objects were made hostile to her through the mental influence of her enemies. One morning she announced that she must go immediately—somewhere, anywhere. Foster Eddy knew of a furnished house which was to let in Barre, Vermont, and thither he conducted Mrs. Eddy, with Mr. Frye and the women of the household—Lydia Roaf was no longer one of them, having fallen ill and gone home to die. When Mrs. Eddy arrived at Barre, new troubles awaited her. The town band customarily played of an evening in the square before her house, and although she sent Mr. Frye out to request the band boys to desist, they refused to do so. Consequently Mrs. Eddy packed up and returned to Boston. A few months later she was up and away again, this time moving into a furnished house at 62 State Street, Concord, New Hampshire. She found no peace here, and sent Dr. Foster out to look for some place that should be a certain distance from the post-office, telegraph-office, express-office, etc. She wanted to be well out of reach of these, and yet be not too far from Boston. Dr. Foster canvassed the suburbs of that city and found a desirable house and garden for sale in Roslindale. The owner asked a price considerably above the market value, but Mrs. Eddy paid it, declaring that mesmerism was again at work, trying to keep her out of her own, and that she would have the property at any price. Dr. Foster was sent back to Commonwealth Avenue to pack her furniture and move it out to Roslindale. The new house was scarcely settled, when Mrs. Eddy discovered that her neighbors had been "mesmerized" and she again flew back to Concord. Here she lived again at 62 State Street until she moved into the house which she christened Pleasant View, and at which she still resides.

Retirement to Concord

It is very doubtful that, when Mrs. Eddy went away in the spring of 1889, she meant to leave Boston for good. After that date she made alterations in her Commonwealth Avenue house, and the fact that she had the walls of her own room there pulled out and interlined with a substance which would deaden sound and make the room absolutely quiet, seems to indicate that she intended to return and take up her residence in Boston again.

Retiring to Concord was one of the wisest things Mrs. Eddy ever did and one of the most fortunate in its results, but it was the outcome of somewhat hysterical experimenting rather than the execution of a carefully considered plan. Indeed, Mrs. Eddy's strategy was always of the kind which is not afraid of making mistakes. She acted upon the promptings of a violent nervous energy more often than upon reflection, and she felt her way to the right thing through blunders which would have overwhelmed a self-confidence less impregnable than her own. Fear drove her away from Boston, but it took her a long time to find out just where she should go, and how long she should stay away. It was probably not until after she had left the city, and had become more inaccessible to her students and followers, that she realized how greatly her administrative life in Boston had taxed her strength. For years she had complained of the anguish of meeting people; she believed that her students, and even strangers,

left the burden of their ills and sorrows with her when they went out from her presence, and she suffered excruciatingly from the nervous excitement produced by even the most casual social intercourse. From this time on her dread of crowds and her distress at meeting people increased, and she became gradually more and more inaccessible.

Mrs. Eddy retired from the editorship of the *Christian Science Journal*, May, 1889.

In announcing Mrs. Eddy's retirement the *Journal* of that date says:

". . . As our dear Mother in God withdraws herself from our midst, and goes up into the Mount for higher communings, to show us and the generations to come the way to our true consciousness in God, let us honor Him and keep silence; let us keep from her and settle among ourselves or with God for ourselves, the small concerns for which we have looked to her."

MISS MARTHA MORGAN

A CHRISTIAN SCIENTIST FROM MAINE WHO ACTED AS HOUSEKEEPER IN MRS. EDDY'S COMMONWEALTH AVENUE HOUSE IN BOSTON, AND WHO AFTERWARD ACCOMPANIED HER TO CONCORD

At about this time, Mrs. Eddy also gave up teaching. It was with great reluctance that she closed her college, and here again she felt her way to a final decision. The first plan was that she merely give up active teaching, and remain president of the institution, while her adopted son succeeded her as instructor. She gave this arrangement a trial, but soon announced that, as the demand was for her own instruction exclusively, she would close the college altogether. In the late summer of 1889 Mrs. Eddy again reconsidered, and announced that General Erastus N. Bates, of Cleveland, would reopen the college and conduct the classes. General Bates, who was a healer and preacher in his own city, gave up his practice there and came on to Boston to take up Mrs. Eddy's work. No sooner had he begun than Mrs. Eddy again changed her mind, and in less than a month after General Bates arrived she closed the college, despite his earnest protests. As for General Bates, his occupation gone, he returned disconsolate into the West out of which he had been conjured.

The Riverside Press "Mesmerized

While she was moving back and forth and changing her mind, Mrs. Eddy was preparing the new edition of "Science and Health" which appeared in 1891. The "mesmerism" which was driving her from place to place was, she believed, interfering with the publication of her book as well. The ordinary delays which occur in the best-regulated of press-rooms and binderies, she attributed directly to the results of malicious animal magnetism, and that eminently reliable and decorous establishment, the Riverside Press, was supposed to have been given over to the riotous disorders of demonology. Mrs. Eddy set half a dozen of her students to treating the pressmen and binders against errors and delays, and wrote out an argument for them to use in their treatments. The veteran printer, Mr. John Wilson himself, she assigned, for especial treatment, to her son, E. J. Foster Eddy. The letter in which Mrs. Eddy issued instructions that the treatments upon the Riverside Press were to begin, was written to Dr. Foster Eddy, and reads as follows:

"Jan. 13, 385 Commonwealth Avenue.

"My Dearest One: Please to go at once to Miss Bartlett and give her the directions inclosed. See Capt. Eastaman and give him the same. After writing out sufficient copies, distribute them as follows:

"To Capt. Eastaman, Miss Bartlett; for Mrs. Munroe; Press & Bindery, for Mr. Johnson, Mr. Knapp, Mrs. Knapp.

"You keep Mr. Wilson, the printer of Cambridge, under your care alone. Also the Mr. Wilson, or proprietor, whoever he is, in Boston, who manages the bindery, under your care only. You know they cannot be made sick for printing and binding God's book, and you must show your faith by works in this instance."

Attached to this letter is a sheet of manu-

script in Mrs. Eddy's handwriting, which reads:

"Argument

"Nothing can hinder the book, Science and Health, from being published immediately. The press and machinery that publish this book and all who work on it in the press and bindery are safe in God's hands, they cannot be and are not governed by hatred. They are governed, upheld and prospered by Love and the book is coming out rapidly. When the book goes to the bindery then stop the press aid and turn all their force there.

"Tell each one that I say by no means take up the mesmerists or any personality, but to have faith in God and this will do it all — just as the prayer asks.

"Your personal work for the Wilsons must be done as I have taught you, to help them, and not touch others.

"If I or Mr. Frye write or telegraph to you then you must stop at once the student's argument. You understand this, do you not?"

The last sentence in Mrs. Eddy's instructions seems to imply that it was possible to over-treat the press-room, and that it might be necessary to stop the treatments at any time. Just what the results of over-treatment might be, it is difficult to conjecture, but from another letter to Dr. Foster it is evident that Mrs. Eddy thought the treatments had been too vigorous and had thrown everything into confusion:

"Dearest:

"I have just found what did (but did not)* produce a temporary tempest here. It was the help you procured on the Press! Never, never put 'new wine into old bottles.'

"Those persons named are utterly incapable of handling the Red Dragon.† They can command serpents but not the last species.

"At once dismiss your help and confine your treatment to the Proprietor Mr. W—— and electricity take no other personality into thought but the ones employed at the Press.

"All is God, Good there is no evil."

It was in the early autumn of 1889 that Mrs. Eddy conceived the idea that malicious animal magnetism was interfering with the proper conduct of the *Christian Science Journal*. She sent one morning for Mr. William G. Nixon, publisher of the *Journal*, and directed him to take the magazine and flee with it at once into some other city; if he stayed in Boston a month longer, she declared, mesmerism would wreck the periodical. Mr. Nixon tried to explain to her the difficulties of picking up a periodical and "fleeing" with it between publication days, when no preparatory arrangements had been made and no new location selected. But Mrs. Eddy was immovable. In business disputes Mrs. Eddy had always one argument which none of her associates could hope to equal; she would draw up her shoulders, look her opponent in the eye, and say, very slowly, "God has directed me in this matter. Have you anything further to say?" Mr. Nixon naturally wished to remain in Boston; he had brought his family there from Dakota, and his contract with his printer was unexpired. But there was nothing to be gained by arguing with Mrs. Eddy; and there was no time to be lost if he was to find a new location for his business in time to get out the next month's *Journal*. He went to Philadelphia, where he at length found a suitable office and a printer who would undertake to get the magazine out on time. Just as he was about to close the contract, he received a telegram from Mrs. Eddy telling him to bring the *Journal* back to Boston at once.

In directing the *Journal's* policy, Mrs. Eddy was never afraid to change her mind, and often repudiated to-day what she had yesterday advanced as divine revelation. On one occasion she wrote to Mr. Nixon that God had directed her to recommend a certain candidate for the editorship of the *Journal:*

"385 Commonwealth Ave.
"Boston, Sept. 30 1889

"My dear Student

"God our God has just told me who to recommend to you for the Editor of the C. S. Jour. but you are not to name me in this transaction. It is Rev. Charles Macomber Smith *D.D.* 164 Summer St Somerville Mass. He was healed by reading Science and Health and left a large salary to preach Christian Science and then left that position for the hope J. F. Bailey had held out to him of preaching for my Church but I objected to taking him solely because his church had not been consulted before giving him a call.

"Get ***him sure*** but be very reticent let it not be known until he is engaged or you will have a fuss about it.

"Lovingly,
"M. B. G. Eddy."

* Mrs. Eddy's contradictory statement means that the confusion was not *real* because all is God and discord has no part in God. A "tempest" was produced in "belief" but not in reality. The sentence is peculiarly illustrative of her philosophy. One is (but is not) ill, exhausted, melancholy, etc., etc.

† Mesmerism.

Mr. Nixon had not had time to act upon this letter when he received another in which Mrs. Eddy explained that her recommendation of Mr. Smith had been the result of mesmerism, and not of divine inspiration:

"Concord, N. H.
"62 State St.
"To Mr Nixon
"My dear Student
"I regret having named the one I did to you for Editor It is a mistake he is not fit It was not God evidently that suggested that thought but the person who suggests many things mentally but I have before been able to discriminate I wrote too soon after it came to my thought He has not been taught C. S. and I hear refuses to be taught by any one but me. Love to wife
"Ever Affectionately
"M. B. G. Eddy."

But, however perplexing her methods, Mrs. Eddy usually succeeded in making her publishers do as she wished. She would sometimes write an article for the *Journal*, and then, when the paper was actually being printed, would send in another to take its place, insisting that the forms be pulled off the presses and the new article inserted. She was always indignant if her communications to the *Journal* were edited, and November 19, 1891, she wrote to Mr. Nixon that it was because he had not allowed her a proper place in the *Journal*, and had "spoiled" her communications, that she had withdrawn from the editorship of that magazine:

"Concord, N. H. Nov. 19. 1891.
"Dear Mr. Nixon:—
"God will not let me be silent relative to your business here yesterday, but demands me to answer reminding you of your feelings towards me. The history of the Journal while in your hands shows that you did not allow me the place in that magazine which belonged to me and would have benefited the Cause. You kept my communications or spoiled them and at last I withdrew from its columns."

In another letter she reprimands him for not affixing the author's name whenever he refers to "Science and Health" in the columns of the *Journal*, and for not printing the name of that book always in small capitals. Mr. Nixon felt that the *Journal* should be the magazine of Christian Science rather than Mrs. Eddy's personal organ, and had rashly attempted to persuade her that it would be more dignified in her to keep her own name a little more in the background, especially when so many of her enemies were asserting that Christian Science was nothing but a glorification of Mrs. Eddy's "personality." On this point she says to Mr. Nixon, in a letter dated June 30, 1890:

"Those who are trying to frighten you over using my name at suitable intervals and who are crying out personality are the very ones that persist in their purpose to keep my personality before the public through abusing it and to harness it to all the faults of other personalities and make it responsible for them. But neither of these efforts disposes of personality nor handle it on the rule our Master taught nor deal with mortal personality scientifically."

In the same letter she reproves him for having omitted her appellation of "Reverend" in referring to her in the *Journal*.

"I require nothing from the C. S. Journal but common civility such as other periodicals to which I have contributed more or less for forty years have naturally given me. I have preached 18 years and been ordained 11 years but care not a whit about the title Rev., but a large number of my students do feel sensitive over seeing the name of the discoverer and founder of Christian Science in no way distinguished from others while her students hold degrees under her."

Among Mrs. Eddy's letters to her publisher, Mr. Nixon, occurs this rather amusing one:

"July 14 1890.
"385 Commonwealth Ave.
"My dear Student
"Many thanks for your copy of Brotherham's translation of the New Testament But I cannot see the merit in it that Mr. Bailey attaches to it in his long notice in the Journal. The language is decaying as fast as that of Irving's Pickwick Papers I prefer the common version for all scriptural quotations to that.
"Most truly and affectionately,
"M. B. G. Eddy."

Having divested herself of her responsibilities as editor and teacher, Mrs. Eddy further protected herself from the importunities of her students by the publication in the *Journal* of seven fixed rules which announced that she was not to be consulted regarding the personal or church difficulties

of her followers.* Her next step was to disorganize the Boston church. Upon this action the *Journal* of February, 1890, comments as follows:

"The dissolution of the visible organization of the church is the sequence and complement of that of the college corporation and association. The college disappeared that the spirit of Christ might have freer course among its students and all who come into the understanding of Divine Science, the bonds of the church were thrown away so that its members might assemble themselves together to 'provoke one another to good works' in the bond only of love."

Why Mrs. Eddy "Disorganized" the Boston Church

Of all Mrs. Eddy's perplexing indirections, this "disorganization" is one of the most difficult to follow. After she disorganized it, the church continued to hold regular services and, to all intents and purposes, went on just as before — with the one important exception that it held no more business meetings and transacted no business. The real reason for this disorganization seems to have been just that, for the time, Mrs. Eddy wanted no business transacted. Her explanation that organization was a detriment to spirituality could scarcely have been more than a convenient pretext, for at the same time that she put this check upon the Boston church, her messages to the workers in the field continually urged them to organize churches. It would seem that what was hurtful to spirituality in Boston would be hurtful elsewhere; but the fact was that ever since the schism of 1888 Mrs. Eddy had been dissatisfied with her Boston church, and she had decided to take it to pieces and make it over. A plan was forming in her mind, and putting a stop to all the business transactions of the church gave her time to feel her way toward its accomplishment.

*NOTICE.

SEVEN FIXED RULES.

1. I shall not be consulted verbally, or through letters, as to whose advertisement shall or shall not appear in the Christian Science Journal.
2. I shall not be consulted verbally, or through letters, as to the matter that should be published in the Journal and C. S. Series.
3. I shall not be consulted verbally, or through letters, on marriage, divorce, or family affairs of any kind.
4. I shall not be consulted verbally, or through letters, on the choice of pastors for churches.
5. I shall not be consulted verbally, or through letters, on disaffections, if there should be any between the students of Christian Scientists.
6. I shall not be consulted verbally, or through letters, on who shall be admitted as members, or dropped from the membership of the Christian Science Churches or Associations.
7. I am not to be consulted verbally, or through letters, on disease and the treatment of the sick; but I shall love all mankind — and work for their welfare.

MARY B. G. EDDY.

The Boston church was still homeless and held its meetings in public halls. In 1886 its members had purchased a lot on Falmouth Street — where the original Mother Church now stands — with the intention of erecting upon it a church building. They paid two thousand dollars down upon the date of purchase and assumed a mortgage for the balance due. By December, 1888, the church had paid $5,800 upon the property, and had reduced the mortgage to $4,963.50. Mrs. Eddy then stepped in and, through her lawyer, secured an assignment of the mortgage for the amount due upon it. Eight months later she foreclosed and bought in the property herself through her lawyer's brother.*

In other words, Mrs. Eddy sold to herself the land upon which she now held the mortgage, securing for $5,000 a piece of real estate which three years before had sold for $10,763.50, — and which since then had almost doubled in value, — and the members of the Boston church had lost all equity in the property upon which they had paid $5,800.

Mrs. Eddy's Plans Included a "Church Universal" and Entire Personal Control of It

Since Mrs. Eddy intended ultimately to give this land back to the church, why, the reader may ask, did she not come forward when the payments ran behind, and satisfy the mortgage, leaving the property unincumbered in the hands of the organization which had already paid on it more than half the purchase price? The reason seems to have been that there were still in that body persons of whom Mrs. Eddy did not feel sure; members who might be elected to office, might have too active a part in the church government, and might even incite a new rebellion like that of 1888. Her plan now was to give this building-site to the Boston church directors under such conditions as would forever do away with congregational self-government, and would place the church wholly under the control of such trustees as she should appoint.

*The exact steps of this transaction were as follows:

In 1886 the Boston church, through its treasurer, William H. Bradley, had purchased from Nathan Matthews the plot of ground upon which the Christian Science church now stands, paying down $2,000 and assuming a mortgage for $8,763.50. By December, 1888, the church had paid upon this land, in all, $5,800, reducing the mortgage to $4,963.50. At this date Mrs. Eddy, through her lawyer, Baxter E. Perry, later disbarred, secured an assignment of the mortgage from Mr. Matthews for exactly the sum due upon the land. Although this assignment occurred December 6, 1888, it was not recorded until August 6, 1889, this date being also the date of the recording of Mrs. Eddy's foreclosure of the mortgage. The Suffolk County Register of Deeds shows that Baxter E. Perry sold the Falmouth Street lot at a mortgage foreclosure sale held on August 3, 1889, to his brother and law partner, George H. Perry, for the sum of $5,000. George H. Perry then deeded the land to Ira O. Knapp, for the sum of $5,100, the additional $100 apparently forming Mr. Perry's fee for his part in the transaction.

Mrs. Eddy was aiming at (1) the entire personal ownership of the site of the Boston church, (2) perpetual personal control of the church which should be reared upon it, (3) making the Boston church not merely a local church and the home of the Boston congregation, but a church universal, the "Mother Church" of Christian Science the world over, with Mrs. Eddy installed as its visible head. And a seemingly insignificant real-estate transaction was actually the means of accomplishing this important end.

Up to this time Mrs. Eddy's name had been kept out of the various conveyances on the Falmouth Street property, and she desired that it should not directly appear in future transactions. She now had the land deeded to her student, Ira O. Knapp. Mr. Knapp then conveyed the property to three trustees, Alfred Lang, Marcellus Munroe, and William G. Nixon, who were to hold it for the purpose of building a church thereon. The trust deed by which the conveyance was made was of such an unusual character that Mr. Nixon insisted upon having the title examined before the trustees should place on the lot a building paid for by Christian Scientists residing in all parts of the United States. After examining it, the Massachusetts Title Insurance Company refused to insure the title, and, in spite of Mrs. Eddy's argument that "the title was from God, and that no material title could affect God's temple," the three trustees returned all the donations to the building fund which they had received, and resigned. The property was now conveyed by Mr. Knapp to Mrs. Eddy (who had in reality been its owner all the while) for a consideration of one dollar, and Mrs. Eddy began all over again.

The Trust Deed under Which Mrs. Eddy Controls the "Mother Church"

On September 1, 1892, Mrs. Eddy conveyed this much-bandied-about plot of ground to four new trustees; Ira O. Knapp, William B. Johnson, Joseph S. Eastaman, and Stephen A. Chase, who were pledged to erect upon the site, within five years, a church building costing not less than $50,000. Among the provisos of the trust deed were the following:

That in this church there should be no services "which shall not be in strict harmony with the doctrines and practice of Christian Science as taught and explained by Mary Baker G. Eddy in the seventy-first edition of her book, entitled Science and Health, which is soon to be issued, *and in any subsequent edition thereof.*"

That these trustees should be called the Board of Directors and should constitute a perpetual body or corporation, filling any vacancy in their body by election, and filling it only with such an one as should be "a firm and consistent believer in the doctrines of Christian Science as taught in a book entitled Science and Health by Mary Baker G. Eddy, beginning with," etc.

That this board should elect the pastor, speaker, or reader, maintain public worship, and was "fully empowered to make all necessary rules and regulations" for this purpose.

That "the omission or neglect on the part of said directors to comply with any of the conditions herein named, shall constitute a breach thereof, and the title shall revert to the grantor, Mary Baker G. Eddy, her heirs and assigns," etc.

That "Whenever said directors shall determine that it is inexpedient to maintain preaching, reading or speaking in said church in accordance with the terms of this deed, they are authorized and required to reconvey forthwith said lot of land *with the building thereon*, to Mary Baker G. Eddy, her heirs and assigns forever, by a proper deed of conveyance."

At last, then, Mrs. Eddy had the Boston church where she wanted it; an institution without congregational government, controlled by four directors whom she should appoint and who should elect their successors at her suggestion; who were pledged to see that the church taught only what was in the seventy-first edition of "Science and Health," and whatever Mrs. Eddy might please to put into any subsequent edition; and who, if they did not comply with all these instructions, were bound to give back the lot, and the building upon it, to Mrs. Eddy and to her heirs forever. A Mother Church thus constructed would have great possibilities.

How Mrs. Eddy Made the Church her Own

But here an objection arose. A corporation must be formed, and when Mrs. Eddy asked the State to grant her a new charter for a new church body, the Commissioner of Corporations refused. His reason was that the original charter, granted in 1879, had never been annulled and was still in force. But Mrs. Eddy had no intention of recognizing the old church or its charter; if her new directors merely held the property in trust for

a church organization, her end would be defeated. As the deed of trust read, the directors were virtually to hold the property in trust for Mrs. Eddy herself, to the end of executing her wishes. There must be a way, Mrs. Eddy insisted, in which her trustees could hold the property without recognizing the existence of the chartered church body, so she set her lawyers to work. "Guided by Divine Love," she said, her attorneys found in the laws of Massachusetts a statute whereby a body of donees might be considered a corporate body for the purpose of taking and holding grants and donations without the formal organization of a church.* This old statute once unearthed, Mrs. Eddy's plan was entirely worked out: the Mother Church was now controlled absolutely by her four directors; the corporation consisted of her directors and not of the church body; and the congregation had no more voice in the management of the church than has the audience in the management of a theater.

The members of the Boston church were dazzled by Mrs. Eddy's lavish gift, and very few of them had followed the legerdemain by which the church had gone into Mrs. Eddy's hands a free body and had come out a close corporation. Mrs. Eddy announced her victory in a long communication to the *Journal*, asserting, "He giveth his angels charge over thee, to keep thee in all thy ways."

In reviewing this real-estate transaction in the *Journal*, Mrs. Eddy said:

"I had this desirable site transferred in a circuitous, novel way. . . . I knew that to God's gift, foundation and superstructure, no one could hold a wholly material title. The land and the church standing on it must be conveyed through a type representing the true nature of the gift; a type morally and spiritually inalienable, but materially questionable — even after the manner that all spiritual good comes to Christian Scientists to the end of taxing their faith in God and their adherence to the superiority of the claims of spirit over matter or merely legal titles. . . . Our title to God's acres here will be safe and sound 'when we can read our titles clear' to heavenly mansions."

Mrs. Eddy now for the first time came out in the *Journal* and made a personal appeal for money to build her church, requesting that the contributions which Mr. Nixon and his associates had returned to the donors, be doubled and forwarded to Boston. Her request had scarcely been printed when money began to pour in upon the trustees; the old contributions were doubled and in many instances were increased threefold.

Just when and how the official organization of the Mother Church was effected, has never been made public. It must have been sometime in the fall of 1892 that the first officers and the twelve charter members were chosen, but no mention is made in the *Journal* of such an occurrence until a year later. Then, on October 3, 1893, the first annual meeting of the Mother Church was held in Chickering Hall. The clerk announced in his report that "Since the meeting in which the church was formed, there have been held seven special and four quarterly meetings. *It is in the records of those meetings that the history of the church is contained, but its doings could not be profitably set forth in a report of this kind.*"

This was the first open official meeting. Up to this time few Christian Scientists knew that a meeting for the selection of church officers had been held in the fall of 1892, but supposed that there was still no formal organization of the body other than the "voluntary association" which Mrs. Eddy had advocated as a means to spiritual grace, and under which the Massachusetts law allowed the trustees to receive funds.

Difficulties of Admission to the Mother Church

Boston Christian Scientists had supposed that Mrs. Eddy did not wish to organize her new church under the old charter because, as she had stated, she felt that material organization was a hindrance to spiritual growth. But when her new church began its operations, they were confronted by a solid formal organization which had been effected without the knowledge or consent of the church body as a whole. In addition to the usual church officers, Mrs. Eddy had chosen twelve charter members, whose duty it was to ballot upon every candidate for admission to the church — and these twelve were the only persons permitted to vote upon such candidates. All the original members, some of whom had been identified with the church for twelve years, were considered as "candidates" for admission to the new church, and were balloted upon by the twelve just as were the new applicants. In this way Mrs. Eddy was enabled carefully to select the personnel of her new church, and to keep out of it such members of the old

* In Section 1, Chapter 39, of the Massachusetts Public Statutes, it is provided that:

"The deacons, church wardens, or other similar officers of Church or religious societies, and the trustees of the Methodist Episcopal churches appointed according to the discipline and usages thereof, shall, if citizens of this Commonwealth, be deemed bodies corporate for the purpose of taking and holding in succession all grants and donations, whether of real or personal estate, made either to them or their successors, or to their respective churches, or to the poor of their churches."

organization as had not been agreeable to her. Every candidate for admission to the Mother Church is still balloted upon in this way.

The Boston church, built by the contributions of Christian Scientists throughout the country, had now lost its local character. With a membership of 1,502, drawn almost entirely from the branch churches, it was now the head of all the churches in the field; and at the head of the Boston church was Mrs. Eddy, installed under the title of "Pastor Emeritus," and governing through a subservient Board of Directors. No more was heard now concerning the spiritual disadvantages of organization. Every one realized that in unity under Mrs. Eddy, and in obedience, lay the road of progress. The old watchword, "Mrs. Eddy and God make a majority," was revived.

"What," asked the Rev. D. A. Easton, pastor of the Mother Church, in his Easter sermon, 1893, "what does membership in the Mother Church mean? It signifies obedience. Mrs. Eddy has invited Scientists everywhere to unite with the Mother Church. To obey cheerfully and loyally marks a growth in Science.

"'Theirs not to reason why,
Theirs but to do and die.'"

"Brethren," wrote Dr. Foster Eddy in the *Journal*, "this is an epoch in the history of Christian Science. The year has been a marked one to us. The chaff has been separated from the wheat in a most marvelous manner." "We have come," he told Christian Scientists at the first annual meeting, "to the time when all should listen to the voice of Love, and hearing it, we should follow implicitly whether we understand or not, and the way will be made plain."

"Experience, and above all, obedience, are the tests of growth and understanding in Science," Mrs. Eddy wrote to her students through the *Journal*.

Members of all the Christian Science churches in the field began to apply for admission to the Mother Church; it was an expression of zeal and loyalty which all earnest believers were eager to make. Mrs. Eddy's direct personal control of the Boston church soon meant the direct personal control of a membership reaching from Maine to California.

The Boston congregation, which had been meeting in public halls for fifteen years, was at last to have a home, and the building of the Mother Church was about to begin. It was to be a memorial, as Mrs. Eddy said, "for her through whom was revealed to you God's all-power, all-presence, and all-science." An inscription across the front of the building was to proclaim, as it does to-day, the name of Mrs. Eddy and the title of her book.*

The financial distress of 1894 caused a temporary check in the growth of the building fund, and, to give the work a fresh impetus, Mrs. Eddy made a personal appeal to fifty prominent Christian Scientists, asking them to contribute $1,000 each. Her request was instantly complied with. On May 21, 1894, the corner-stone of the Mother Church was laid.

During the eighteen months that the Mother Church was building, its membership, recruited from the churches in the field, continued to increase. At the second annual business meeting, held in Copley Hall, October 2, 1894, the clerk reported a total membership of 2,978 — 1,476 having been admitted during the year.

The "Mother Room"

The original Mother Church † is a solidly built structure of gray granite, with a seating capacity of 1,100. In its equipment it is very like any other modern church of its size. Its one unique feature is the "Mother Room," since 1903 called the "room of our Pastor Emeritus." This room, consecrated to Mrs. Eddy's personal use, is finished in rare woods, marble, and onyx, and contains a superfluity of white-and-gold furniture. In the alcove are a stationary wash-stand and a folding-bed — in which Mrs. Eddy has slept once. All the plumbing in this alcove is gold-plated. A stained-glass window represents Mrs. Eddy seated at her table in the old skylight room at Lynn, engaged in searching the Scriptures; through the open skylight shines the star of Bethlehem, enveloping her in its rays. Before this window hangs the Athenian lamp which was formerly kept burning night and day.

This room was fitted up for Mrs. Eddy by the children of Christian Scientists, who were organized into a society called the "Busy Bees" and who maintained a fund for the purpose of furnishing and caring for the Mother Room. After the fittings of the room had been paid for, the children wished to continue to express their affection for Mrs.

*This inscription reads:
"The First Church of Christ, Scientist, erected Anno Domini, 1894. A testimonial to our beloved teacher, the Rev. Mary Baker G. Eddy, discoverer and founder of Christian Science; author of 'Science and Health with Key to the Scriptures'; president of the Massachusetts Metaphysical College, and the first pastor of this denomination."

†The original Mother Church now forms the front of an entirely new building, dedicated in 1906. The old church is still called the Mother Church, while the new structure, although many times larger than the old, is called the Annex.

Eddy, and their offerings were used to keep the room supplied with fresh flowers and to maintain the Athenian lamp. Mrs. Eddy showed her appreciation by dedicating to the "Busy Bees" her next book, "Pulpit and Press," a thin volume made up of newspaper articles upon the Mother Church and interviews with Mrs. Eddy. This book sold at $1.06 a copy, but Mrs. Eddy announced that each of the 2,600 children who had contributed to her room should have one copy each at half price, fifty cents, postage extra. By this means the author secured an additional sale of 2,600 books, and the children had the advantage of the reduction in price. With the possible exception of the dedication, there is certainly very little in this book of press clippings to tempt a youthful reader.

Dedicatory services were held in the Mother Church, January 6, 1895. Four times the service was repeated to audiences that filled the assembly-room, and an address from Mrs. Eddy was read. When her little congregation used to meet in Hawthorne Hall, Mrs. Eddy had usually been on hand to remind them that the gates of hell should not prevail against her; but at the dedication of her memorial church, with its membership of nearly three thousand, she was not present. Her absence must be considered as an indication of her failing strength. Afterward, indeed, she upon two occasions spoke from the pulpit of her new church, but the days on which she could be sure of herself were fewer than they used to be.

From this time on Mrs. Eddy was a name rather than a person in Boston. Her presence there was no longer necessary to her best interests. In obtaining absolute personal control of the Mother Church, with its national membership, she had ended her long struggle for possession. Before the reorganization of the Mother Church, Mrs. Eddy had still to bring questions of church government before the church body; she had to conciliate, to persuade, to make concessions, and sometimes to explain and justify her own conduct. In 1888 her seceding students had even considered a plan to expel Mrs. Eddy from her own church, and only by constant exertion had she kept the organization under her control. But from the time the Boston church was reorganized, Mrs. Eddy's power over it was absolute. She was the church. She wrote its by-laws, appointed its officers, selected its membership, and virtually owned the church property. Its doctrines were her books — the church was committed to teach as the everlasting truth what she had written and *whatever she might write in the future*. Mrs. Eddy was never again called upon to explain or to modify her commands, and never again was there dissension or division in her church. She had completely conquered her spiritual kingdom. She had now but to go on revealing the alleged will of God, and her church had but to go on obeying her.

WAIFS

BY FLOYD DELL

IS it across the ocean,
  Or on some distant star,
Or only in my dreaming
  That my own people are?

Shall I not some day find them
  In valley or in mart,
My people of the vision,
  The people of my heart?

How shall I come to know them?
  By what mysterious sign
Shall I at once discover
  That they are kin of mine?

And are there other children,
  Forgotten and alone,
Who wait like me forever
  The coming of their own?

I wonder if I know them;
  Perhaps they pass me by,
And feel a sudden yearning
  To speak — and wonder why.

And I, perhaps I pass them,
  Listening for the call
From my enchanted country,
  And see them not at all.

A BANK CLERK'S TALE

BY

CHAUNCEY THOMAS

AUTHOR OF "KIOWA'S REVIVAL," "RUGGLES' FIRST CASE," ETC.

CHARLES O. WHIPTON was a model bank messenger. He did not drink nor smoke; neither did he tempt Fate over the green cloth. All his lady acquaintances were of the best; frailty he knew not. Two years, six days a week, four nights a week, including Sunday afternoons, did Whipton toil faithfully for the First National, his salary, and experience. The bank officials frequently made it a point to emphasize the last item. The first year Whipton drew $20 a month. Then, in a burst of generosity, the cashier raised the clerk's pay to $30 — and added to his work. For two years, for as trying work as a young man ever did, Whipton's compensation averaged six cents an hour. The president drew $10,000 a year. The cashier's salary was $5,000. So was the vice-president's. The last traveled in Florida six months of the year and the rest of the time did nothing. He owned a large block of the stock. Whipton did not. In the First National the work of the messenger was both difficult and responsible. His collections seldom ran short of $20,000 a day and often jumped to $50,000 on a Saturday when the following Monday was a holiday. This crowded three days' work into one. Once Whipton had to present over thirty collections, covering one of the largest Western cities, between the hours of ten and two-thirty. This meant less than ten minutes on an average to a collection. Lunch was not to be thought of. In those ten minutes Whipton had to get to the next place,—sometimes a mile away, sometimes only the next office,—present his draft or note, and wait until a deliberate bookkeeper checked it up and drew a check or counted out the cash. Then often a receipt or voucher had to be read carefully and signed (frequently after telephoning to the bank for instructions), the checks scrutinized, or the money counted and recounted. Sometimes the coin weighed down the rushing messenger until he had to drop into a convenient bank and exchange it for large bills. The messenger always had transactions involving thousands. The responsibility was wearing — and all for six cents an hour. The First National had discharged Whipton's predecessor because of a threadbare coat. When spoken to on the subject, and told that the First National expected its clerks and representatives to dress like gentlemen,— in fact, that was one of the posted rules,— the rash youth had asked the cashier how it was to be done on the munificent salary of $25 a month, and requested a raise. The question being too knotty for that expert in finance, he cut the Gordian riddle by discharging the messenger and putting Whipton in his place.

While he had been lord of the dry-goods counter in a country store at $12 a week Whipton had saved $250. Longing for something better, a place that promised more to his talents, he had brought all his influence to bear, and, behold, he was the messenger of the First National. Two years had exhausted that $250 reserve. The boy's mother was sick. Money was needed at once unless she were to be doomed to the horrors of hopeless invalidism. To apply to the First National for help was to receive fatherly advice — or discharge.

Part of Whipton's work was to prepare packages of money for the express office. These packages were "bricks" of bills containing usually a few of large denomination, with the balance in fives, tens, and twenties. Often the amount in one package was $25,000 or over. Country banks were always writing and wiring for shipments of currency in return for their collections.

It was the duty of the messenger, aided and incidentally watched by the assistant cashier, securely to wrap and seal these precious packages. As a matter of safety, the assistant cashier always addressed these bricks in his own handwriting.

One day a nephew of the president, a green

youth just out of college, was thrust into a position that had been promised the messenger. Incidentally, the nephew drew $100 a month salary, and had to be assisted in his work. The officers did not intend to wrong Whipton; they merely forgot him.

Whipton fell to brooding. Now, brooding over unjust treatment is not good for a bank clerk. It is dangerous, both for the clerk and for the bank. Trouble follows. Men who handle money should receive good pay. It keeps temptation afar; nothing else will. No system has yet been invented under which a man cannot steal. Financial institutions paying hand-to-mouth salaries court losses by theft.

Whipton was alone in the bank. Except for "Pink," the gray-uniformed roundsman who called and pulled his box every twenty minutes, there was nothing to disturb Whipton as, hour after hour, he sorted canceled drafts. As the half-hours passed, the messenger's face became more and more drawn; a strange light flittered in his tired eyes.

"—— half pay for double work! Curse them, their cigar bill would give me life and happiness — cure my mother —" the dry lips muttered as he often wet them with his tongue.

Suddenly Whipton put aside his work, still unfinished. The clock pointed to ten minutes past twelve. The boy glanced rapidly around, slipped from his stool, and walked to the roll of heavy wrapping-paper. He tore off about seven feet of it. The paper was eighteen inches wide. The clerk hastily rolled it up, snapped a "kimmy" (as small rubber bands were called in the First National) around it, and laid the roll out of sight behind a pile of unsorted letters. Then he locked the book vault and pulled on his cape-overcoat. The cape was long and ample. Whipton, hiding the roll under his cape, turned out all the lights except the one in front of the vault, went out, locked and noisily shook the side door, started home, came back and tried the door again, and went slowly home.

A light rain was falling. Sixteen hours and twenty minutes had he worked for the bank that day. He had made twenty-nine collections, amounting to $32,649.60; had sorted, stamped, canceled in the cutting-machine, and filed away over two thousand checks; had sorted away all of yesterday's letters; had indexed the letter copy-book; had made letter-press of all the bank's outgoing letters; had sorted down to the last number over three thousand canceled drafts; had balanced twenty-six deposit-books (one requiring over half an hour's work to detect an error made by the receiving teller); had hunted and found down in the dusty reserve vault a package of deposit slips over sixteen years old that were needed in the State Supreme Court at once; had gone without his noon lunch and had gobbled a ten-cent supper — all for $1. Whipton was tired; but, though his room was fully a mile and a half away, he walked home. "Exercise does a young fellow like you good," the cashier had once explained.

The next day, when he wrapped up three packages of bills for the express office, Whipton, as was his custom, wore his cape-overcoat. One package contained $42,000, another $40,000, and the other $1,800. The assistant cashier held the bank seal, but he allowed the messenger to do the sealing, under his eye, since it was rather an unpleasant job for such an exquisite. He had tried it once, and had succeeded in partly burning up a package of fifty $100 bills. Since helping Whipton was more or less a formality, and it was after closing hours, the assistant cashier lighted a fifty-cent cigar. That cigar cost the First National $40,000. Whipton's hand trembled so that he dropped some burning wax on his fingers; but, since such accidents were not uncommon, the assistant cashier only laughed as he flicked out his match with a jerk of the wrist. In the First National, express packages of money were always wrapped in two coverings of paper; only the outer one was sealed. When the dainty official had lighted his cigar, Whipton had slipped into the right breast-pocket of his overcoat the partly wrapped package of $40,000. From his left breast-pocket, with the other hand and at the same instant, he had pulled a dummy package of the same size, wrapped in the peculiar heavy paper used by the First National Bank and other business firms of the city. The cape hid the lightninglike transfer. This dummy Whipton nervously wrapped in the second paper, and applied the wax and seal. Then the third package was sealed. The assistant cashier addressed and took possession of the "bricks," and, in company with the guard, went to the express office. All the "bricks" were of the same size. They usually are. That of $1,800 contained small bills, mostly fives, while hundreds and twenties were in, or were supposed to be in, the other two. Before leaving, the assistant cashier duly delivered the seal to the cashier, who, in turn, carefully locked it in the money vault. The First National had a good system, but no man can invent a system of any kind that another man cannot find a way to beat. Whipton went over into the corner where stood the

water-cooler. He gulped a glass of water, ice-cold. Then, in company with the negro porter, the latter carrying the sixty-pound load, Whipton took a thousand silver dollars up to the pay-desk of a department-store. Whipton felt the need of fresh air.

Joining the assistant cashier and guard on the street, the four walked back to the bank together, the official a little apart from the rest. The four entered the bank together. Whipton coolly slipped off his big, loose overcoat and hung it up on a nail behind his desk next to the telephone-box. Then he went at his work as usual — but made many mistakes. In the right-hand breast-pocket under the cape was $40,000.

That afternoon the bank closed early, so all turned in and cleaned up the work. Secretly the clerks made bets among themselves as to the outcome of the horse-races that afternoon. Such doings were against the rules. The officers would have frowned heavily upon them. The assistant cashier had $1,200 placed. This also was a secret. The bank itself held a mortgage on the race-track and some of the horses. This, too, was a secret. Sporting men often carry heavy bank-accounts.

This was Saturday. Monday was a holiday. It being the middle of the month, the work was comparatively light. In a bank the strain always comes during the week in which occurs the first of the month.

Whipton left the bank in company with Shafter, the assistant receiving teller. With him and Ellis, the head bookkeeper, Whipton ate supper and stayed all night. The next morning, Sunday, the three went fishing together. They were together all day. Only for ten minutes were they out of sight of each other, and when Whipton appeared he had a two-pound trout to show. He seemed to regard his catch with more than usual, though very quiet, satisfaction. It usually takes several minutes to land a thirty-two-ounce fighter with a half-pound outfit — but not if you snake him out hand over hand. Sunday evening Whipton spent in church with a young lady. That night he slept with Ellis, and tossed much. In the morning he wondered what he had said in his sleep. Monday he and Ellis were together most of the day. The balance of the time he spent with the girl until half-past ten in the evening. Whipton roomed with a newspaper reporter. It being the latter's night off, he and Whipton were together until time to go to the bank the next morning. They walked to the door together, and the reporter said a bland "Good morning" to the cashier. Every minute was accounted for.

Yet, wrapped in tinfoil taken from a cigar-box, and in turn wrapped in a piece of old rubber coat, and that in turn crowded into a glass fruit-jar with an air-tight screw-top that Whipton some time before had received full of home-made jam from his mother, $38,980 in bills lay securely buried in front of a huge barrel-shaped rock beside a laughing trout-stream.

Whipton sent $20 of the money to his mother, with $37 he had hoarded for clothing and in case of sickness. The risk of sending the $20 he would take, come what might. If the act were discovered, he would claim that he had been saving, a few cents at a time, during the past year. Since the other clerks knew this to be a fact, Whipton, in this risk, felt reasonably safe.

The jar had been carried on the fishing trip in a wicker basket, burrowed, as was the rest of the tackle, safe from observation, under a lunch.

An earthquake shook the First National four minutes after ten Tuesday morning. A messenger-boy, in clothes, cap, and shoes too large for him, had shambled into the bank.

"Where's his nibs?" was the depraved question leered at the guard through a cloud of cheap tobacco-smoke. The modern Mercury referred to that august personage, the president. The president slit open the thin yellow envelop with the indifference of a man to whom telegrams are commonplace. He fitted his glasses, glanced, gazed, glared — then blanched. Collecting himself, he stumbled over the messenger-boy and stalked into the cashier's private office. A moment later La Peir, the cashier, stepped quickly to the telephone-box. As he glided through the bank he swept the clerks in one keen suspicion.

"What's up? Bet Lazarus' horse threw a shoe and he's tryin' to cover on wheat," the paying teller volunteered in a stage-whisper to the receiving teller; but his voice was husky. The cashier was cordially hated by every clerk in the bank, which was unusual, and by common consent bore the name of "Lazarus."

Whipton was making up his collections and laying out his route by means of the city directory. His desk was next to the telephone-box. He heard the number the cashier called for — 987, police headquarters. As the cashier left the telephone after a hurried whispered conversation, Whipton drew a long breath and asked the officer a commonplace question about the possible value of a certain check. Impatient, La Peir brushed by the messenger with a snappish answer;

but the clerk's object had been gained. Whipton had shown La Peir that, at the moment the crime was known in the bank, he, Whipton, was apparently unconcerned and ignorant of the whole matter.

Five minutes later three quietly dressed men strolled into the president's office. Whipton was just going out of the door for the ten-thirty mail, when La Peir stopped him and asked the messenger to make search for a check lost the day before. "Sam," the negro janitor, was scandalized that the dude of the institution, the assistant cashier, should go for the mail. He confided his views to the paying teller, and was roundly sworn at for his trouble. The latter was footing up his vault account three columns at a time. He prided himself on this accomplishment, and disliked to be interrupted when half-way up the triple column. Soon the paying teller believed that he had even better cause to swear. He was wanted in the president's room. After a bad quarter of an hour he came out looking scared and white. He said nothing to his silent but sympathizing fellows. There is a line between the officers and the employees in a bank, and much that is clannish is on both sides of it, right or wrong. The paying teller was sick at his stomach, and retired, weak and unstrung. This is the way you feel when you have just been severely cross-questioned, without warning, by half a dozen keen, suspicious men who think that perhaps you have stolen $40,000.

Whipton came next. "Why are you so pale?" was the first bulletlike question.

"Because by the looks of the paying teller and all of you gentlemen in here, including Mr. Swift,"—he glanced at the chief of detectives, whom he knew,—"I know that something serious has happened, and it evidently concerns me,—though in what way I don't know,—or I should not be here."

The answer seemed fair enough.

"What did you do Saturday afternoon at three o'clock, and why?" was the next question. A hundred verbal traps were set, but Whipton ignored them. Experienced eyes would read his very soul, and Whipton knew it; yet he feared nothing. He had but to tell the truth in all ways, even down to the most minute detail, over and over again; relate his doings in the sequence of events, then at random, as the questions rained upon him from six men. Only two things had Whipton to remember: not to mention the shifting of the packages, and the hiding of the fruit-jar by the barrel-shaped rock. Without telling him anything, his inquisitors made Whipton go over and over again all his work Saturday afternoon, what he did Sunday and Monday and the two nights. He even had to tell just how he caught each trout, as well as he could remember, when and where; why he wore certain clothes; and other apparently irrelevant details. Then he became confused and mixed matters; yet through it all he remembered to omit mentioning the two simple but all-important acts. In the minds of his questioners, his confusion only helped to clear him.

"If he's done it, or knows about it, here's where he gives us the tip," whispered Swift to the president. At last, white and shaking, Whipton was excused. He returned to his work five years older than when he had left it.

Ellis also spent a bad half-hour in the president's room. The assistant cashier was treated more courteously by all, especially his fellow-officers, he being heavily bonded; though Swift's questions often had a barb that made the young man writhe. The guard was questioned, but not much and to no purpose. Sam's eyes rolled and his teeth chattered so while he ignored the officers' questions and frantically tried to make plain that he had thirteen little Sammys and "old mammy Sue" to look after, and so really could not go to the penitentiary, and "didn't know nuffen 'bout bookkeepin' nohow," that the men broke into a laugh. The strain was over. Clearly the First National had good cause to think that its skirts were clean. The robbery must have occurred somewhere else than in the First.

Similar scenes were being enacted in the express office and in a distant State bank. Telegrams were flying asking after the safety of the other two packages. They were all right. Another proof that the theft had been committed outside of the First National. The third bank had on the cashier's desk a wrapper marked in the handwriting of the assistant cashier of the First National, a neatly and tightly tied package of pieces of newspaper, and two dollar bills that had been placed on the top and bottom of the false package. "The paper will give us a clue," said Swift, but it was from a newspaper of recent date that circulated all over. This told nothing.

Swift had Whipton wrap up over a dozen packages of newspaper clippings, but none of the trials showed any resemblance to the odd way in which the false $40,000 had been wrapped. Whipton had foreseen this trial, and had prepared the dummy package accordingly.

"This robbery lies between three men in the First National, four in the local express office, the express messenger on the rails, two clerks at the distant express office, two men in the State Bank, twelve in all, and the unknown quantity X," was how Chief Swift, in the wily wisdom of his thirty years' detective experience, stated the case. This much they knew, but which one or ones? Ah! that was another matter. The First National would have given $10,000 for the answer.

The records and daily — together with the nightly — habits of the suspected dozen were looked up. This caused embarrassment to some of the twelve, the assistant cashier in particular, but Whipton's record and habits were spotless. Meanwhile, every man was closely watched. The matter was kept out of the papers. Whipton's newspaper friend felt sorely aggrieved, but, for Whipton's sake, wrote not a word. Publicity would have injured both banks, and also the express company; it would have shaken confidence in all three institutions, and without the public faith they could not have done business. Nine out of every ten robberies are not heard of by the public, and probably over half are kept from the stock-holders, especially the very large and the very small ones. To hide these losses even from the government expert is a very simple matter; it is done by "doctoring" the books. Charge a $5 forgery to "charity," for instance, or hide a $40,000 steal in the "Stocks and Bonds" or "Loans and Discounts."

The matter appeared to drop. A scared hush was felt throughout all three concerns. In stormy times every bank employee is inclined to look secretly upon even his best friend in the institution as a possible thief. Besides this, there is always a danger of the guilty throwing the blame on an innocent man. Many a bank clerk has been tried and convicted for the sins of his fellows, and it is quite common for the officers of a collapsed concern to attempt to saddle the responsibility for criminal doings on some helpless clerk. Hence the three concerns soon ceased to talk about the loss. It was a painful subject. Every man feared that he might unwittingly say too much, and so kept silent.

Whipton and the newspaper man went fishing. Two detectives whipped the stream behind them, and they all ate lunch together in the shadow of a huge barrel-shaped rock. At last the hunt was given up as hopeless. Shadowing a dozen men is expensive work. Incidentally it costs money to make men drunk, especially bank clerks with Teutonic ancestry, in the hope that they will talk. In the attempt, one sleuth, thinking that he was on a hot trail at last, asked a too pointed question of the paying teller. The paying teller was one of the best foot-ball players in the city. Two months later the detective limped out of the hospital.

Whipton never drank. "He's too good to have sense enough to turn such a smooth trick," said one of the younger thief-chasers to his chief.

"Perh-a-p-s; but then, I have seen many an angel singe its wings," was Swift's somewhat obscure reply. Not wishing to reveal his ignorance, the younger man smiled wisely and said nothing. "Oh, for a force!" muttered Swift, when he was alone. Ten minutes of smoky silence. "Police and politics won't mix." And with this sage grunt the chief turned his attention to a case of petty larceny.

Whipton gave up fishing. When Swift heard of this, he blew thoughtful smoke-rings. For two years the lancewood dried and warped in its case. One day Whipton took it out, rigged his tackle, and went fishing — this time alone. He was usually alone. His health was bad. Gray hairs were over his ears. His mother was dead. A huge barrel-shaped rock weighed on Whipton's soul. He would go a-fishing.

In the shadow of a willow thicket a sick, shaking, prematurely broken man slunk and fell upon the grass. In the bed of a laughing trout-stream was a huge barrel-shaped rock. Undermined by the spring freshets, it had rolled from the bank into the stream. The man had dug and hunted all day. Half submerged, its tip bending and jerking angrily in the current, lay a neglected trout-rod. On the reel was engraved, "To My Boy."

Just above the reel the rod was broken where a heedless wading foot had trod upon it. In the willow thicket a man lay crooning over a broken fruit-jar. Its once sharp broken edges had been worn round and dull by the grinding sands. The jar was half full of mud, rotting twigs, and a greenish pulp. The man clutched the green mass in his hands. It ran through his fingers like slime.

"Mother, mother, mother! Oh, if I might give it back!" came hopelessly moaning on the wind as evening blackened into night.

EMMELINE

BY

FIELDING BALL

AUTHOR OF "THE ELOPEMENT," ETC.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ANNA WHELAN BETTS

EMMELINE stood on Mrs. Fairfax's side-porch, waiting to be paid for the berries which she had just sold. The porch was wide and cool, with a silver-green wall, a waxed floor, and a gleaming white roof. Delicate-colored rugs were placed at intervals on the floor; a wide seat, heaped with linen-colored and white pillows, ran along the wall; hammocks, deep-fringed, rich-hued, hung here and there. Emmeline was loaded like a pack-horse with boxes of berries and pails of green peas; they dragged down her shoulders with their weight, and the cords that supported them cut deep ridges in her tanned wrists. She was only sixteen, and she had a childish slenderness about her, a childish innocence in her hazel eyes; but she carried herself like a tired old woman.

The maid came at last. Emmeline clumsily shifted her bundles in order to get at the little leather bag that held her money. Her tired fingers were awkward; as she started to open the bag, it slipped from her hand, and the dimes and nickels and pennies it held rattled noisily over the porch.

Emmeline was beginning to set down her boxes and pails laboriously, when a young man in white came swiftly up the steps.

"You needn't do that," he said in a low, very agreeable voice; "I'll pick up your money."

When he had gathered together all that he could see, he came over and emptied it into Emmeline's bag.

"Do you know how much you had?" he asked.

"No," Emmeline answered apathetically.

"I think it's all here," he said.

She fastened the bag, and went wearily down the steps. After walking along the beach for a short distance, she turned down a path which led away from the water and the trim cottages built along its edge, into the woods. Here all about her was peace and beauty; but through it Emmeline walked unseeing, uncomforted. From the wood-path she came to a country road, where the dust was ankle-deep about her feet and lay thick and white on the tall sweet clover and the elder-hedges on each side. Two farm-houses she passed; when she came to the third, she turned, went slowly over to the rickety gate, and in.

Half-way between the gate and the house stood a group of out-houses — a gaunt, black old barn, whose wide-open doors and windows showed it empty of horses or of hay, and two or three tumble-down sheds, around which a few chickens cackled noisily. From one of these sheds came a twelve-year-old girl with a basket of eggs on her arm. She was short, fat, and freckled, with streaked brown hair parted unevenly in the middle and braided in two thick, short braids. Her blue eyes were shrewd, and her round face wore a look of staidness and responsibility.

"How many eggs, Hetty?" Emmeline asked.

"Fourteen. 'D you sell anything more after I left?"

"Berries — three quarts."

"Where?"

"At Seven Gables — Mis' Fairfax's."

Hetty turned back to the barn without comment.

About the front door of the little farm-house the weeds grew tall and untrampled; a dusty path led to the back door. On a bench by the side of the house a tall fifteen-year-old boy sat, whistling melodiously. Like Hetty, he had a fair freckled skin, sunburnt brown hair, and blue eyes; his face, however, was long and thin, his features were clear-cut, his eyes large and handsome. He looked at Emmeline with a mischievous smile.

"You done a fine job, gettin' Miss Gard'ner's washing, Em," he said. "What'd you tell her she'd have to pay — seventy-five cents a dozen? Well, she sent seven shirt-waists an' a white

petticoat with twenty-two ruffles on it — I counted 'em. Lord! fifty cents for the lot — an' it's took ma all day so far just to wash an' starch 'em!"

"Is she workin' on 'em now, Tom?" his sister asked.

"Ma? Yep!" Tom answered, grinning at Emmeline's evident perturbation.

Emmeline went hastily into the little unpainted summer-kitchen behind the house. The room was stifling hot. Two or three shirt-waists hung over chairs. Close to one window stood Emmeline's mother, ironing.

Her features were clear-cut and handsome, like the boy's; her blue eyes, however, were red-lidded, purple-circled; the color that suffused her face was not a healthy one. She had the look of one impotent in the clutch of Destiny, but neither resigned nor apathetic — filled instead with vain rebellion and unavailing hate. After a glance at Emmeline, and at the full pails of peas and the half-emptied crate of berries in her hand, she turned back to her work.

"Tom told me — I'm sorry —" Emmeline began.

"It isn't your fault," her mother said coldly, without raising her eyes.

Emmeline stood there silent for a minute. Then, "Can I help?" she asked.

"No," her mother answered, turning to get a fresh iron.

Emmeline stood watching her wistfully for some time. Twice she drew a breath and opened her lips to speak, but did not. Finally she said hesitatingly:

"It's mighty hot in here."

"There's no reason why you should stay," her mother replied acridly. Her clear enunciation contrasted oddly with Emmeline's slurred syllables.

Still Emmeline lingered.

"What would you like for supper?" she asked, after another interval of silence.

Mrs. Madison turned a satirical glance on Emmeline's burden.

"Peas, I guess," she said.

Emmeline hesitated a minute, then went out.

An hour later she came back with a flush on her cheeks and an eager light in her soft brown eyes.

"Supper is ready, mama." She pronounced "mama" with the accent on the first syllable; the word had a peculiarly gentle, appealing sound.

Mrs. Madison ironed in silence. Emmeline stood waiting, motionless. She started nervously when a coal fell into the ash-pan. After some minutes her mother turned to her.

"Go eat your supper, Emmeline."

"Aren't you coming?" Emmeline asked.

"I don't want anything."

At the sight of hot biscuit and honey and creamed potatoes, Tom gave a whoop of delight, and began at once to eat hungrily, now and then turning, with his mouth full, to make some teasing remark to Hetty. Hetty smiled sedately at these attacks; she ate deliberately and silently, with deep satisfaction on her round face. Emmeline sat with her hands clasped in her lap, staring out into the twilight. Finally she got up, carefully lifted a green-and-white cup from the shelf of the cupboard, filled it with coffee, put two biscuits, which she chose with much deliberation, on a cracked plate with a spray of wild roses painted across it, and carried biscuits and coffee to her mother, setting them down on a table near the stove.

Two hours later, when Emmeline had washed and wiped the dishes and had taken care of the milk, she went again to the room where her mother was working. The coffee and biscuits had not been touched; she carried them silently away. A minute later she came back, staggering a little, with a pail full of cold water from the well. She brought fresh beeswax and fresh salt with which to scour the irons; she looped back the curtains at the windows, so that the air would come in more freely.

As she took a beautifully ironed shirt-waist from her mother's hands and started to hang it on a chair to dry, her tired fingers loosed their hold, and it fell to the floor. When she picked it up, there was a long smirch on the cuff and one on the shining front.

Her mother held out her hand for the waist.

"You'd better run along to bed now, Emmeline," she said, with a glance half-kind, half-ironical.

And Emmeline crept away to bed.

The next morning she carried to Miss Gardiner the shirt-waists, washed and ironed. Miss Gardiner commented amiably on their appearance, and paid her, quite as a matter of course, at laundry rates — a dollar and sixty cents instead of the seventy-five cents for which Emmeline had been told to ask. Emmeline started home with a happy face and light feet. As she walked through the woods, she looked with bright, wide eyes about her; she stopped to watch a chipmunk for a minute; she picked ferns and flowers, and fastened them on her broad-brimmed straw hat, as she had seen the girls at the hotel do.

Suddenly, down in the little ravine at her left, she caught a glimpse of the young man who had picked up her money the day before on Mrs. Fairfax's porch. He was breaking bunches of

scarlet berries from a small shrub. She hesitated, came to a standstill.

"Those berries are poison," she volunteered.

The young man looked up somewhat blankly, for the moment realizing nothing but that somebody had spoken to him.

"Those berries are poison," Emmeline repeated.

This time he understood, and gave her a quick smile. His smile was peculiarly sweet and winning; it irradiated his whole face.

"What do you mean — that they'll poison me if I touch them?" he asked in his pleasant, gentle voice.

"Yes; your hands'll all swell up if you don't do something for them right away," Emmeline answered concisely.

He climbed to the path beside her.

"What shall I do for them?" He surveyed his hands critically.

"Bathe 'em in soda 'n' water — that's the best thing." Emmeline began giving him directions as to how to reach the nearest house.

He stopped her with a smiling protest. "I'm getting hopelessly confused. If you don't mind, I'll walk with you to that cross-road of which you speak, and then you can tell me how to go on from there."

Emmeline nodded acquiescingly, and they walked on together. The young man began to talk after a minute or two; it was mere social instinct that moved him — a disinclination for the stiffness of silence. He spoke of the spicy, delicate perfume of the milkweed along the path, and of how fond of it the old lady who lived next door to them was — of how, when she wanted some milkweed to put in her hall, she walked miles into the country to get it, unwilling to rob the paths down which she went every day of one bit of their sweetness; he commented on the beauty of the elder-blossoms, and on how unfortunate it was that they should fade as soon as they were picked. He hardly looked at Emmeline; and Emmeline, for her part, was as unconscious and unembarrassed as the tame squirrel which hopped along beside them for a little way.

At the turn in the road they met two fashionably dressed young men. Emmeline had seen them often; only the morning before, at this very place, she had moved her cart of vegetables out of their way and stood waiting while they strolled past. Instinctively she moved nearer to one side of the walk.

Emmeline's companion looked up idly. He signified by a slight bow and a touch on her arm that she was to precede him. The two men stared, and fell one behind the other, in order that she might pass. When the young man with her spoke to them, they raised their hats ceremoniously.

Shy, slow little Emmeline — all her life she had been pushed out of the way, elbowed ruthlessly aside, disregarded, neglected, treated carelessly or contemptuously. No wonder that she looked half dazed for a moment! Then a red flush rose in her face; she turned with an irresistible impulse to look at the man at her side. He was not looking at her, but at a long flight of wooden steps that led up the hillside; so she dared let her eyes linger on his smooth, graceful hands, the glittering pin on his waistcoat, his sensitive, high-bred face.

Suddenly he spoke: "I know just where I am now — I remember coming down those steps. I think that perhaps I had better go straight home instead of stopping at that house of which you spoke. Thank you for warning me — it was very good of you. Good-by." At the foot of the steps he turned. "You are to bring us some berries to-morrow — don't forget. Good-by."

"Good-by," Emmeline said, with a little gasp. She looked after him for a second, then hurried on, trembling and radiant. She was like a princess newly come into her own — hearing still in her ears the thunder of the guns that proclaimed her royalty. As she made her way swiftly through the woods and down the dusty road beyond, she talked softly to herself. She was repeating over and over all that the young man had said to her.

At the back door sat Tom and Hetty. Tom was washing long red radishes in a pail of water, and tying them into bunches. Hetty, with a look of judicial interest on her round freckled face, was packing baskets of peas and green corn and tomatoes into a wooden cart.

"He's the real thing," Tom was saying. "The rest o' the fellows around here give themselves high an' mighty airs — treat you as though you was dirt under their feet; an' all the time they're watchin' you out o' the corner o' their eyes to see what sort of an impression they're makin' on you. He's exactly opposite — he's nice to everybody, but he ain't worryin' his head any more about what you an' me think of him than as if we was a couple o' mud-turtles!"

"Who you talkin' about?"

At this question from Emmeline, Tom looked up astonished. He gave a glance of vague liking at her face, with its vivid color, its downcast eyes, its strange, demure smile.

"We were talkin' about Mis' Fairfax's son," Hetty answered. "He's here this summer; he was down to the post-office when me 'n' Tom was there."

"What's he look like?" Emmeline asked, playing with the flowers on her hat.

"Good-lookin'. Not very tall 'n' not very small, with blue eyes 'n' brown hair."

Tom threw a big radish at Hetty.

"Em knows just what he looks like now," he said, with mock admiration. "He wears awful good clothes, Em, for one thing — prob'ly that's what you'd notice first of all about him; an' you never saw a nicer made fellow! He was divin' from the old pier this morning when I passed; his arms 'n' legs are like the tumblers' in the circus — solid muscle, but not a knob on 'em; an' every motion he made was just as pretty — I could 'a' watched him all day! He's got dark-brown hair, an' blue eyes, with lots o' little wrinkles around 'em; an' yet they ain't a bit old-lookin', his eyes, but young — a heap younger'n Hetty's! Hetty's eyes are pretty sobered down an' steady-lookin'— they might belong to the mother of a large family."

He sat grinning mischievously at Hetty for a minute, then went on:

"The thing, though, that makes him so different from the rest o' the men here is kind o' hard to explain — but he's no more like 'em than that cup of Aunt Mattie's, the one with the gold band around it, is like the thick brown-'n'-white ones. There was a crowd o' young men out in front o' the pavilion yesterday when old Mr. Barker come down the hill — he's able to get around now, but his knees is still awful bad. Gee! those fellows almost busted laughin' at the funny way he walked — the darned fools! *He* wouldn't have laughed — Mr. Fairfax! I guess not!"

That night, after everybody in the house had gone to bed, Emmeline rose and crept softly to the door of her room and locked it. Then she lighted her little kerosene-lamp, carried it over to the old-fashioned walnut bureau in one corner of the room, and put it on one of the little brackets that jutted out on each side of the mirror. At first she moved about somewhat fearfully; but soon she forgot her apprehension and began to sing softly to herself as she walked to and fro.

When she had gathered together various articles of wearing apparel that she meant to use, and had spread them in orderly array on the bed, she unbraided her hair and, moving away from the mirror into a corner, began to fasten it high on her head. Her face became grave, absorbed; she sang no more. Every now and then she had to stop to rest her arms; but finally her task was done.

Into Miss Gardiner's blue-and-white shirtwaist she slipped first of all; Miss Gardiner had sent it that afternoon to be washed, but it was not soiled — merely wrinkled. With it she put on a worn black cashmere skirt, being very careful not to rumple her hair. Around her waist she pinned a black satin ribbon, scarred by many washings; she fastened a cheap fresh blue-and-white collar about her neck. Then she went forward slowly, holding her head high. "Good morning, Miss Madison," she said, evidently speaking for some person other than herself, and stared with smiling expectancy into the mirror.

There was Miss Gardiner's beautiful turquoise-blue and white waist; but instead of Miss Gardiner, with her delicate, self-possessed face, her dark hair rolled softly back from her pretty brow and fastened in shining puffs at the back of her little head, and her trim figure, here rounded out with ruffles of crinoline and layers of cotton batting, there laced in with steel and whalebone, there looked out at Emmeline a little girl with flushed, hot cheeks, excited, wide-open hazel eyes, and straight brown hair built into a great ugly mound high on her round head — a big-waisted girl, with the soft lines of flesh and blood showing through the thin blue blouse, and with little scarred, stained hands plainly revealed by the bright light — the Emmeline of the brown calico and of the berry-pails!

Emmeline stood looking at herself for a minute with dazed eyes. Then she turned away and began hurriedly pulling the hair-pins from her hair. Suddenly a great sob shook her; she dropped beside the bed and hid her face in the clothes, crying like a grieved child.

The next morning, when Emmeline stopped at Seven Gables, the maid who came to the door said at once:

"We don't want any berries this morning."

Emmeline turned without a word and went down the steps. She had gone but a little way when the maid came hurrying after her.

"Why didn't you say that Mr. Richard had told you to come?" she asked. "I'll take three boxes."

She exclaimed amazedly as Emmeline emptied the berries into the yellow bowl that the maid had brought to receive them.

"My, ain't they lovely!" she said. "They smell like flowers!"

Emmeline nodded gravely. She had picked them one by one from thirty quarts.

The next day, as she made her way slowly along the beach, the maid ran to meet her.

"I watched for you all yesterday afternoon," she said; "I wanted to get some more of those berries. Just as I was beginning to pick over those that you gave me, Mr. Richard came

along and carried off the whole lot to his room — ate every one of them."

"He must be fond o' berries," Emmeline said, with a tremulous little laugh.

"I'll take all you have left to-day," the maid announced.

"I jus' have three quarts," Emmeline said slowly; "that sort, I mean."

The maid started into the house with the berries that Emmeline gave her; then she turned back.

"You folks don't have a flower-garden, do you?"

Emmeline shook her head.

"Do you know anybody that does have? Mrs. Fairfax told me to ask. Mr. Richard always likes to have flowers around, and there's no place here you can buy them."

"What kind o' flowers do you want?" Emmeline asked.

"Just common garden flowers — *anything*."

"Maybe I can get some; I'll see," Emmeline said.

She cast a shy glance up at the house as she started on, hoping for a glimpse of Fairfax. He was not there, but a few minutes later she saw him on the beach, playing with a beautiful yellow-and-white dog. He seemed utterly absorbed in his game; he did not show the most casual interest in the girls about, who were posing, talking, laughing, for his benefit.

Suddenly he turned and saw Emmeline. His indifferent eyes changed; he smiled pleasantly and raised his hat, standing for an appreciable space of time with his handsome head bared. It was all over in a minute, and he had turned back to his play.

Emmeline went on, her breath coming fast and her heart beating hard. Two girls who were building castles on the sand stared at her curiously; she looked at them with proud, fearless eyes. All morning the exultation of that moment stayed with her; she ran with tireless feet up and down the long flights of steps that led to cottage doors; she watched with new alertness for a beckoning hand from porch or window; she answered promptly and confidently every question, and emptied her berries and made change with a swiftness and deftness not usual in her. On the way home she stopped at the farm-house next theirs, and hurried around to where an old woman was training wild cucumber-vines over a shed.

"Mis' Harrington," Emmeline demanded boldly, "'f I water your garden every night, 'll you give me a bunch o' flowers every morning?"

The old woman turned dubious eyes on Emmeline.

"It takes a lot of water," she said slowly.

"How much?" Emmeline asked, without a sign of dismay.

"Twelve or thirteen pails, anyhow."

"I'll pump twenty," Emmeline announced joyfully.

After a little further talk, Mrs. Harrington acquiesced in Emmeline's plan; and Emmeline started home with a smile of triumph on her face.

Hetty gave her a stare of amazement when she appeared at the back door.

"Wha's the matter?" she inquired.

"Nothin'," Emmeline said, laughing.

"Wha'd you come home for?"

"I sold everything."

"The *idea!*" Hetty's eyes opened wide. "Why, Tom isn't here yet."

Emmeline laughed again. "Y' goin' to pick berries?" she asked, as Hetty took up a sunbonnet from the ground.

"Yes. Wish't I didn' have to. I got a crick in my back from diggin' potatoes, 'n' I'm *so* hot!"

Emmeline looked at her thoughtfully. "I'll go," she said gently, taking the sunbonnet from Hetty's languid grasp, and seizing two shining tin pails from the bench by the door.

Hetty awaked promptly. "*Emmeline Madison!*" she screamed joyfully. "You give me back my sunbonnet, *you!*"

Emmeline fled laughing down the path for answer. Hetty pursued her for a short distance; then, finding that Emmeline was getting farther and farther away from her, she came back, settled Emmeline's big hat firmly on her head, fortified herself with a long drink from the rusty dipper by the well, and started off with deliberation after her sister.

The next morning, when the maid at Seven Gables came to the door, Emmeline stood there with a great bunch of nasturtiums in one hand — pale-gold and maroon and orange. In the other she held a pink garden rose, irregular in shape, but very fresh and sweet. This she handed shyly to the maid.

"That's for you," she said.

The other girl's pale face brightened as she took the rose. "I'll get Mrs. Fairfax," she said, and disappeared into the house.

Mrs. Fairfax was a thin little woman with an anxious and care-worn face, that looked all the plainer and sadder because of the elaborately arranged gray hair above it and the crispness and jauntiness of her gray dress. She looked at Emmeline's flowers critically.

"How much does she want for them, Cora?" she said to the maid. There was about her none of the gentleness of voice and manner that marked her son.

Cora turned inquiringly to Emmeline.

"Nothing," Emmeline answered in a low voice.

Cora gave her a swift frown of remonstrance; but, in spite of her frowns and nudges, and Mrs. Fairfax's protests, Emmeline persisted, a sudden rigidness about her soft, childish mouth, a sudden aloofness in her eyes.

As she walked down the steps she heard Mrs. Fairfax telling Cora that in the future she should buy everything from Emmeline — that is, when what she had to sell was as good as anybody else's. The cloud lifted from Emmeline's face; she smiled a pretty, amused, rather mocking little smile.

That night, after supper, she carried some washing to the people who lived next door to Mrs. Fairfax; and as she passed Seven Gables, Cora called to her from the sand at the side of the cottage, and asked her to come and sit down and talk to her for a while; she was all alone, she said.

As Emmeline settled herself somewhat diffidently on the sand beside her, there was a crash in the house — a sound of some brittle object breaking.

"There!" Cora cried, springing to her feet, "that's the vase in Mr. Richard's window — I *knew* that would be what would happen as soon as a breeze came up!" She started for the house, bidding Emmeline follow.

Emmeline hesitated shyly at the door of Fairfax's room; but Cora, from where she knelt wiping up the water that had been spilled, called to her cheerfully to come in.

After a few minutes Emmeline took courage to look about her — to let her eyes wander over the dressing-table at one side of the room, with its array of handsome brushes, the crowded book-case by the window, and the desk in one corner, covered with things of which Emmeline knew not the names or the uses.

There was a photograph of a woman on the desk. Apparently it had not been there for long; for Cora, catching sight of it, hurried over at once to inspect it curiously.

"Humph! it flatters her enough," she commented ungraciously. "Mrs. George Walton, that is," she said to Emmeline. "I suppose you've heard of George Walton, the grain-elevator man?"

When Emmeline replied rather apologetically that she had not, Cora proceeded to tell her about him. Emmeline listened wonderingly to Cora's descriptions of his automobiles and his steam-yachts; of the dinners that he gave; of his house in town, with its curtains, and rugs, and dishes, all of which had been made to order and had cost an almost inconceivable amount of money.

"And is he a friend of Mr. Fairfax's?" Emmeline asked, pleased to think that he should be.

Cora nodded.

"He's a great big fat fellow, Mr. Walton," she confided. "Some folks think he's handsome; I don't — he's too red-faced, and got too bold eyes. There was a girl who was chambermaid at Mrs. Fairfax's when I first came to her — an awful pretty little thing — she always said that Mr. Walton looked at her exactly as though she was something good to eat. She went home after a while — Nelly; she didn't much like the city. She was there at the house for six months after Mr. Richard came back from China, though; and I bet he couldn't so much as tell you the color of her hair! He's kind of queer, when it comes to all that. Mr. Richard wouldn't talk careless of any woman; and when it comes to talking free about his

"THE MAID CAME AT LAST"

wife or his sweetheart,—they do, some of them, Emmeline,— well, Mr. Richard couldn't do that any more than he could turn himself black — it isn't in him! Not that he's an angel,"— Cora turned a second's hostile glance at the picture on the desk,—"but there's nothing *common* about him — not a thing!"

It was quite dark when Emmeline finally started home. The road over which she passed was a lonely one; but she did not mark the lurking shadows on each side, the bushes moving mysteriously, the little noises, as of stealthy footsteps behind her: her mind was full of what Cora had been telling her; she had thought for nothing else.

She was putting on an old skirt preparatory to going to Mrs. Harrington's, when a clear whistle outside made her start and tremble. That was the tune that *he* had whistled as he had come up the steps with his mother! For a minute she listened, hardly breathing. Then she smiled. It was Tom, out on the steps. She ran out to where he sat.

"That's an awful pretty tune, Tom," she said, putting her arm about his shoulder with unusual demonstrativeness.

Tom nodded, whistling on.

"Tom!" Emmeline said, after a moment's silence, "that Mr. Fairfax — I think I saw him to-day."

Tom turned alertly. "Ain't he nice-lookin'?"

"He's tall, isn't he, 'n' got kind o' red hair, 'n' brown eyes, 'at look at you awful straight; 'n' he wears a great big hat, 'n' leggin's ——"

"Oh, *no;* that ain't him! I should say not! That's a man visitin' at the Gilmores'. Lord! they're no more alike than a robin an' a redbird." He described Fairfax a second time with much detail. Emmeline asked various absorbed questions as to when and where she would be likely to see the young man. For some time Tom answered unsuspectingly. Suddenly he stopped short.

"Emmeline," he exclaimed, "you're just a-stringin' me — you know who he is all right!" He gave her a glance of amazed admiration. "You little dickens!" he said.

Emmeline got up with an excited smile on her face.

"Me 'n' Mr. Fairfax are old friends," she announced, with a mischievous assumption of pompousness. "We met several days ago; 'n' every time he sees me he bows, 'n' says 'Good mornin',' 'n' takes off his hat."

"Even if it's the middle of the afternoon?" Tom queried, looking at Emmeline's face with the same pleased, curious glance that he had given it the other day.

Emmeline's momentary courage left her suddenly. She laughed, a sweet, nervous laugh, and fled away into the darkness.

That year the month of July was rarely beautiful in Macatawa. One perfect day followed another — silent, sunshiny days, when the air held just a hint of tonic coolness. It rained often in the night-time; but, after hours of soft splashing of water, morning would break clear and cloudless. The rainy nights and the sunshiny days brought out the flowers in unwonted profusion; everywhere in the woods you came upon great orchid-like bunches of horsemint and sweet-scented asclepias. Emmeline had no trouble in finding a flower for her hat; she always wore one there, not heeding Tom's jeering comments. There was a new composure in her bearing these days, a new content in her eyes. A mighty angel had halted at her side; and from the soft fires that crowned his head there streamed a light that made the dusty gray path before her glow of a sudden with topaz and rose and amethyst — that bathed in a transfiguring glory all commonplace things.

Emmeline sang as she journeyed up and down between the rows of bean-plants in the hot morning sun; she sang as she washed radishes and sorted potatoes. For the first time in her life, she watched the growing things in the garden with curious and loving eyes — tended them with unflagging care. The impersonal grayness of the early morning, the hasty dressing by lamplight, the hurried, silent breakfast, the hours of labor that followed, had no power to chill her heart; all this was but an unconsidered prelude to the journey to town — the journey to town, that meant always a glimpse of Fairfax, sometimes more than a glimpse — a meeting, a gracious word or two of recognition. And in the same way the evening task, that had marked the dreary end of a dreary day, she hurried through light-heartedly now, her thoughts on Cora and what she would say; for it soon got to be taken as a matter of course by both of the girls that Emmeline should see Cora every night for a little while. Cora was never tired of talking about "Mr. Richard," Emmeline never tired of listening. After she had gone to bed she would lie staring into the darkness, going over and over in her mind all that Cora had said that evening — yielding rebelliously to the sleep that came all too soon, and first blurred, then blotted out, the pictures passing before her eyes.

Then, one night, as Emmeline started toward the cellar to get some larkspur that she had left there, and meant now to take to Seven Gables, her mother called her sharply.

"Where are you going, Emmeline?" she demanded.

EMMELINE

"In to see Cora," Emmeline answered, a vague fear in her soft eyes.

"I don't like this habit you are getting into of being out until nine o'clock or after every night. You've had a hard day to-day; bed's the place for you now."

"But I promised Cora —" Emmeline began.

"That will do, Emmeline," her mother said peremptorily. "You are not to go."

A few minutes later Tom came into the summer-kitchen, where Emmeline was tying up her flowers with hands that trembled a little.

"Did you want to go?" he asked.

Emmeline nodded. "It's his birthday to-morrow, 'n' they're goin' to get ready for it to-night, 'n' Cora asked me to come 'n' help."

His birthday! The pronoun was significant. Tom gave his sister a startled glance; then his eyes dropped and a slow color mounted to his cheeks. "It's too bad," he said awkwardly, after a moment's silence. His face was very thoughtful as he started for the barn.

Emmeline finished tying up the larkspur, then, taking it under her arm, made her way rapidly along the path to the gate and disappeared down the road.

When she came home two hours later, her mother was waiting for her in the dining-room. Emmeline gave one look at her, then started upstairs.

"Emmeline!" her mother said sharply.

Emmeline turned back obediently.

"Emmeline, did you go to see that girl?"

"Yes'm."

"After I told you not to?"

"Yes'm."

"Mary Haven said that you and she were down at the hotel last night watching the dancing!"

"Yes'm."

Mrs. Madison's eyes swept Emmeline from head to foot.

"I think *I'll* go to the hotel to-morrow night — it's evident you don't have to dress much. I could wear this wrapper,"— she looked down at her soiled calico wrapper with a great hole burned in the front of it,—"and if Hetty wants to go, she can wear her brown gingham. Why should you be monopolizing the social diversions of the family?"

She went on with increasing bitterness. Emmeline listened as indifferently as to a stranger. A stranger — that was what her mother was, all ignorant of the hopes and fears that stirred in Emmeline's heart, the prayers that she whispered, the joys that comforted her. When her mother stopped at last, she stood silent for a moment, then asked mildly:

"Can I go?"

Her mother nodded — she could not speak; and Emmeline turned and walked away. When her mother passed the door of Emmeline's room half an hour later, Emmeline was singing softly. There was no defiance in it; she had forgotten.

The next afternoon, when Emmeline and Hetty were washing and wiping the dinner-dishes, Hetty looked over at Emmeline crossly.

"What y' hurryin' so for, Emmeline?" she asked. "It's too hot to hurry."

For a minute Emmeline was silent; then she said hesitatingly:

"I want to go to Somers' Pond 'n' get some water-lilies. Mis' Fairfax asked me yesterday 'f I'd get some for to-night."

Hetty stared at Emmeline as at one suddenly gone mad. "Go over to Somers' Pond!" she repeated blankly. Then, "Oh, Emmeline!" she wailed in half-tearful protest, "*don't you do it!* Not to-day! I wouldn't care if I *never* sold any more berries there, *never!* It's a good ten miles to Somers' Pond 'n' back. There, that's jus' like you, Tom!" she said, turning with sudden passion on her brother, who was strolling out of the door, whistling. "Stan' there 'n' drink 'n' drink till there ain't a drop o' water left, 'n' then go off 'n' leave the pail empty, so's Emmeline'll have to fill it —'n' her in such a hurry!"

"What's your rush, Em?" he asked, as he came back in a leisurely fashion for the pail.

"I'm goin' after water-lilies to Somers' Pond," she answered.

Tom suddenly stopped laughing. "You're a fool, that's all I have to say," he declared gruffly, as he started toward the well.

When he came back a few minutes later, he took an apron from the nail and fastened it on, tying the strings about his neck. Then he rolled up his sleeves, and walked over to where Emmeline stood washing dishes.

"Hetty an' me are goin' to finish washin' these dishes," he announced with a lordly air, giving Emmeline an energetic push out of his way. "Go along and get your lilies, if you want to. I'd go after them myself, but I have to see old man Barker this afternoon. An' it don't matter if you don't get here in time to take the milk to town — jus' so you have supper by the time ma comes home; Hetty'll carry all the milk to-night."

"No, I won't," Hetty scolded. "It's too heavy, 'n' there's no use o' her goin'!"

"Yes, she will, Em," Tom asserted cheerfully. "Jus' you go on."

When Emmeline came down-stairs five minutes later, ready to start out, Hetty was sitting in the window, fanning herself with a news-

IT TOOK HER ALL DAY TO WASH AND STARCH THEM'

paper, while Tom was both washing and wiping the dishes.

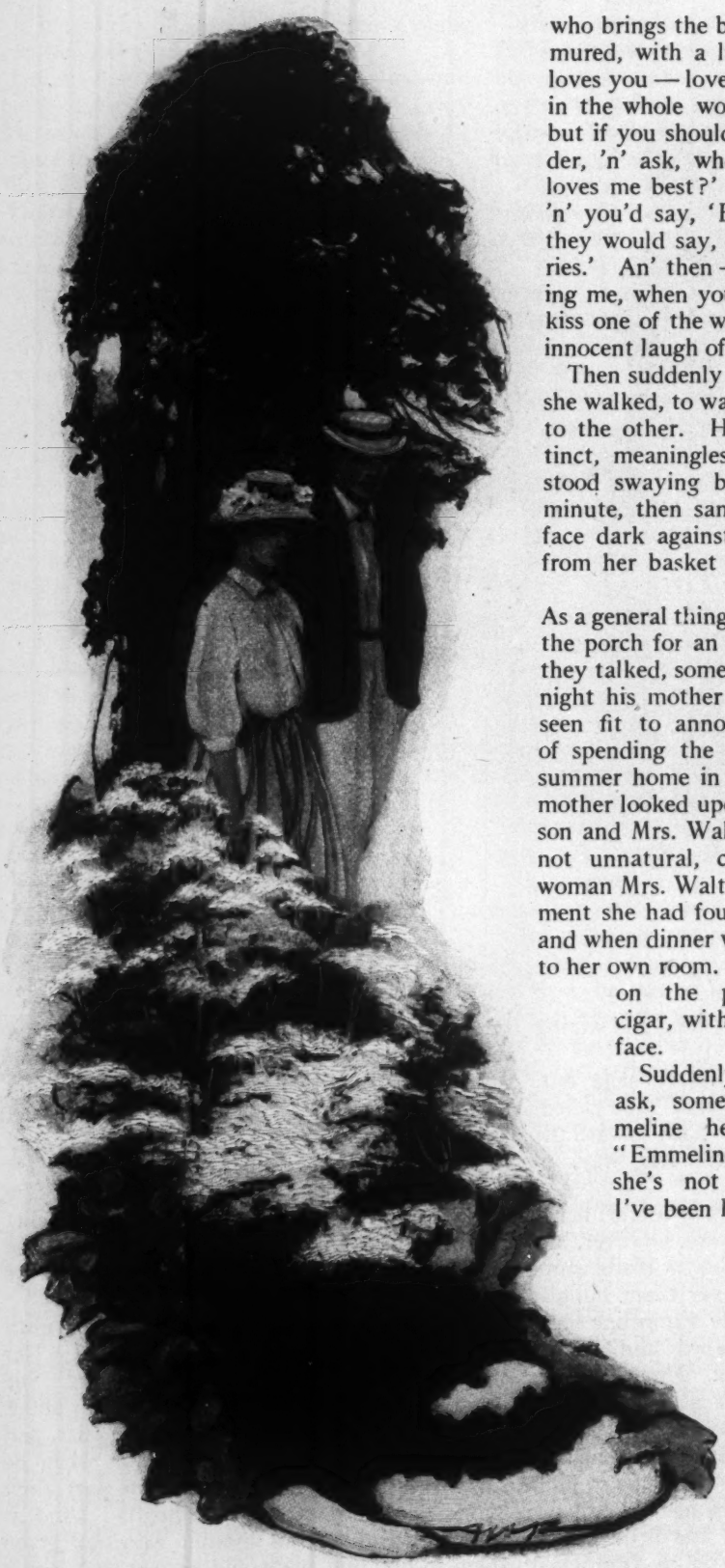
"I'm gettin' rested up," Hetty sang out. "Oh, Emmeline! *E-m-m-e-l-i-n-e!*" she called, as Emmeline went down the path toward the gate. "Tom says to go by the long way, 'n' keep in the shade."

Emmeline's eyes filled with grateful tears. She did not go by the longer way, however, but took the shorter route over country roads white and hot in the sunlight. Over them hung a mist of fine dust which made Emmeline gasp and cough. Once she stopped and leaned against a gate, breathing hard. Then, "I must go on — I must hurry," she said to herself. "The flowers must be there by six, 'n' I've got to straighten myself up. When I'm washed 'n' dressed I'll feel better —'n' it won't be so bad, maybe, goin' home." And she hurried on.

When at last she reached the little brown lily-pond, she stood staring in a frightened fashion at the heavy raft of logs which had to be pulled from the mud in which it lay and poled out to where the water-lilies grew. "I can never do it!" she whispered, with tears rolling down her cheeks, "I can never do it!" Then she went silently to work.

The sun was still high when she started for home with her basket filled with lilies. She walked rapidly, pausing now and then to lift the wet cloths with which she had covered the lilies, and to look at the great gleaming white blossoms.

Gradually her face filled with color, until even her forehead was suffused with red. Her step became light and free, her eyes shone. She began to talk happily to herself. It was about the lilies that she talked — about the lilies, and about *him*. How he would exclaim when he saw them, lean over to smell them, part their leaves to look at their golden hearts! And at last he would ask his mother who had given them to her, and she would answer that it was the girl who brought the berries. "The girl



"AS UNCONSCIOUS AS THE TAME SQUIRREL WHICH HOPPED ALONG BESIDE THEM"

who brings the berries — yes," Emmeline murmured, with a little laugh, "an' the girl who loves you — loves you better than any one else in the whole world does! You don' know it, but if you should die to-night, 'n' should wonder, 'n' ask, when you got to heaven, 'Who loves me best?' they would say, 'Emmeline'; 'n' you'd say, 'Emmeline? Who is she?' 'n' they would say, 'The girl who brings the berries.' An' then — then you couldn' help loving me, when you knew." She leaned over to kiss one of the water-lilies, with the rapturous, innocent laugh of a little child.

Then suddenly she began to stagger a little as she walked, to wander from one side of the road to the other. Her talk became rapid, indistinct, meaningless. Finally she stopped still, stood swaying backward and forward for a minute, then sank to the ground, her flushed face dark against the white lilies that rolled from her basket as she fell.

As a general thing Fairfax and his mother sat on the porch for an hour after dinner; sometimes they talked, sometimes he read aloud. But to-night his mother was not with him. He had seen fit to announce at dinner his intention of spending the next month at the Waltons' summer home in the Thousand Islands. His mother looked upon the friendship between her son and Mrs. Walton with a fear and aversion not unnatural, considering what manner of woman Mrs. Walton was. After his announcement she had found it hard to eat or to talk; and when dinner was over she had gone at once to her own room. So Fairfax was sitting alone on the porch to-night, smoking a cigar, with a rather ugly look on his face.

Suddenly he heard a boy's voice ask, somewhat breathlessly, "Is Emmeline here?" Then Cora's reply: "Emmeline? No, she's not, Tom; she's not been here since morning. I've been looking for her all the afternoon — she promised to bring some water-lilies to put on the dinner-table."

"I know; she started over to Somers' Pond after 'em 'bout one o'clock. She hadn't come home when I left — I made up my mind she must 'a' come straight here with 'em." Tom nodded awkwardly, and hurried on without further parley.

The next minute Fairfax

"EMMELINE NEVER TIRED OF LISTENING"

was on his feet, hastening after Tom. He overtook the boy before he had gone twenty yards.

"I heard what you said to Cora about your sister." Fairfax's eyes and voice were very kind. "I know a man who has a horse here; I want you to let me get it and drive you home. If Emmeline isn't there by this time, we can go on toward the lily-pond. I couldn't be easy in mind so long as I did not know that the little girl was safe."

As he and Tom walked on together, Fairfax began to talk in friendly fashion of Emmeline, repeating what his mother had said that night at dinner — that Emmeline could be depended on to do exactly what she promised to do, and that there was never any need to give the fruit and vegetables that she brought to the house even the most casual inspection; they were always good. He spoke of the flowers which Emmeline had been bringing all summer, and of how much pleasure they had got out of them; he had not known until to-night, he said, that they had Emmeline to thank for them. Tom listened silently.

They found that Emmeline was not yet home; so they drove on toward Somers' Pond. Fairfax suggested that Emmeline, finding how terrible the heat was, had probably decided to wait until sundown before starting home.

Tom shook his head. "You don't know Emmeline," he said, looking at Fairfax with a rather strange expression in his eyes. "When she once sets out to do a thing, she ain't goin' to give it up easy."

They had gone half-way to the lily-pond when Fairfax suddenly pulled in his horse.

"See what that is, Tom," he said, pointing his whip toward a small object in the road.

Tom threw himself over the wheel of the trap, bent over the thing in question. It was a water-lily bud. He took a step or two through the rank weeds, that here grew waist-high on either side of the road; then he turned and came back, his face chalky white.

"There's something there," he gasped.

Fairfax tied the horse, and went swiftly over to a place where the weeds were leveled by some unseen weight. Tom watched him with fearful eyes. A sudden tenseness came over Fairfax's face; and Tom, seeing it, turned and went plunging down the road in blind, aimless flight.

Fairfax gave a quick, appalled glance about him before he bent over the silent figure at his feet. There was not a house in sight — nothing but a stretch of dusty road, and on each side of it stony fields, on which the corn grew stunted and scarce; it was a place where one might cry and cry for help, and not a soul would hear.

He lifted Emmeline's head on his arm, and his expression changed. There was nothing about that fair, serene face to suggest violence, and the hand that he raised in order to feel her pulse had about it no ominous rigidness.

He put his hand on her wrist, held it there for a minute or two — readjusted his fingers, frowning slightly. Then he unfastened her blouse swiftly, and leaned his ear against her heart. He straightened up, after a brief interval of time, with a pale, awed face.

It was when he was fastening Emmeline's blouse that his cuff caught on a ribbon about her neck; the next instant there lay before him a tiny roll of paper, fastened to the ribbon as a locket might have been — a tiny roll of paper on which he saw two or three words in his own handwriting. It was a page on which he had written in an idle hour, and then had crumpled up and thrown away — he remembered it.

When he appeared before Tom, fifteen minutes later, his face was as colorless as the boy's, and he looked as though nothing could ever make him smile again.

"Tom, I have found your sister." He spoke

with a certain hard composure. "You must come and help me lift her into the trap."

Tom followed him mutely; but when he saw Emmeline's silent, peaceful face, he broke into sudden wild sobbing. Fairfax stood looking at him with somber eyes.

Together they carried Emmeline to the trap. Fairfax suggested that Tom drive; he saw how Tom shrank from looking at his sister or touching her: he had never met Death face to face before. Fairfax himself settled Emmeline's brown head on his shoulder as calmly and as gently as if she had been asleep; and whenever they came to a rough place in the road, he lifted her in his arms and adjusted himself so as to save her from jolt or jar — as though it could matter to her!

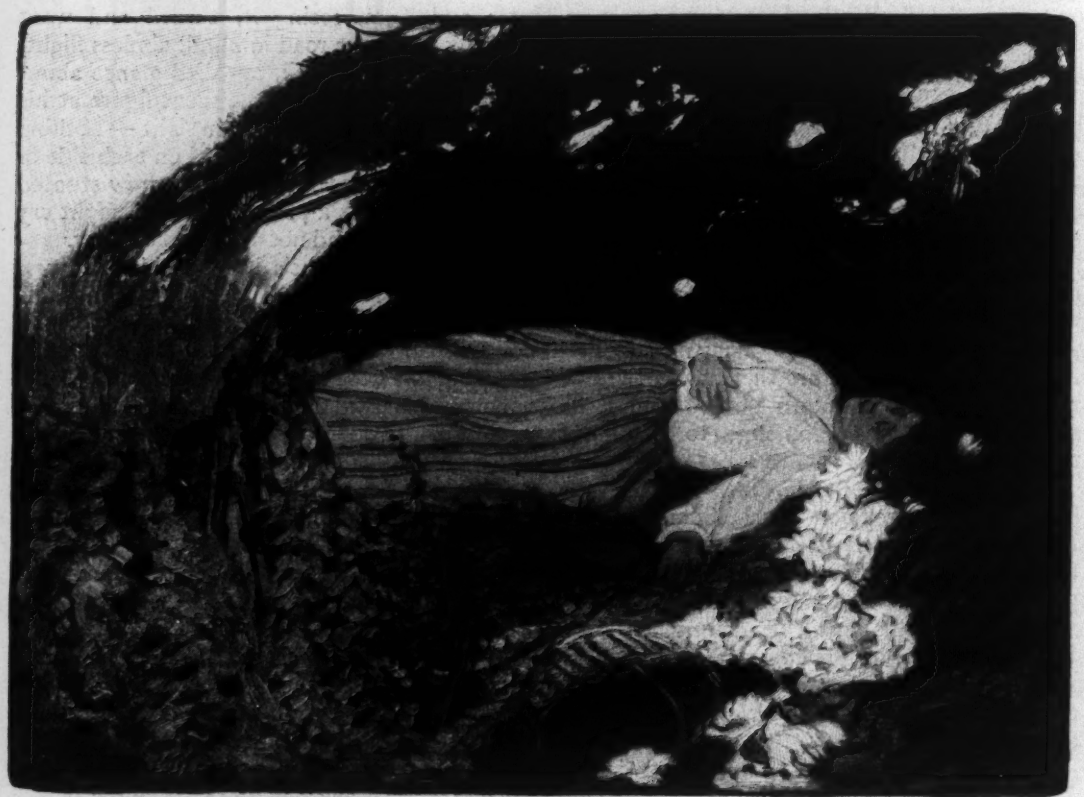
When Tom started ahead to prepare his mother, Fairfax leaned over and touched with caressing fingers Emmeline's soft hair, all pretense of composure gone.

"Emmeline — dear little Emmeline!" he said huskily, "there's one thing I can do for you, anyhow; there's one way I can prove how much it means to me, your — your caring. I hope you'll know — and understand."

His mother met him as he ran up the steps of Seven Gables, three hours later.

"At what time to-morrow will you leave, Richard?" she asked, with an effort to speak naturally.

"I am not going to the Waltons', mother," Fairfax answered quietly; "I have just sent Mrs. Walton a telegram to that effect." He hesitated a second, then went on: "You need not worry about that any more; it is over." He put his arms about his mother and kissed her — not dutifully, but very, very tenderly. Grateful tears filled her eyes. She did not know that his kiss was for Emmeline.



THE WAYFARERS*

BY

MARY STEWART CUTTING

AUTHOR OF "LITTLE STORIES OF COURTSHIP," "LITTLE STORIES OF MARRIED LIFE" ETC.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ALICE BARBER STEPHENS

LOIS, left alone now, with Dosia upstairs, felt herself relapsing into the dark mood she dreaded, when there came the welcome sound of the doorbell. A moment later the maid took up a card to Dosia on which was inscribed the name of Mr. Angevin L. Cater. He was scrupulously attired in an old "dress suit," the conventional lines of which, with the stiff expanse of shirt-front, seemed to make his yellow angularity of feature still more pronounced. He looked so oddly out of place in the little drawing-room, where he sat talking to Lois, his long limbs tucked back as far as possible under the small spindle-legged sofa, and one arm stretched out embracingly over the green cushions at his side, and yet he looked so oddly natural and homelike, too, that Dosia felt a swift pleasure in his presence. At her entrance, he disentangled himself from the sofa and stood up to take the two hands which she had extended to him before she knew it, regarding her the while with admiring earnestness.

"Well, you are all right," he said, after the first greetings; "Miss Dosia, you certainly are all right. If I was back in the South I'd say just what I thought of you, but I'm afraid to up here; folks are too careful about complimentin' for me. When I see a young lady like you,—or like Mrs. Alexander, here,—" he rose and bowed gallantly, "I want to get straight up and tell you just how handsome you look. There's nothing so beautiful on God's earth to me as a beautiful woman — unless it's a mother. A mother doesn't need to have a complexion if she's got the mother spirit shinin' out of her. I had a mother once — a better never lived. She's dead."

"That is very sad," said Lois, in the pause that followed this announcement, keeping back an almost irresistible smile. Both she and Dosia felt the relief of a light and impersonal conversation after painful communing.

"Yes, ma'am," said the visitor, sitting, as before, with his long legs back under the little sofa and one long arm embracing the top of it.

"How is your wife?" asked Dosia. "Have you seen her lately?"

"I was home for a week around Christmastime," answered Mr. Cater. "It's sort of unsettling, though, to go home for a short period — at least, I find it so. I don't know *as* it pays, except as something to look forward to before you've done it; there's a good deal in that. My wife lives with her family; they have a right smart amount of trouble, and it seems like it always saves up for a real spell when I get home."

"I should think she would want to stay here with you," said Dosia.

Mr. Cater cleared his throat apologetically. "Well, the fact is," he conceded, "my wife's powerful fond of her family. There's nothing against a woman being fond of her family."

"Oh, no," said Lois.

"No, ma'am. My wife's a mighty fine woman. If I'd had the luck to belong to her family — but seems like I was made different. She did bring the children and try livin' up here in a flat the first year I went into the business, but it made her so pinin' she had to go back. She wasn't used to the neighborhood. Women depend a good deal on the neighborhood. *You* know my wife, Miss Dosia. Her parents are gettin' sort of old and agin', and she allowed that they needed her; and they keep on needin' her, I reckon. Her brother Bob was jailed again on Christmas day for drawin' a gun on one of the Groudys. It kind of broke her all up; he'd promised her to quit. Her sister's husband, Jim Pierce, he'd lit out before. Now, there's the other brother, Satterson — he's a mighty fine fellow, six foot two in his stockin's, but he doesn't *do* anything. Just drinks. My wife she thinks the world and all of Satterson.

* The first instalment of this novel appeared in the December McClure's.

I don't blame any woman for being devoted to her family — shows heart."

"Why, yes, I suppose so," said Dosia, staring at Mr. Cater, who wore an inscrutable expression. She was wondering if this crew of unsavory relations-in-law lived on Mr. Cater's earnings; she knew his wife as a pretty, fretful woman with a discontented mouth.

"After all, there isn't much in a man, when you get down to it, to interest a woman," continued Mr. Cater impartially. "She wants him to think of *her;* of co'se it's his business to. I had a sort of set idea to begin on — but there's nothin' in life so wreckin' as a set idea; I've found that out. You've got to keep your point of view on a swivel, and turn it so's you can see to keep on your windin' way without runnin' down your fellow-bein's — isn't that so? I don't blame any woman for findin' out that a man doesn't always make up for home and mother — I don't know that *I* always yearn for my own society." His inscrutable expression changed to a smile. "I reckon you won't yearn for it, either, if I go on talkin' in this way."

"Oh, yes, I will," said Dosia, dimpling. "Did you see my father and mother when you were in Balderville? How did they look?"

"Why — about the same as usual," replied Mr. Cater delicately, with a swift mental view of them passing before his eyes that instantly materialized itself to Dosia. "I promised them I'd come and see you — and meant to before this. It was through Miss Dosia's comin' here that I got acquainted with your husband, Mrs. Alexander," he continued, turning to Lois. "He's a mighty fine man. He and I, we're choppin' at the same log, so to speak, only he's takin' side hacks at a lot more logs. I reckon he's got a pretty good backin'?"

"Oh, yes," affirmed Lois.

"Yes, ma'am. Of course, he doesn't talk about it. I haven't seen Mr. Alexander much for a couple of weeks; he's been busy and I've been busy — we lunch at the same place sometimes. I know some of his friends — Mr. Leverich for one — slightly in the way of business. Mr. Martin — Mr. Martin's a man *nobody* knows more'n slightly. You would not think he was such a smart business man, would you? He's so sort of small and feeble-looking, and has such a little lisping voice. But *I* don't care for any dealings with him. Those little clawlike hands of his rake in all they touch. Now you think I'm hard on him, don't you?" He hesitated, and then went on, looking with a veiled shrewdness at Lois: "Martin sort of reminds me of somethin' that happened with my two boys when I was home at Christmas. They're little shavers, Mrs. Alexander, right cute, too, if they are mine. Miss Dosia, here, she can tell you."

"They are dear little fellows," said Dosia warmly.

"They were going up-stairs to bed. I was behind 'em, and Angy — that's the eldest, he's six — was stoppin' the way; so I says to him, 'What's stoppin' you, son?' and he answers: 'Oh, I'm carryin' up Jim's cake and my cake, and I'm eatin' *Jim's cake now.*' That's like Martin for all the world — always carryin' somebody's cake for 'em, and swallowin' it on the way. Well, doesn't it seem good to be lookin' at you again, Miss Dosia! But I'm sorry Alexander isn't in, too."

"Oh, I hope he'll come before you leave," returned Lois. It seemed a foregone conclusion that he must, when it was discovered that the nine-forty-five train back to town was then on the point of departure, half a mile away, and the next did not leave until eleven-fifteen. There was a genuineness about Mr. Cater which could not fail to win responsive recognition, but the contemplation of an inexorably fixed time over which conversation must be spread has an indescribably paralyzing effect on spontaneousness. Like many talkative people, Mr. Cater developed a way, when you counted upon his garrulousness, of suddenly becoming quiet.

Lois busied herself in collecting the materials for refreshment, while Dosia and he conversed laboriously and minutely about the denizens of Balderville, to the third and fourth generation. The very word "home" carried such suggested association that Dosia half forgot that it had never been one for her, and that to leave its semblance had been a joy.

When the little meal was ready, Lois manipulated the chafing-dish and Dosia served. Mr. Cater moved to the little chair drawn up with the others by the small mahogany table, and relaxed once more.

"Well, this is comfort," he said, with a sort of wistful gratitude. "I've been thinkin' 'twas pretty inconsiderate of me to miss that train, but I'm sort of glad now that I did. When I see you two beautiful young ladies takin' all this trouble for me — well, I just can't tell you how I appreciate it; sort of warms me up inside."

"You must get pretty lonely sometimes," said Lois kindly, with a sudden sympathy for something in his tone.

He nodded slowly. "Well, yes, I do; but I've quit thinkin' of it, as a rule. I reckon I've got about as much as I deserve in this world, when you come to sizin' things up. If you get to pityin' yourself, you slump; you slump all *to*

pieces — ain't no mortal good to yourself nor anybody else. I've found *that* out."

"You seem to find out a good many things," said Lois, with a twinge of assent.

"Well, yes, I do." His face relaxed in a pleased smile. "Keep addin' to my collection daily; but it isn't cheap, no more than other collectin' — costs money. Girard says — by the way, I never asked you if you knew Girard, Bailey Girard; I met him to-night gettin' off the train. I didn't know he was on it till then. Mrs. Alexander, this rabbit's more'n good. I haven't had one like it since I was with Girard last year."

"No, I do not know any one by that name," said Lois a little wearily.

"Then you'd ought to; Miss Dosia, here, she'd ought to. He's a *man*. Young, too, just the kind she'd like. He's related to the Wilmots, Judge Wilmot's family; they lived down our way, Miss Dosia, before you came. His folks were mighty fine people, but they lost all their money. Kind of wearin' to hear that, ain't it? I get tired of it myself. I know a lot of splendid families who have lost all their money — or are a-losin' it. It kind of tones me up now when I hear of anybody that's risin' into the ranks of the solid rich; makes it seem sort of possible to walk on somethin' that isn't a down grade."

"How about Mr. Girard?" asked Dosia.

"Oh, well, he's all right. He's on an up grade, if anybody ever was — now. But I wouldn't want a boy of mine to go through what he has, though it's made him what he is. His mother was left a widow after they'd moved 'way out West. She was a delicate woman, and had a hard time of it struggling along; most of her folks were dead, and I don't know that she wrote to the rest of 'em. I don't know but what her mind got sort of wanderin' when she fell sick. She died at a little town in Indiana, on her way back East, and there wasn't any one to look after the child. He was bound out to a man on a farm; he was ten years old then, and he stayed there till he was thirteen. The cussed hound used to beat him with a strap, nights when he was in liquor. Many a time the poor little chap, brought up tender by a lovin' mother, used to crawl into the barn and hide in a corner of the hay near the dumb beasts and cry his heart out till he got quiet. He told me once — Girard, he hardly ever talks about himself, but this was a time when we were stalled in a snow-storm — he told me that he supposed it was because of the Christmas story you read

"THERE WAS A GENUINENESS ABOUT MR. CATER WHICH COULD NOT FAIL TO WIN RESPONSIVE RECOGNITION"

in the Bible that he felt that if he could only get into the barn in the hay by the dumb beasts he was a little nearer to *her*."

"How did he get away?" asked Dosia. She longed pitifully to take the boy's little hand and kiss it, and hold it against her cheek, although the hurt had been over so long ago.

"Oh, he lit out when he was about thirteen. He didn't tell me the whole of it. He sold papers in New York, and went to night-school; and next he went to college and rowed in the crew. He met up with some of his own people, too. Then he was war correspondent in Cuba — I guess some of the wounded know what he did for them. Later he went to South America on some government business; he's a personal friend of the President. He's young, too, not more'n twenty-eight. He's bound to get ahead at whatever he sets himself to. But he's got an awful tender heart; I saw him nearly kill a big Swede once that was wallopin' a sick horse. What you laughin' at, Miss Dosia? I reckon we're all of us made two ways. Shucks! it isn't *that* time, is it?" He turned with startled amaze to look behind him at the clock that was striking.

"I'm afraid it is," affirmed Lois.

"Then I've got to make tracks to catch that eleven-fifteen. 'Tisn't manners to eat and run, I know, but —" He had risen and was swiftly putting on his coat in the hall. "Thank you, Miss Dosia, I guess I can get into this best by myself; I know where to humor the sleeve-linin'. Is that my hat? Mrs. Alexander, I think a mighty lot of your hospitality; I do *so*. I —" He was loping down the path already, his long legs making preternatural shadows on the snow in the moonlight. Dosia called after him mischievously, "You'd better wait until the twelve-three," before she shut the door. The momentary rush of cold air was as invigorating, as wholesome and clear in the atmosphere of the lamp-lit, evening-heated room, as Mr. Cater's presence had been.

She went to her room, leaving Lois downstairs clearing away the remains of the little supper, her offer of assistance having been refused. Lois wished to be there alone when her husband came in, experience having taught her that he was much more apt to be communicative at that time than at any other. Fresh from a social experience, and feeling still the interest of it, he would like to talk of it; by morning it would have relapsed so deeply into his inner consciousness that it would take a sort of conversational derrick on the part of his wife to bring up any reminiscence whatever.

He came in now, fresh, eager, and alert, pleased and surprised to find traces of a convivial evening, when he had expected to be late.

"Mr. Cater has been here," announced Lois, in explanation.

"Cater! I'm sorry to have missed him."

"He was very sorry you were not at home. He did not go until eleven, and I was sure you would be in before that."

"Well, I meant to be."

"Yes; he was telling us so many things. Justin,"— something prompted her against her will to say what had been rankling in her memory,—"he thinks Mr. Martin is like a crab, and that he takes people in between his claws and pinches them. I wish you'd be careful."

Steel seemed swiftly to incase her husband. "He will not pinch me, at all events," he said shortly. After a moment's pause he made an effort to return to his former manner, but with an altered tone:

"I'm sorry I was kept so late. I was some time consulting with Selden about the house; you can have the closet. After that we were all talking at Leverich's. He had a friend out there to-night, a fine young fellow, extraordinarily interesting; he was giving us points on the South American trade. He's going to be of great use to us. He goes down there again in the spring. He's a fine-looking fellow, by the way, tall and well set up; he reminds me of Brent, Lois — you remember him? The same kind of bright, resolute face; only this man's browner."

Conscious of a perverse irresponsiveness in his wife, Justin turned to Dosia, who had slipped back into the room to look under the table and chairs for a blue bow that had fallen from her hair. She stood now in the doorway with it in her hand.

"He came up from the South the same day you did last fall, Dosia. He was in that wreck. It must have been a horrible thing." Justin broke off at the retrospection of the narrative.

"Yes," said Dosia in a whisper. She leaned against the door for support.

"You were fortunate to get off so well," Absorbed in his own recital, Justin did not observe her. "He was going from one car to another when the train went off the trestle — I don't wonder you would never talk about it, Dosia. He was able to help some of the survivors. There was a poor young girl who was alone, like you; he didn't know what became of her; he was ill himself in the hospital for two weeks afterwards. His description of the whole thing was extraordinarily vivid." Justin was now bolting windows

"DOSIA LEANED AGAINST THE DOOR FOR SUPPORT"

and putting out lights as he talked. "You two girls must go to bed at once; it's nearly twelve."

"What was his name?" asked Dosia.

"His name? Why, I thought I'd told you. His name's Girard — Bailey Girard."

X

"Reginald has the measles."

Lois made the announcement breathlessly, as she stood outside of the drawing-room, addressing the visitors who sat on the sofa, talking to Dosia.

"The doctor has just gone, and he says it is the measles. I don't suppose I had better come in the room." There was a tone of resentment in her voice which seemed to originate in the idea of being excluded; in reality, it was caused by the bitter thought that she had known for a couple of days that Redge was not well, and that his father had been exacting with him. "I really suppose I had better not come in."

"Oh, don't mind me!" Mrs. Leverich, gorgeous in velvet and furs, spoke reassuringly. "There are no children at our house, and I've had the measles."

"Of course, it's not scarlet fever," continued Lois, dropping into a chair, "or diphtheria. I suppose Zaidee will get it, and we have to

be quarantined. I don't know what to do about you, Dosia." She was feeling the fell blow of a contagious disease, which upsets every previously stable condition.

"I've had the measles," said the girl, but she added with quick anxiety: "There are my lessons; do you suppose it will make any difference about them? I don't see how I can lose them now, and there's that concert Saturday."

"If we're quarantined, you're quarantined," said Lois tersely. "If there was *any* place where you could go and stay——"

"Mrs. Alexander, let her come to me," said Mrs. Leverich warmly. "I'd love to have her; I *really* would. She can keep up with her lessons and engagements just the same then. You know, I'm always so happy when I can have a young girl in the house; and as for Mr. Leverich, nothing pleases him better. Go and pack your trunk at once, my dear, and we'll take it on the carriage as we go back."

Dosia looked hesitatingly at Lois.

"Why — I do not know," said Lois, surprised, yet considering.

"But *I* do." Mrs. Leverich spoke with a cordial authority that, after a little more conversation, settled the matter.

Dosia packed up her belongings, with the sweet, wise little help of Zaidee, who brought shoes and slippers from the closet and toilet articles from the dressing-table, and in her efforts dropped the red ribbon from her hair into the trunk, to her own great glee, amid fond, swift huggings from Dosia. The latter arranged herself for this transmigration with quick, excited fingers, yet there was something on her mind. As she heard Lois on the floor below, she ran down to speak to her, half dressed: "Lois, I hate to leave you here alone; I don't mind being kept from things, really and truly. Let me stay and help you with dear little Redge." For once her sympathy made her natural.

"No, you had better go," said Lois. She had but one desire — to be left at liberty at last with her own. She added, to avoid further pleading:

"I would rather be alone."

"Oh!" exclaimed Dosia, shrinking. But conscience had unexpectedly claimed her, and she went on, hesitantly, with a painful timidity, her color coming and going:

"I wanted to ask — do you think I ought to go to Mrs. Leverich's, after what you said? Won't Mr. Barr be there?"

In the whole realm of the mother's mind there was no room for anything at present but her measles-smitten household. She looked at Dosia as if making an effort to understand. "Why, yes, I suppose he will be there. Just don't have anything to do with him if you don't want to. You will not need to; he is out of the house most of the time, anyway."

"Oh, very well," assented Dosia, chilled and yet relieved. The blood of youth was already running riot at the delightful prospect of another change. But she slipped into the nursery to kiss poor little feverish Redge good-by, and leaned out of the carriage that was driving her away to wave her hand again and again to Zaidee, whose red cheeks and little snub-nose were pressed close to the window-pane.

Mrs. Leverich was a woman who was somewhat below par in birth and education, devoid of certain finer instincts, and used to an overflow of luxury in her daily living that amounted sometimes to vulgar display. To balance this, she was still handsome, if somewhat too stout, and hospitable to a superlative degree. "Staying company" was a necessity to her happiness. She had an absolute passion for making other people comfortable, and surrounded her guests with a kindness and forethought so enveloping that it almost spoiled them for contact afterward with a rude world. She really possessed in this regard an unselfish good-heartedness, mingled with a sort of vanity that was pleased with applause at its manipulations. Her own comfort was indifferent to her beside the subtler and warmer pleasure of being the source of good to others. It is no figure of speech to say that she was willing to do anything to promote the welfare of her guests; it was no hardship to give up her own way in their interests, or to do any act, however tiring and distasteful, that gave pleasure to others. She hated cards; yet she would play long, tedious games with beaming incompetence, to make up a hand. She disliked the smell of tobacco, but was never satisfied until every man around her was happily supplied with cigars or pipes. Music was a jangle to her, and any book above the caliber of the fiction which displays a low-necked authoress upon the cover a weariness indeed; but she would labor unceasingly to place both music and literature within the reach of her guests. She had windows opened when she herself was chilly, and fires lighted when she was suffering with the heat; she took long drives in the hot sun when she would have much preferred a nap; she chaperoned girls uncomplainingly until five o'clock in the morning. The least wish of a guest, spoken or divined, was gratified if within her power. It is true that she had a retinue of

servants at her command, but, if necessary, she would have served her guests with her own hands, and had been known to do so. There was only one drawback to her hospitality: she welcomed, but did not speed the parting guest. It was difficult indeed to leave without a pitched battle, and the effort of temporary disunion was so great as sometimes to result in a permanent rupture of friendship. Her "I see — you don't want to stay with us any longer" voiced that injured feeling which blasts whatever it comes in contact with, and which disclaimers serve only to heighten. Once away from her, her interest in the former guest ceased almost entirely, no matter how close the association had been under her roof. Outside of it every one was lost in a haze which called for a distinct and wearying effort, seldom undertaken, to penetrate.

In appearance she was on the Oriental type of her half-brother, Lawson Barr, but with a softness, both of expression and contour, which he did not possess. She was ten years older than he. Her motions and the tone of her voice were languid. Her husband — who enjoyed the benefits of being the chief and permanent guest in this household — was extremely fond of her, and proud of her beauty and popularity. Leverich was one of those coarse-seeming and coarse-acting men who, nevertheless, come of a race of gentlefolk, and who have innately, and no matter how much they may choose to overlay the fact, certain traditions. He had been known to say, in rebuttal of some criticism on his wife's breeding, what was quite true — that she was good enough for *him;* but he had, underneath, a little contempt for her because she was. It was one of the traditions that a man should find a quality in his wife to revere.

Leverich liked to surround his wife with luxuries, to give her everything that money could buy and that her gently sensuous temperament craved. Her attachment was riveted to him by gifts of clothing and jewelry and bric-à-brac as well as money — such things being to her the only tangible evidences of affection. Dosia had hitherto seen the house only as a caller. She was impressed now by the richness of the furnishings above, as she was led up to her room, a large, many-windowed apartment on the second floor. It was all a gleam of polished mahogany, and brass and mirrors and silver toilet articles, blended with rose-silk draperies; the alcoved bed was spread with a flowered silk counterpane, the floors covered with rich Eastern rugs; easy-chairs and low tables spread with books dotted the room; a couch piled high with down cushions stood at a seductive angle. A maid glided forward to take Dosia's hat and cloak, while another knelt at the hearth to light the logs upon the brass andirons, and Mrs. Leverich came in and out in an overflow of solicitude.

"DOSIA PACKED UP HER BELONGINGS"

"I really think you had better rest. You *must* be tired. No, of course" — at Dosia's laughing remonstrance — "the ride was nothing, but the shock — a shock like that tells on you before you know it. Here comes your trunk; have you the key? Elizabeth, unpack Miss Dosia's trunk, and get out a dressing-gown for her. I'm going to insist on your lying down on the lounge for a while. Now, don't do that,

Elizabeth will take off your shoes for you. And, Amelia,"— this to the maid at the hearth,— "bring up some tea and biscuits. No, you don't care for tea? Well, a glass of sherry, then, and some hothouse grapes. My dear Dosia,— you'll let me call you Dosia, won't you? — you may not feel the need of it now, but it will do you good. I'm not going to stay with you; I'll just move this little table with the magazines on it near you, and leave you to rest; but first I want to show you this." She opened the door of a smaller, hexagon apartment adjoining. "I'm going to turn it into a music-room for you."

"Oh, Mrs. Leverich!" protested Dosia, in amazement.

"I've been thinking of it all the way home in the carriage. Of course, you won't want to practise down-stairs, where people are coming in and out all the time; it would be very annoying to you. This has been used as an extra dressing-room. I shall have those thick hangings taken down and the furniture moved out, and put in light chairs and a cottage piano, and a few palms over by the window. You'll see!"

"But, Mrs. Leverich ——"

"Now, don't say a *word;* it's all settled. Elizabeth will come to you when it's time to dress, so you need give yourself no anxiety about that. Just let me draw this coverlet over you and tuck your feet in. Now, how sweet you do look, to be sure!"

Dosia did "look sweet," and as comfortable and soft as a kitten. The light-blue kimono of outing flannel,— which she had been half ashamed of when the maid unpacked it, — though cheap, was becoming. Her loosened hair fell over the blended pillows and the rosy coverlet. The wood fire at which she gazed crackled and sent out the pungent, aromatic smell of Southern pine, which mingled with the perfume of a bunch of violets on the table near the golden sherry in its crystal glass, and the plate of white and reddish grapes. There was the unaccustomed stillness of a large, well-appointed house, where the walls were deadened to sound, and the floors had thick-piled rugs upon them, and the servants walked with soft-shod feet. Such luxurious well-being had never been Dosia's before. This was like being in a fairy palace, where you had only to clap your hands to get anything you wished for. And the most charming thing about the fairy palace was that there you always met the prince.

This girl was so constituted that, except in the first flush of excitement incident to her entrance into this new sphere, she must have always some heart-warm thought, some little inner pleasure of her own, to make the larger one serve. Dosia knew now that she was to meet the true prince. This was the house he visited, all this outer circle of comfort was but the prelude to love — that mysterious and intangible love that made you happy ever after. She was glad that she had kept hold of that hand, and had not let herself be drawn away by lesser ties. Her day-dream was to bewitch and dazzle him, to compel him to her attraction. A dozen situations, based on that first idea of his recognition of her in some noble deed, occupied her happy mind; in all moments of extra exaltation she brought out the thought and played with it and hugged it to her. She had yet to learn how few things happen as we imagine them.

In the midst of her half-drowsy musings, the door behind her burst open; suddenly a big collie-dog bounded in. He was licking her cheeks, when a sharp whistle called him back, and the door was instantly closed again. Dosia knew that the dog was Lawson's. She sprang up and locked the door, but her dream had vanished. She had a tingling consciousness that she was to meet Lawson at dinner. She made up her mind to be very dignified and cool toward him; she rehearsed the manner in which her eye-lashes would fall, the politely bored expression of her forced attention, the casual tips of her fingers as they touched his in the conventional handshake of greeting — all of which would emphasize the fact that he had now no particular interest for her, if, indeed, he had ever had any.

But, after all, he was not at dinner, which was a relief, and yet a disappointment: when you have sharpened your weapons, it is only natural to want to use them. Lawson did not appear the next day, nor the next. Once she heard him coming in very late at night, and in the morning he had gone before she breakfasted. A couple of times in the late afternoon, when the dog came trotting ahead through the hall, she had slipped aside, breathless, as from some peril escaped. It was the third day after her arrival that he suddenly made his appearance in the drawing-room, where she was seated by the piano, looking over a pile of music. Mrs. Leverich was out driving, but had thought the air too damp for Dosia.

She tried to accomplish the indifferent handshake she had prefigured, and could have flagellated herself for the color that she felt enveloping her from brow to throat

under his cool, appraising eyes, as he bent over the piano as if to help her with her search.

"What do you wish to find?" he asked in a businesslike way. "Perhaps I can assist you."

"Thank you, it isn't necessary."

She held her head at an unresponsive angle involuntarily, so that she might not see his face, which had struck her as unexpectedly younger and better-looking than hitherto.

"I see that my sister has fitted up a little music-room for you. Have you done much practising there yet?"

"Some."

"You are not homesick in your new quarters?"

"No."

"Let me hold that portfolio for you." He interposed a dexterous hand. "Oh, don't thank me — you see, if you drop it, courtesy will oblige me to pick up all the music. This is the first time we've met since you have been in the house; I've been so patient that I deserve more than to have little cold, hard monosyllables thrown at me."

"Patient!"

"Haven't I seen you slip out of the way when you thought I was coming? I'm accustomed to the phenomenon." The lightness of his tone did not hide the bitter strain under it. "Really, I'm not lacking in perception. I wished to give you time to get inured to the sad fact that I live here; and you need not have changed the time for your lessons last week, for I have no regular time for my daily exodus at present. If you *will* keep your head so persistently turned away, you might as well utilize the position. Play me something."

"No, you play for me," returned Dosia, glad of the chance to divert his attention from her.

"I might play 'Greeting,' since I'm not going to get any."

He seated himself on the piano-bench she vacated, and played a few strains absently. There was that in the low, sweet chords among which his fingers strayed that could not but enchain. She forgot her aloofness to listen. Presently he said:

"Who is my rival?"

"What do you mean?" She started up, and stood with both arms resting on the lower end of the grand piano, staring at him.

"I could not think that blush was for me — that beautiful color that stole over you when I came in. It couldn't be for me, when you have avoided me so pointedly. So I concluded, of course, that it was either the reflection from that brick wall out there, or was called forth by the thought of my rival."

"I will not say that it was the brick wall," said Dosia, yielding to the light, heady spirit he always roused in her, with, also, the little under-knowledge of her secret dream.

"Then I will not say it was the rival," said Lawson. He added in a lower tone: "And I wouldn't give it up to any rival; I saw it — it was mine."

"You claim a great deal," returned Dosia, wishing that she had the strength of mind to go and leave him, yet loath to lose a moment of this converse.

He shook his head as he answered gently: "No, you are mistaken there; I claim nothing. I have no rights — only privileges. I hope it's going to be my privilege to have a little of your charming society in the next few days. I shall be at home, perforce; I've lost my position."

"Oh, I'm sorry!" said Dosia, with her quick sympathy. He raised one hand deprecatingly, while the other still weaved in and out in a pianissimo accompaniment.

"Sorry? For me? Oh, that's not the thing to say, at all. You should condemn my inability to keep the place."

"Why do you talk like this?" asked Dosia, with a pained feeling.

"Why do you run when you see me coming?" He flashed a quizzical glance at her.

"I don't," she began to say, but her words trailed off into an inarticulate murmur.

He had played a chord or two more to her silence before he stopped to lean forward and say:

"Why did you avoid me on the train? You need not trouble yourself to answer. Some kind person had warned you against being too polite to me — and you took the warning like a good little girl. It has been borne in upon me quite a number of times that I do not exactly command respect in this community. I assure you that I know my place."

"But, oh, why don't you *make* people respect you?" cried Dosia. "Why don't you make them? If you really try — oh, if I were a man, I wouldn't sit quietly and say such things. You can do anything if you really try."

"Can you?" He smiled with indulgence at her copy-book wisdom. "Well, perhaps you can, if there's sufficient impetus to the effort. There really isn't with me. When I was a boy — you'll tire yourself if you stand up any longer. Come and sit over here by the fire."

She followed half mechanically to the sofa on which he arranged the cushions for her, seating himself in the other corner, where he leaned forward, looking, not at her, but at the fire.

His personality was so strong that each inch that lessened the distance between her and that lithe, sinewy figure and the dark Oriental face brought a corresponding thrill of magnetism to Dosia — a subtle excitement which drew her into its spell. The confusion which had clouded her at first was gone; she felt luminously clear, in preparation for some great moment of confidence, in which her mission would be to help and sustain. She broke the silence presently to say, with a sweet and halting diffidence, through which her earnestness showed:

"I want you to tell me. You began to say — I want to know about when you were a boy."

"When I was a boy I made a wrong start. Heaven knows, it wasn't my fault! I was good enough before that — religiously inclined!" He leaned forward and struck a log with one of the fire-irons, sending a shower of sparks flying upward. "Where do you think I learned half the bad I know? At a camp-meeting! But I won't go back to the past — it's a mistake. Only, I came here literally 'on suspicion.'"

"Yes," said Dosia, with her clear spirit-voice; "and you tried to work up from under it."

Lawson dropped his chin into his hands, looking moodily ahead. "I'm afraid not always. Sometimes the contrary."

"Oh, oh," breathed Dosia, in a whisper.

"If you want me to tell you the truth! Your relatives are quite right in ordering you to avoid me. There has never been anybody, you see, to really care whether I kept straight or not."

"Your sister?"

Lawson shrugged his shoulders. "It would, of course, be pleasanter for Myra if she hadn't me on her mind, and Leverich has done his best, I suppose. I'm not groaning — just telling you the bare facts. Living 'on suspicion' is demoralizing in the long run, that's all; one lives down to an opinion as well as up to it, you know. There's never been any one, since I was a child, to really believe in me, so there's nobody to be disappointed."

"*I* will believe in you," said Dosia, with the vibrating tone of her emotion. Her clear eyes looked at his as if to convey strength and warmth and all that was uplifting straight to his heart.

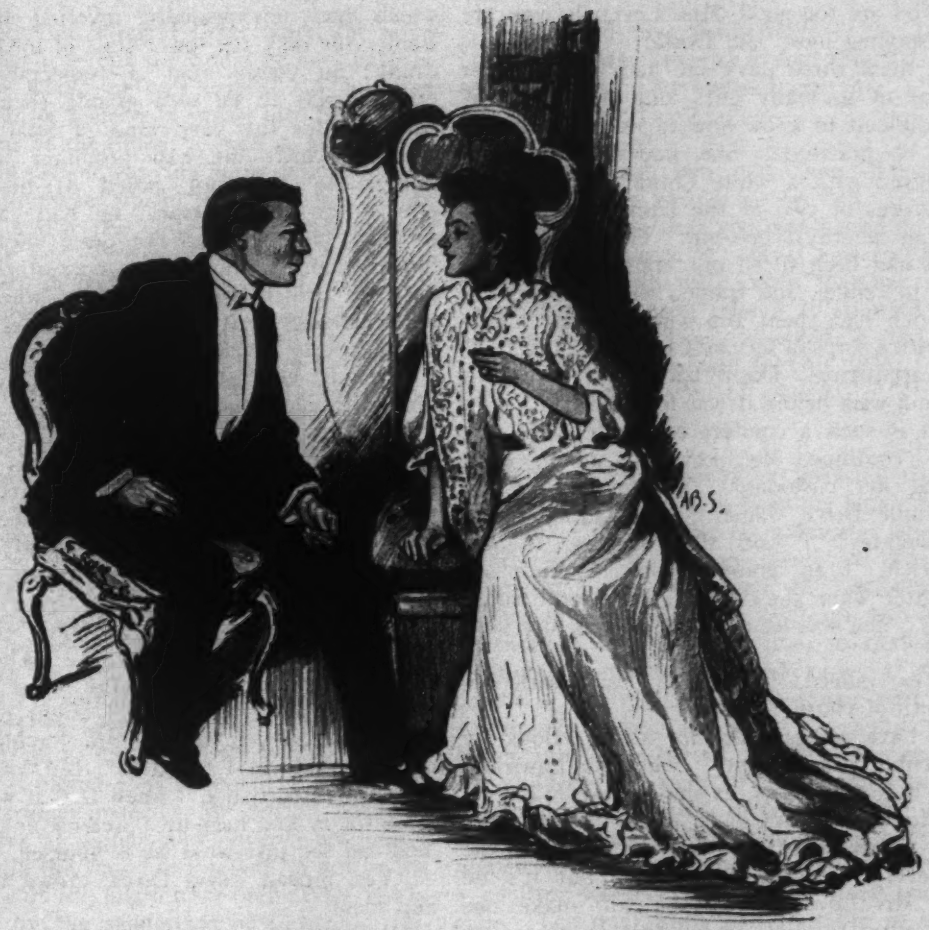
"You had better not."

"I will believe in you!" Her tone had even greater insistence. "I know what it is — myself — to be with those who do not care. You are not as other people think you! You can be good and noble. You can" — her voice sank to a whisper — "resist temptation. If one prays — it helps; I know that." Her voice rose steadily again, after a tremulous silence: "You can never say again that no one believes in you, for I believe in you."

"And care?" asked Lawson.

His eyes glittered and his face worked with some unusual emotion.

"HE STOOPED AND GENTLY PRESSED HIS LIPS TO HER HAND"



"MR. SUTTON DEVOTED HIMSELF FOR THE REST OF THE SHORT EVENING TO ADA SNOW"

"And care," assented Dosia, with the same unwavering eyes and serious, childlike candor of tone.

He stooped and gently pressed his lips to her hand as it lay upon her gown. "You are the very sweetest child! I—" He stopped abruptly, and walked away to the window. The next moment Mrs. Leverich was rustling into the room.

If she suspected an interview too confidential, she showed nothing of it in her manner. She had come back to take her guest out driving, after all — the sun was shining. Dosia ran to get ready, tingling — was it from the exaltation or the excitement of this interview, with its unexpected compact? She trembled with the pathos of it all. She passed each phase of it rapidly before her mind, to convince herself that there was nothing in words or feeling, no, not in that reverential homage of Lawson's, that could be interpreted as disloyalty to the unknown to whom her future belonged.

Mrs. Leverich was waiting with a magnificent wrap of velvet and fur for Dosia to put on in the carriage over her street costume.

"I was sure you were not warm enough yesterday," she explained. She leaned forward to call to the coachman: "James, you may drive first to Benning's. We are going to get some chocolates to take with us, dear; I know girls always enjoy themselves more if there is a box of chocolates handy."

"Oh, Mrs. Leverich!" said Dosia gratefully.

"And we will stop at the greenhouse and get some flowers for you to wear to-night at dinner. You know, George Sutton is coming. I want you to look particularly well."

"I don't care to look particularly well for *him*," objected Dosia, stiffening.

"No, of course, you don't *need* to; but, still, a girl should always look as pretty as she *can;* she can never tell who is going to see her. James, ask at the express-office if there are any packages. I sent for some of the new books. Yes, that is for me. Now, my dear, you'll have something nice to read."

"You are too good, Mrs. Leverich; you are just spoiling me," said Dosia.

In these three days she had been the recipient of so many gifts and favors that it was difficult to know how to vary her expression of gratitude. She had already been presented with a white China silk tea-gown, the scores of two of the latest light operas, and an amethyst belt-pin. The little music-room had been fitted out appropriately from floor to ceiling, and framed with palms; Mrs. Leverich had spent the whole of one morning with a corps of servants, planning, directing, and approving. Dosia had hardly time to frame a wish before it was forestalled.

"It is such a comfort to me to have you here," continued Mrs. Leverich, sinking back among her cushions. "You may take the Five-mile Drive, James. If I had only had a daughter! I said this morning to Mr. Leverich, 'I am going to pretend she's my daughter while she's here.' You don't mind, dear? You will let me have you for my very own?"

"Yes, indeed," answered Dosia, with the warmth of youth.

"I have never wished for a son. Boys are a terrible responsibility. There is Lawson."

"Yes," said Dosia, as she paused.

"He has always been such a trial. We have given him every advantage — and he *has* every advantage naturally; but it's no use. Mr. Leverich says he will make one more effort for him, and if that is no use he must go. We have simply done all we can. I would not speak so openly to you if you had not been staying in the house, but you could not help hearing."

"Hearing ——?"

"Yes, these nights when he has come home so late. George Sutton brought him home Tuesday night from the train — he couldn't walk alone. I was so ashamed at the noise!"

"Oh!" breathed Dosia in a horrified undertone. She added, "Has he always been like this?"

"More or less. At first it was only when he went away; but he couldn't keep any position long, because he *would* go away for days and days at a stretch. And now it is getting to be — *any* time. I'm sure we have done everything in this world to keep it quiet. And Lawson has every advantage naturally; it is only this — drinking. Of course, no one can have any confidence in him; I always felt that it was hopeless, from the first."

No one had believed in him! Dosia caught at the confirmation as a ray of light gilding this dark and shining morass, the sight of which had unexpectedly revolted her. In Balderville only the lower class of inhabitants drank; no young man of respectability or position was to be seen among them. But was not this the very kind of trial of her through which she had promised to have faith? He had not posed as devoid of offense; on the contrary, he had confessed to guilt, only she had not quite understood. Sin as plain sin shows a glazed surface, quite decently presentable; it is only when it is particularized that the monstrosities below are hideously revealed.

"It must be a great grief to you," she said now, with earnestness.

"Yes, it is. Mr. Leverich says I shall not have so much on my mind after this winter; he has put his foot down. The nights I have passed! I'm always fancying that he is run over, or has fallen from the ferry-boat; it's the most dreadful strain. James, we are to stop for the ice-cream on the way back — don't forget; and those cakes at Mrs. Springer's — they were ordered yesterday. Where was I? I forget. Oh, yes — the most dreadful strain! and I felt that I ought to speak about him to you, as you are staying under my care, and yet I hated to. But, of course, after the disturbance, I knew that it was nonsense to try and keep up a pretense any longer. You can see just what he is yourself."

"Yes, indeed," said Dosia, grown big-eyed and silent.

Her hostess insisted on her drinking a large cup of hot bouillon on her return, she looked so pale and chilly, relighted the logs in Dosia's room with her own fat, white, beringed hands, and enveloped the girl enthusiastically several times in a large and perfumed embrace, in confirmation of her new position as a daughter. Dosia was dainty about the manifestations of affection; though she was intensely responsive in spirit to the least show of it, material demonstrations were unnatural to her; she was shy of being touched even by her own sex. It was only with little children that the exuberance of her feeling poured forth in caresses. That the hand-clasp the night of the disaster had appealed so strongly to her imagination was partly because of the fact that the comfort it conveyed transcended the strangeness of contact. To be pressed now to a warm, semi-maternal bosom covered with voluminous folds of mauve velvet and lace gave her only an embarrassed gratitude, which she felt, guiltily, as being far from adequate to the occasion. And she was weary of trying to elude the vacillations of her mind. She would keep her promise to Lawson,— yes,

yes, indeed! a hundred times more, the more he needed it,— but she would be very careful, too; she would be *very* careful. A hundred tiny defenses seemed to spring into being.

He was at the dinner as well as Mr. Sutton. The sixth person was Ada Snow, with the well-bred composure which concealed her innate shyness, and in the white dotted swiss she had worn for ten years past, ever since she had graduated, in fact, and which still looked decently presentable. Dosia was gay and conversational, as she was expected to be, the party being hers. She had begun to feel the daughter of luxury, if not of Mrs. Leverich, and accepted the honors with the easily accustomed grace that is born of admiration and security, conscious every moment through it all of that bond between herself and Lawson. He looked boyish and happy. Later, in a talk about skating, he offered to teach her to skate the next day if the ice held; and Mrs. Leverich, to whom Dosia looked, expecting her to invent some excuse, approved at once, and planned to send for skates the first thing in the morning. His quizzical eye seized unerringly on the signs of withdrawal in her, and brought the blush of compunction to her cheek, while Mr. Leverich jocosely deplored that he could not take the office of trainer instead. Mr. Sutton, who had sat by her at dinner, and hovered amorously over her in the way a girl detests in a man she does not care for, might have been mysteriously rebuffed by the suggestion of Lawson's intimacy, for he devoted himself for the rest of the short evening to Ada Snow, who dropped into one of her statuesque angles on an ottoman, and talked to him in her low, trained voice with modestly confidential deference, until he left, quite early. His attention to Miss Snow had not kept him, however, from picking up Dosia's handkerchief twice when she happened to drop it.

Billy Snow created a diversion by coming in at half-past ten for his sister, and stating casually that he had seen the doctor's carriage stopping at the Alexander house as he passed.

"As you passed *now?*" cried Dosia, startled. "Are the children worse?" An unacknowledged compunction, which she had felt through all her pleasures, at leaving the sick household, sprang swiftly to the front. "Oh, I'm so afraid Redge and Zaidee are worse! I wish I could go there at once and see!"

"If they only had a telephone," began Mrs. Leverich, for the twentieth time. "I can send ——"

"Oh, if I could only go myself!" interrupted Dosia, looking utterly miserable in her sudden wild anxiety

"You could have the carriage — but James is asleep." Mrs. Leverich looked almost as miserable as Dosia in her baffled hospitality. "But if you don't mind walking ——"

"No — oh, no!"

"Then Lawson can take you, of course. There are some wraps in the hall. I'll pin your dress up, so that you won't need to take the time to change it. *Must* you go, Ada? Then you can all walk down together. Mr. Leverich would have offered to go with you himself, I know, Dosia,— wouldn't you, Joseph? — if it were not for his cold. But Lawson can take you, of course!"

XI

Lois, left in charge of a measles-stricken household, had plenty to keep her hands busy, and yet, as there was no particular anxiety attaching to the disease, plenty of time for meditation. She possessed the unfortunate quality of being able to keep up two lines of thought at the same time, so that little occupations really occupied only a small corner of her mind, and the larger part was continually taken up with the subject of larger interest — herself. While she rocked the children and sang to them, and cut out pictures, and prepared their meals, and took care of them all day with the aid of a young nursemaid, she was unceasingly traversing a country wherein she walked alone and in exile. The quarantine had shut her in more rigorously upon herself; there were now no distractions. Her husband was more anxious about the children than she was, and seriously distressed at first that so much was thrown upon her. He had wanted to get a trained nurse at once; but after her assurances that she did not mind staying in, that her exertions did not tire her, and that she much preferred matters as they were, he accepted this version without further question or comment, and went about his affairs, satisfied that she knew best in this her own department. It is a well-known fact that quarantine, the observance of which is exacted down to the last second of its limit from the women of a household, does not affect the bread-winner of it, who goes and comes immune. Justin thought it his duty, in view of this fact, to be as careful as possible about being much with the children. He stood obediently outside of the nursery door and talked to them from there when Lois said, "You had better not come in." When she refused a service offered by him, he did not press it again. He frequently stayed late at the office, and got his dinner in town; or, if he did come home, he

went out again to spend the long evenings, in which she had to be up-stairs, at houses where there were no children to be kept from contagion, and where he could talk to men. He was really so busy that, though he was ready to help his wife in any way that she would indicate, it was an immense relief to be able to leave the conduct of affairs to her. There was, besides, a curious hardness of manner in her which he unconsciously resented. She seemed to hold herself aloof from him, and there was no allurement to follow. That temporary indifference which those who love allow themselves sometimes, with the clear knowledge that it is only indifference because they do allow it, to be merged into dearest companionship at will — this had been pushed too far. It is a dangerous thing to let love slip away, even for the pleasure of regaining it.

It seemed pitiful beyond words to Lois that she should have to stand alone now. She could have done this willingly if she had been by herself, but to stand alone in this dual solitude, where she might have had support — she could not understand it. She wept uncontrollably with the pity of it, and dashed the tears away that she might smile, red-eyed, upon her children, who could not feel the pathos of it.

There is little provision made in most girlhood for that independence of living which marriage unexpectedly forces upon a woman, in many instances, in almost as great a degree as when she is thrown out into the world upon her own resources. To be high and fine, rational and spirited, cheerful and loving, quite by one's self, without audience or applause, takes a new kind of strength, to which the muscles are little trained. A woman can reach almost any height on a spurt for praise or recognition; but to get up, sit down, eat, drink, walk, read, sleep, care for the children, order the meals, as a rational human being whose business it was to perform these functions intelligently, with no personality attached to it — to have it taken for granted that she would naturally order her life as it suited her best, and desired no interference — it was like being pushed out into the cold.

If Justin's indifference was unexplainable to Lois, it was equally mysterious to him that she expected daily to be urged to seek amusement, to "take something" for her cold, to stay in if it were wet or to go out if it were dry, to avoid overwork, not to sew too much, and to be sure and rest in the afternoon — all the little kindly round of woman's sympathies that keep the heart warm. Justin had been brought up in the good old-fashioned way by a mother who, while requiring obedience and honesty from her sons, never required them to think of anybody else. In his conduct now he did entirely as he would be done by. He hated to be noticed, himself, in little ways; he did as he pleased, with the directness that is the inheritance of centuries of predominance, but he had become affectionately parrot-wise in some of the sentences he found were conducive to his wife's happiness. In his new absorption he had forgotten the sentences. He was deeply occupied with his own affairs. When Lois said to Zaidee, "Mama is busy; she cannot attend to you now," she exemplified unconsciously her husband's present position toward herself. Many men regard women primarily in the light of children; and the more occupied Justin became in his own affairs, the more reluctant he became to talk of them at home to this child who was his wife. Her vivid surprise at normal conditions, the unnecessary worry and shallow generalization of ignorance, irritated him. He became more and more taciturn, though he was always kind and affectionate, even if his kindness and affection lacked, as she felt, the true inner glow; but in the state of mind which Lois had now made her own, no evidence of affection, however great on the part of her husband, would have meant anything to her, more than momentarily, for it was seen afterward through a medium which at once distorted and nullified, and not even the complete absorption in and surrender to herself that she craved could have satisfied the insatiable. She was drifting to a place among the great and terrible company of nerve-centered people, revolving wheels of centrifugal force, sweeping into their own restless orbit all with which they come in contact as they go on their devastating way through the universe.

Dosia, on the night when she had hurried down to the house with Lawson Barr, had found nothing out of the ordinary; the doctor had been delayed until late by a case of more insistence, that was all. She came down, however, on other evenings, luxuriously cloaked and wrapped, rosy and smiling, with radiant eyes, and held rapid conversations with Lois down-stairs, while Lawson waited in the hall, or sometimes went on farther and came back for her. Lois herself had never considered Lawson of importance, although she had warned Dosia against him. His sympathetic manner now pleased her. As the children improved, the measles threatened to become at once epidemic and more virulent in the town, so that it was thought wise to avoid comment by having no communication by

daylight with the Alexander household. Dosia was thus, for a few minutes at a time, Lois' one social link with the outside world, for Justin, as she said bitterly, told her nothing. After three weeks of solitude and self-communing, the barriers began to give way.

She was glad to hear her husband come in one afternoon much earlier than usual. Something had been said the day before about her going out for a drive. Her heart beat at the sound of his voice, and she ran down-stairs eagerly, but checked herself, as she had a way of doing lately, when she came near him. Her face, devoid of expression, was lifted to his to be kissed. For all her forbidding manner, she was ready to thaw if he would only take the trouble to shine directly upon her. It was a beautiful spring afternoon, and she felt the invading monitions of happiness, in spite of herself, as he kissed her, saying at once hurriedly, if very kindly:

"'YOU DON'T CARE!' SHE WHISPERED"

"I've got to dress and take the five-o'clock train back to town."

"Oh!" She was chilled to ice. "Won't you be here to dinner?"

"Why, no. Girard — do you remember my speaking of him? He's sent me a ticket for the Western Club dinner in town to-night. There will be fine speaking; not that I care for that particularly, but it is really important for me to be there. There are not many tickets; I'm in luck to get one." He stopped irresolutely. "You don't mind my going? I thought you'd be with the children."

"No, I don't mind your going." She added under her breath, "And it wouldn't make any difference to you if I did."

"What did you say?"

"Nothing."

"If it were any place that you could have gone to with me, I would have refused."

"Oh!"

He looked at her uneasily, but said no more. She heard him whistling softly as he was getting dressed. In reality his conscience was uncomfortably pricking him. He felt that he had let her bear too much alone, that he might have been more thoughtful — he couldn't exactly tell how. He registered a mental vow to take her out somewhere the very first chance he got.

He came in the nursery to say good-by to the children and to her. She asked:

"What train will you take back to-night?"

"I don't suppose I can get anything earlier than the twelve."

"You mean the one that gets here at a quarter to one?"

"Yes, of course. Don't sit up for me."

He was gone; the door had closed behind him — he was gone. Almost before she realized it, he was gone. It could not be — she was not ready to have him go yet! There were

so many things she had meant to say to him. She would have rushed to the door to call him back, but Redge cried out for her. She took him out of his crib and ran to the window with him, over the floor that was strewed with playthings. Justin was already nearly out of sight. He must, he must, he *must* come back again! He must. She willed it so intensely that he must feel it, if he loved her, and come back. If you willed things hard enough, they happened; people said so. She was willing, willing, *willing* him to come back. She watched the clock, and listened for the sound of the passing train. Seven minutes to walk to the station — seven minutes to walk back again, as she willed him to come. Thirty minutes had passed; he had stopped here, there, or yon, on his way home. An hour — and he had not come! She had willed in vain. He had gone.

From six o'clock until a quarter of one, — until one o'clock, for the midnight train was always late, — that was seven hours. Seven hours to wait, seven hours to think and think. She gave the children their supper; she laughed with them, she played with them, helped the nurse undress them, sang them to sleep, with that dreadful undercurrent of thinking all the time. She had her dinner, eating without knowing what she ate, trying to take a long while at it. Afterward she lighted the lamp in the little drawing-room, took out her sewing, and sat down there to wait. There were five hours and a half yet.

There was a ring at the door-bell about eight o'clock, which proved the herald of little Mrs. Snow, holding in one hand a provisionary vial.

"No, thank you, I won't sit down," she said, in answer to Lois' invitation. "I just ran over to see if you could let me have a little cough medicine for William to-night; he has a little tickle in his throat that keeps him coughing. I knew it was no use telling *him* to get any medicine, so I said to Bertha, 'Bertha, I'm just going to run over to Mrs. Alexander's and see if she can lend me a spoonful of cough mixture.' I'll have my bottle renewed to-morrow."

"I'm sorry," said Lois, wondering at her power of suspending a heartbreak, "but we haven't a drop left in the house."

"There is so much bronchitis around now," continued Mrs. Snow, oblivious of the fact that the same impetus that had brought her as far as the Alexanders' would have taken her to the druggist's. "No, thank you; I can't sit down."

She stood by the mantel in a drooping attitude that gave her a plaintive effect, in combination with her soft wrinkled black garments and her small white, delicate, finely wrinkled face. Mrs. Snow had, as a usual thing, only two tones to her voice — the plaintive and the inquisitive; the former was in evidence now.

"There is so much bronchitis around now. I think if you can take hold of it at the first beginning, with a little cough medicine, when it's just a tickle in the throat, you can often save a great deal."

"I suppose you can," said Lois. She felt a vague duty of conversation. "Isn't William well?"

His mother shook her head. "No, my dear, not at all, though he will not own it. I ask him every time he comes in the house how he feels, and sometimes he won't even answer me." She heaved a sigh. "You're not looking well yourself, Mrs. Alexander; you mustn't take care of the children too hard."

"Oh, nothing ever hurts *me*," said Lois in a hard voice.

"I'm glad they're so nearly well. I met Mr. Alexander to-night on his way back to town. It was a pity you couldn't have gone with him. If you had sent for me, I could have come and stayed with the children as well as not."

"Oh, thank you," said Lois.

"I suppose you don't see much of Miss Dosia?"

"No, not much as yet."

Mrs. Snow cleared her throat deprecatingly. "A number of people have been asking me lately if she and Mr. Barr were engaged."

"Engaged! Why, of course not," exclaimed Lois contemptuously. "There is not the slightest question of such a thing; in fact, she dislikes him. He simply takes her around because she is at his sister's."

"Oh!" said Mrs. Snow, "Miss Dosia dislikes Mr. Barr — does she really, now! I'm sure I told everybody that I knew they couldn't be engaged, although they do seem to be so much together. So she dislikes him; Ada dislikes him, too. There's something about Mr. Barr so — well, you can't exactly tell what it is, can you, but it's there; something that's not exactly like a gentleman — not like Mr. Sutton. Ada likes Mr. Sutton so much. It's such a relief to me to find that Miss Dosia is so sensible; she's a sweet young girl — a little fond of attention, perhaps, but many young girls *are*. No, I thank you, my dear, I cannot sit down; I *must* go now. I don't think you're looking well; you must be careful and not overdo."

"Oh, nothing hurts me," said Lois again, with a peculiar little smile. The insinuation about Dosia did no more than swell the undercurrent of bitterness by another unnecessary drop.

And Mrs. Snow was gone. Lois had not

"HE HAD PLAYED A CHORD OR TWO MORE TO HER SILENCE"

wanted her, but how alone it was now! Even Mrs. Snow had seen that she did not look well — had pitied her.

The children were asleep up-stairs, the maids were in the kitchen. The clock in the hall ticked. People walked past the house: a man alone — another man; young people, laughing and catching up with those ahead; some shuffling, hobbling toilers; then the light step of a woman returning from work; then another man. Occasionally, but not often, a carriage rolled down the street. The footsteps were always clear and distinct from the corner below to the upper crossing. When it was a train-time, there were more footsteps coming and going — between trains only the solitary footsteps again. She heard the man in the house across the street run up the steps to his front door, and turn the key in the lock. The door opened and shut behind him. The clock in the hall struck the half-hour — it was half-past eight. Oh, if there had been a life-time of misery in that last half-hour, what was there to come? An eternity, an eternity of desolation!

If she were to will him now to come home, if in the midst of the glittering lights and flowers he could hear her cry to him,— "*Justin, I want you!*"— he would *have* to come. "Justin, I want you!" She rose and paced the floor, sobbing out the words. No, he would not hear her — he did not want to hear her. Perhaps he was laughing now. She would have gone to *him*, if he had wanted her, though she had had to crawl upon her knees through thorns and briers. Ah, how she would have gone! A rush of blinding tears filled her eyes. He did not care. She had been ready to cling to him, and sob her heart out on his breast, and beg him to love her and kiss her and stay with her; and he had not seen. She had asked (in a tone that mutely pleaded, "You will not leave me so long?"), "The train that gets here at a quarter to one?" and he had answered, "Yes, of course." That was all. If her lips had touched his so coldly when he had said good-by, it was because she had longed to have him notice it, and ask her why. But he had not noticed the coldness, he had not asked her why. He had not wanted any more warmth in her. He did not care!

There came swift moments in those long and passion-freighted hours when the darkened, distorted vision cleared in wonderful flashes that brought the healing of light. In these moments she caught glimpses of herself, not as this draggled, pain-gripped, hungry creature, the prey of frenzied, torturing moods, but as a wife tenderly beloved, a happy mother of little children, the mistress of comforts that her husband had won for her, the appointed dispenser of blessings; a wife tenderly beloved, the true owner of her husband's heart, a woman whose work it was to grow daily in strength and grace, that she might be more and more his helper, his lover. Even as this glimpse was shut out again, there was the piercing thought, If that were real, and what her darkened eyes beheld untrue! Things are what they are, no matter how one's distorted vision sees them. If it were really true, no matter how she saw it now, that she was a wife tenderly beloved, with happiness within her grasp, and a miserable woman indeed only that she was blind to its possibilities! She had said, *The train that gets here at a quarter to one?* with what a longing for him not to leave her, and he had answered, *Yes, of course.* Nothing could make those words any different. And she wanted him, and he did not care — he did not care. Justin, Justin! The long, long, torturing fangs of self-pity had her by the throat.

The house was silent, the children slept, the maids had gone up-stairs. The hours wore on into the night. The footsteps passed up and down the street only at long intervals. The air grew chill in the house. In the quiet, the watcher could hear the trains far, far off across the flats.

At twelve o'clock the spring rain began to fall, gently at first, and then in torrents, coming straight down with a rushing sound that blotted out both trains and footsteps. And the train was late, as she had said it would be. It was after one o'clock when Justin ran up the steps with that firm, quick tread of his, opened the door, and came in. His face was bright and eager; he was full yet of the pleasure of the evening, and anxious to make her a sharer of it. He turned to speak to his wife, and the glow on his countenance died out instantly as with a breath from the tomb.

Lois sat stiffly upright in a chair, facing him. The light had gone out in the lamp, and the one gas-burner above, with its meager flicker, cast the room into the desolate half-shadows that speak of the late hours of the night. She had worn a scarlet house-gown in the evening. The trailing folds swept the floor around her slippered feet now; her bare arms gleamed below the sleeves that only reached beyond the elbow. Around her was flung a gray cloak, buttoned askew at the throat, and in one of her folded hands she held a black lace scarf. Her face was white, and her large eyes stared straight before her rigidly, yet with a wild gleam in them. As

he looked at her, she rose and moved as if to pass him.

He stepped forward with his dripping overcoat half off.

"Where are you going?"

She made no answer, but looked at him as she edged on farther to the door.

"Where are you going? Answer me."

Her lips stiffly framed the word: "Out."

"Out! What do you mean?" He spoke roughly, in a terrible anxiety and anger mixed together. "What are you working yourself up to all this foolishness for?"

Again she did not answer.

He went on more sternly, yet with an undercurrent of entreaty:

"Come in here and take off those things and be rational. Why do you look at me like that?"

"You don't care — any more."

Oh, if he would snatch her to him now, and press her to his breast, that she might feel his protecting arms around her! If he would kiss her now with the kisses she remembered, and love her, and comfort her, and send this horrible spirit out of her! How could he not know that that was the way to exorcise it, that it was what her spent soul craved? How could he keep from putting his arms around her when she was in agony?

Never in his life had her husband been less likely to do so. The wild defiance in her eyes would have made any woman repulsive to him. He had all a man's horror of a "scene," mingled with a deeper disgust that she should be the actress in it; and his anger was the more that he felt the whole thing to be unnecessary. Underneath this anger, however, was the sense of responsibility for his wife's welfare, such as one would have for a child, no matter how outrageous.

"You don't care!" She whispered the words again.

"No, I *don't* care for you when you act like this." His voice was sterner even than before. It was time that this travesty came to an end.

She stared at him as before. "Then I'll go!" she said wildly, and slipped past him out of the door and into the rain, running with swift yet uncertain footsteps down the black, wet street, listening, listening all the time for him to follow — listening as she ran. She walked more slowly now as she listened; she had gone nearly a block already toward the river. Oh, would he let her go? For one awful moment she feared that this phantasm might become a reality; and yet she knew, as well as she knew that she lived, that he would not let it be so. Yes, yes, there was his quick, sharp tread at last, gaining on her. He walked like the angry man he was, but the sound brought a furtive thrill of bliss to her. How strong he was when he was angry! He had had to notice her at last; he could think of nothing but her now.

She trembled as he came up to her. He only said in a matter-of-fact tone, "It's time to stop this now. You'll get wet." He took her by the arm and turned her around, heading for home. The mere touch of his guiding hand on her arm sent warmth through her icy veins. She trembled as her feet tottered beside his, her strength suddenly spent with the breaking up of her long passion.

Neither spoke as they walked home. When they were in the house again, he unfastened her cloak with awkward fingers, and took the dripping scarf from her wet hair, throwing them on a chair.

She leaned her head upon his breast, clinging to him with an inarticulate murmur for forgiveness, and he smoothed her hair for a moment. She raised her face to his to be kissed, and he kissed her. She humbly asked nothing; she would be satisfied with anything now. She went up to her room, as he made her; and when she was in bed, he came and sat down by her, and held the hand she mutely placed in his, as her imploring eyes asked. But he had to put a force upon himself to do it. The whole play was distasteful and repugnant beyond words to him; it weakened every bond that bound him to her. He sought for no self-analyzing causes. He had so much care upon him now that more than ever in his life before he needed diversion, sympathy, love, rest — rest above everything else on earth.

TO BE CONTINUED

HOW JONES EARNED THE V. C.

BY

EDWARD JOHNSTONE

ILLUSTRATION BY F. C. YOHN

A CLOUD of dust appeared on the sky-line. The corporal in charge of the ambulance came to the door of the hospital-tent. A moment later he disappeared, to return again with a pair of field-glasses and accompanied by a trooper with a flag.

"What's up?" queried the trooper.

"Another idiot got a bullet through his hide," grumbled the corporal, as he took down the message that was being signaled from a distant kopje.

"Any answer?" exclaimed the trooper.

"You must be in a confounded hurry to wag that dirty bit of dish-rag. Why can't you wait till I get the whole message?" growled the corporal, as he gave a final flourish with his pencil; then added: "'One killed — two wounded — send ambulance.' All right; signal 'Orders received, understood, and attended to.'"

The trooper smiled as he despatched the answer. The corporal's bustling ways amused him.

Five minutes later the ambulance galloped out of camp. The black driver was going for all he was worth — much to the discomfort of the orderly in charge, who was being rattled about like a solitary pill in a pill-box. One mule had already shot his bridle, but that was a mere trifle. The ambulance was sure to get there somehow.

The ambulance having departed, the camp once more settled down — all save the corporal, whose dominating tones could be heard ordering certain black boys to do various duties under pain of eternal damnation and imaginary surgical operations.

Gradually the cloud of dust neared the camp. A stallion in the horse lines ceased from his endeavors to kick the mule that was nearest to him and, lifting up his voice, whinnied to his returning comrades. Several dust-begrimed figures turned and shouted compliments to those left behind in camp, as they passed them on their way to the spruit. The horses were watered and the squadron came in.

An officer walking between the lines espied a man grooming a horse.

"Jones, didn't I tell you to report yourself to the medical corporal?"

"Yes, sir."

"Why haven't you done so?"

"I thought you wouldn't mind if I saw to my horse first, sir."

"Who told you to think?" Then, turning on his heel, "Sergeant Patrick, see that another man is told off to rub down Trooper Jones' horse."

Jones took his way to the hospital-tent. His wound was a mere scratch and he could not see why the officer should make such a fuss. It was all in a day's work, he told himself, and there was really no reason why some one else should be told to clean his horse for him.

"Hullo, Jones," exclaimed the corporal, "and what have you been doin' to get daylight into you?"

"Oh, nothing. Just a skin graze; nothing to make a fuss about."

"Well, off with that shirt and get fixed up before my corpse arrives."

Jones began pulling his shirt off, then stopped. He knew that he had winced.

The corporal's keen gray eyes shot through him. "Bit sticky, lad, eh?"

"Yes," replied Jones faintly; "you might give me a hand."

The corporal produced a pair of scissors and with a few deft snips cut the shirt up the seam to the shoulder. Then, with the aid of hot water and a sponge, he peeled it off his patient's ribs. "Well, you've got the luck of the devil!" he exclaimed.

"How's that?" replied Jones.

"Not every man whose ribs can deflect a bullet," said the corporal.

"THE GALLANT CONDUCT DISPLAYED BY TROOPER JONES IN RESCUING CORPORAL SMITH"

While Jones was having his wound dressed, a face appeared at the tent door.

"Hullo, corporal; how's your patient?"

"Oh, I think he's all right, sir."

"Good!" and the officer went his way.

"Well, you're in luck," exclaimed the corporal. "Not often the captain leaves his duty to inquire after a man."

Another moment and the tent door again opened. This time it was the squadron sergeant-major.

"Hullo, Jones," exclaimed that mighty man, with, for him, a most rare attempt at familiarity; then, turning to the corporal, he added, "You've got hold of the right man this time."

"What in blazes have you been up to?" exclaimed the corporal, as the sergeant-major disappeared. "Been and made your will in favor of the squadron, or spotted the Derby winner?"

"Blessed if I know," replied Jones. "I couldn't see anything strange about their behavior — at least, nothing worth mentioning."

The corporal whistled.

Jones cast an anxious eye round the tent. Surgical dressings he could see in profusion, but his heart sank at sight of his tattered shirt.

The corporal saw the meaning of his glance as it rested on the filthy garment. "How are you off for shirts?" he exclaimed.

"It's my last," replied Jones.

"What's wrong with your spare shirt?"

"Threw it away."

"Well, I'll be hanged! I suppose you expected to see shirts growing on the veldt?" exclaimed the corporal, with contemptuous superiority.

"No, but it was too dirty to keep any longer."

"Well, look here! I don't know what you've been and done, but I've one shirt left over from the store, and, if you'll promise not to say where it came from, I'll let you wear it till you get well."

"I'll promise."

"All right; but if you so much as let on where you got it, you'll never get anything else from me; so remember!"

The corporal bustled off, and returned a moment later with a brand-new government grayback, into which he assisted his patient, whom he released a moment later, saying:

"Off you go, now! Here's my corpse coming in, so I don't want to catch sight of you before morning."

As Jones left the tent, he observed the squadron paraded between the horse lines. Hurriedly taking his place in the ranks, he stood at ease and waited for the word of command.

Having stood the squadron to attention, the officer proceeded to have the roll called.

This being done, the captain ordered Trooper Jones to step to the front; then, addressing the squadron, he told them that he had called up Trooper Jones in order that he might inform him of how he, and, to his belief, the whole squadron, appreciated the gallant conduct displayed by Trooper Jones in rescuing Corporal Smith, since deceased, while wounded and exposed to a heavy fire, adding that it afforded him much pleasure to state that a report of his conduct would be forwarded to headquarters, accompanied by a strong recommendation for the V. C.

Jones, for the first time in his life, felt that he was in a position from which there was no escape. Hurriedly thanking the captain for his kindness in mentioning his conduct, he confusedly took his place in the ranks and again stood at attention. The parade was dismissed, and Jones wandered off in search of the cook.

Having bolted a hasty meal, he proceeded, with his saddle for a pillow, to lie down and sleep beneath the stars.

The Colonial Carbineers were not, as a corps, much given to sentiment, and no one disturbed Jones to ask him how he felt or how pleased he was at the prospect of obtaining the V. C.; so Jones, shrouding himself in his blanket, gazed up at the stars and prepared to go to sleep.

From the horse lines came sundry squeals and clicking of heels against heel-pegs, accompanied, now and then, by the curses of the picket as they strove to right some ambitious steed that had got itself hung up on the picket-rope.

Jones did his best to sleep, but sleep he could not. His wound itched and smarted in a way that had seemed impossible before the camp had settled down.

Now and again he sat up and peered at the sleeping men as they lay between the horse lines. Here and there a man muttered in his sleep, but for the most part they slept the sleep of dog-tiredness.

Farther down the line he observed another figure seated. He recognized the face in the moonlight; it was that of a lad who had only lately joined them.

Seeing that he could not sleep, Jones picked up his blanket and walked down the lines to converse with the new-comer.

"Come to keep me company?" said the boy.

"Yes; but why the deuce don't you go to sleep?"

"Can't," replied the lad.

"Why can't you?"

"Well, to tell the truth, I'm all covered with these beastly parasites."

"You'll get used to them in time."

"Never."

"Well, anyway, you won't get used to them by lying awake. Don't be a fool, but take my advice and go to sleep — you can if you only try."

The boy nodded his curly head and turned over on his side.

Jones wrapped his blanket round him, and sat in the moonlight. He could not follow the advice he had just given, although the corporal's clean shirt had saved him temporarily from the same cause of wakefulness.

He looked at the face of the boy sleeping beside him. What a girlish face it was! The thought made him soliloquize. He thought of various girls he had met in the course of his wandering career, and wondered what they would say if he were awarded the V. C.

The night was frosty, and he drew the blanket round him for fear the frost should get into his wound. What a strange world it was and how oddly the changes in it were rung! That morning he, with all his ten years' experience of a wandering life, was just Trooper Jones, a mere nonentity and a forgotten member of the mighty cosmopolitan army; a man whose previous record nobody inquired into or cared about. To-night he was looked upon as a hero by the whole squadron — not that any of them expressed that opinion, but they all showed it — a hero because he had picked up a man, who was now dead, and carried him a hundred yards or so, under fire.

The boy by his side turned in his sleep and muttered something about home and the beastly veldt. Jones looked at the boy, and then remembered that he, at all events, knew nothing about his winning a recommendation for the V. C.; for the lad had not gone out that morning with the squadron, but had been left behind, too covered with veldt-sores to be of any use.

Something there was about the boy that reminded him of his own early struggles and his entry into that ring known as the world. Speedily he reviewed the last ten years. Situation after situation flashed through his brain, till suddenly he realized that South Africa was but a ripple on the sea of his experiences.

Perhaps it was owing to his wound, perhaps it was fatigue; but to his weary brain it seemed that some great mistake must have been made. It was hardly possible that he could have earned the V. C. He compared various events in which he had been a prominent actor, and told himself that he was a lucky dog.

He remembered how, when cruising with a trader in the South Sea Islands, he had jumped overboard and rescued a man from among the sharks; but neither he nor any one else had thought much about it at the time. He called to mind how he had ridden through a forest fire to save the family of a settler who was down country and unaware of the peril of his wife and children. He recollected how, at imminent risk to himself, he had descended a badly ventilated shaft to bring up a man who had been overcome by noxious gases. And, in addition to all such deeds, was he not one of the few men who had pioneered West Australia in face of every danger that savages, hunger, and thirst could offer?

He drew a pipe from his pocket and smoked, and ever, as he smoked, he thought deeply.

At last he muttered to himself aloud: "What rot to recommend me for the V. C.! I suppose I'll have to take it if they give it to me, but what is carrying a man a hundred yards under fire compared to a score of things I've done and seen others do?"

The lad at his side stirred uneasily. "What's that about the V. C.?" he asked peevishly.

"Oh, nothing at all!"

"Yes, there is. I heard some one say that a man had won the V. C."

"You can't believe all you hear. Why don't you go to sleep again?"

"Again! Why, I haven't been to sleep yet."

"Oh, indeed! By the way, youngster, what's your name?"

"Strange."

"Good name for *you*, I should think. Why the deuce you keep awake when you might sleep beats me altogether."

"What's your name?"

"Jones."

"Why, you must be the man who earned the V. C. to-day."

"Didn't earn it."

"Well, you won it, at all events."

"You know a deuce of a lot for a man who never went out with the squadron. Why didn't you go out? Then you might have had your information first hand."

"Well, you see, what with these parasites and veldt-sores, and the fact that I have a high temperature, they thought I would be best in camp."

"Oh! You seem to be alarmed about yourself."

"Well, I am rather. You see, we're an old family, and I'm the only son, and it would be a pity if I died."

"What on earth do you come out here for, if you don't want to die? That's what war's for."

"Yes, but, you see, enteric is one thing and bullets are another; and besides, you see, we're a very old family."

"What tommy-rot! Why, the Joneses are about the oldest family in the world; and yet, you never hear me talking snobbishly about my old family or the difference between bullets and enteric."

"Well," replied the boy, with a smile, "if your family is older than ours, I'd like to see your pedigree."

"Pedigree! To the deuce with your pedigrees. The surest guaranty of age, as families go, is the number of members of a family in existence; and, considering the number of Joneses and those of various names in other nationalities which all stand for Jones, I reckon ours is the oldest family on earth."

There was a look on the boy's face that reminded Jones of several faces he had seen before, whose owners now claimed in Africa the only land that they ever could own. Sympathy for the boy made him forget his wound and the fact that he could not sleep. He had had his slice of luck; he had apparently won the V. C., even if he had not earned it. Perhaps *his* might be the future path to glory, but that of the lad by his side might far more likely lead to the grave. What the boy had said about enteric and bullets was true, and he, Jones, had already had some luck with a bullet.

"Look here, Strange, do you think you could sleep if I got you a drink of grog?"

"It's awfully good of you to think of me. Have you got some to spare?"

"Yes."

"Thanks awfully."

Jones went to where his saddle lay and brought it back with him; then, unstrapping the wallets, produced a small flask.

"Here you are, Strange; finish this and go to sleep."

The boy took the flask and tasted it, then put it down again.

"Why don't you drink?"

"It's awfully good of you, Jones, but somehow it seems to hurt me inside, and what with veldt-sores and the other things outside, I don't think I could manage any pain inside."

Suddenly a wave of compassion swept over Jones. He remembered how, as a youngster, he had been tormented with sheep-ticks during the shearing season — how he had lain awake in the tropics, the prey of fleas and mosquitos. Then, nerving himself to a final pitch of heroism, he exclaimed:

"Look here, Strange; suppose we change shirts."

The boy stared in open-mouthed astonishment, but the temptation was too great to resist. Something suspiciously like a tear glittered in his eye as he exclaimed:

"I would never accept but for the fact that I haven't slept decently for a week and I think I've got the enteric."

"Never mind the enteric, but whip your shirt off."

Catching hold of Strange, Jones slipped off the dirty shirt, and then, taking off his own shirt, he handed it over without a word.

Picking up the garment that had lately adorned Strange, Jones proceeded through the lines to a board that bore a notice to the effect that no shirt must be cleaned within one hundred yards of camp. Later he rejoined Strange, still carrying the shirt in his hand.

Strange looked up, and, observing Jones' bandaged chest, exclaimed, "So you did win the V. C., in spite of what you said."

"Rot! At all events, I never earned it."

"Well, you've earned it now," exclaimed the boy, as he dropped off to sleep.

Half an hour later, Jones, tossing restlessly in his blanket, realized that he *had* earned the V. C.

IN THE MORNING

BY RUTHELLO ANSHUTZ

I WOKE up early, when it just was light,
And everything was very strange and still;
The wind was blowing, as it blows at night;
Beyond the trees, the road lay calm and white,
Where, all day, noisy wagons roll downhill.

The grass and trees looked very cool and green;
There were not any shadows there at all:
The back yard seemed so very still and clean;
And, on the porch, the tubs and wash-machine
Were all a-standing dreaming by the wall.

After the painting by Sigismond de Ivanowski

"FOR ALL THERE WAS IN IT"

FOR ALL THERE WAS IN IT

BY

AUSTIN ADAMS

ILLUSTRATION BY SIGISMOND DE IVANOWSKI

"SAY, ain't it a circus?" said the man with the fog in his voice and the big nugget pin in the bosom of his collarless shirt.

We, the lucky ones, stood leaning on the rail of the last steamer to leave Skagway before winter, looking down at the hundreds of unlucky ones who were struggling on the pier in a last frantic effort to get aboard.

I made no reply. As a matter of fact, the agonized faces of some in the crowd got on my nerves, and Mr. Bat Doyle's humor — I had recognized in my neighbor the proprietor of the notorious Placer Palace gambling hell and malodorous resort — struck me as ill-timed. But Mr. Bat Doyle continued to grunt and chuckle, and presently he turned the fog-horn in my direction again and philosophized: —

"Say, brother, just git on to them chumps, will yer? — tryin' to get next to the purser like he could give 'em a thousand more bunks than they is in the ship; an' scrappin' wid the skipper like it was a fault o' hisn that they was all born wid back-east thinkers that don't never think quick enough; an' kickin' the company like it hadn't chartered any old tub that could float — yes, an' some that couldn't — 'tween Vancouver and Valparaiso, fer to bring every fool up here that ain't never oughter come."

"Can't blame the poor devils, can you?" I replied, as I watched two women, school-teachers from Montana, and an old chap with snow-white hair and no overcoat, who were crying openly and imploring the captain only to let them come aboard: they would sleep in any corner of the hold; they would carry their own food; only they could not, would not, be left to starve!

It was a strange tragedy that was being enacted on the pier — to the amusement of Mr. Bat Doyle and a hundred others for whom the Klondike had proved a winning gamble. Well-dressed, self-reliant men accustomed to buying their way to any desired end now shook their bags of gold dust in the captain's face to no purpose, and fell back into the crowd as though bewildered by the discovery that there was, after all, something that gold could not buy. Slick, wiry, insinuating fellows who had beaten their way across the continent and to the Klondike solely on their nerve, whispered mysteriously to officials, only to fall back muttering that this was the only game they had ever been "up against" without results. Beardless, well-groomed college fellows from the East attempted to board the ship by making a foot-ball rush in wedge-shaped formation; but the deck-hands knew a thing or two about tackling, so the boys also fell back, but showed their Spartan spirit in defeat by giving their respective college yells. Hulking Cripple Creek and Coeur D'Alene miners talked about lynching the purser, while less bellicose but more indignant lawyers and clerks and drummers and farmers, yes, and one lone clergyman, united in proclaiming that certain dire but indefinite results would follow unless some one immediately took them on something somewhere south!

Surging back and forth, struggling and swearing and pleading and threatening, were fully five hundred belated and ruined men, with every degree of disappointment, disgust, and dread on their faces. When the first whistle blew, the scene became frightful; for all that it meant to be left behind, penniless and hopeless, seemed to burst upon their minds. Defeat led to despondency and then to despair. It was terrible to hear strong men confessing to failure and chagrin and ruin, strong men, I say, begging piteously to be allowed to get back to God's country — anyhow, at any cost, by any means, but back.

"Say, honest, ain't them fellers a nice bunch? — comin' up here without their mommers, an' thinkin' they was goin' to win out ag'in' us fellers what ain't never done nothin' but stake claims ever sence we run away from home? That's right!"

Mr. Doyle looked pityingly down at the

"back-east" visionaries, and then spat on the deck. He seemed about to say something else, when he was called to the bar by a wink given him by a gentleman with a silk hat, two chins, and no neck, who came up the gang-plank with an air of right which maddened the crowd on the pier. The two magnates descended to the bar; but shortly Mr. Doyle rejoined me, where I still stood at the rail watching the derelicts, and I thought that I detected the smell of whisky when he turned the fog-horn toward me.

"Say, yer didn't know that man, did yer?" asked Doyle, nodding toward the man who had just treated him.

"No."

"Why, that's Phil Shea. You know — him an' Dore an' O'Brien an' Reddy Matson is the Big Four what owns the ——"

"Yes, I know — the Old Horse claim. So that is Shea, is it?"

"That's him; an', say, to look at 'im now, you wouldn't believe he was running a nickel-fer-all-drinks joint in Spokane a year ago, would yer? Yes, sir, that's right. Well, him an' me come up 's soon 's the game was on, an' now Phil Shea don't do a thing but sit into games where no silver don't go, see? All kinds of money! An' just think of them Willie boys down there tryin' to get into the game now, when fellers like me an' him is be'n here fer a year! Wouldn't it wrinkle your raglan?"

"That's all right, but if some of those people have to stay here all winter, what in the name of God will they do? Look at that poor chap there — there, the tall, thin man with the little hunchback girl holding on to his coat. They'll starve, damn it!" I said, beginning to feel guilty at retaining my right to an upper bunk in the forecastle in alternation with an obliging stoker.

"Him? Yer mean that scared-lookin' Willie that's a cross between a illustrated song about mother, home, and heaven, and a preacher what don't get no sal'ry?" asked Doyle, with a loud guffaw.

"Yes; the chap standing at the foot of the gang-plank, with the little girl."

"Why, great Lord, brother, that's the purser of this ship — lulu, ain't he?"

"Purser nothing. I mean the man ——"

"Cert! That's him — that's the purser. Me an' Phil Shea worked it to get the job fer 'im. An' say, ain't he a lulu, honest? Ef we didn't get 'im the job, an' him an' little Pearl — that's his kid — had had to stay up here, he'd uv had all that was comin' to 'im called trouble, wouldn't he, honest, with drinks four bits a drink, an' flour twenty dollars, an' every game in every joint, 'cept mine, as crooked as politics? But say, honest, ain't he a bird?"

Mr. Doyle spat again,— it appeared to be his way of italicizing his remarks,— and, in view of the fact that he and his friend Mr. Philip Shea had befriended the man and the little girl, whom I had often seen wandering about the streets, I forgave him, and the beefy and dirty paw which he had laid close to me on the rail became less objectionable to me.

"Sure! That's him, an' he's purser — wouldn't it tire yer? An' say, ain't he a bird, honest?"

Before I could discuss the bird,— the very rare bird, indeed,— Mr. Doyle was once more winked below by a friend of his and of Mr. Shea,— for that gentleman also went below,— and I was happily left alone to study the purser. He was worthy of study. Ever since the day that I saw him hanging about Doyle's saloon, looking like a prohibitionist angel fallen unaccountably from grace, and detected him slipping crackers and pickles and cheese into the tail pocket of his shiny frock-coat whenever any one asked him to "have something," the something in his case always being a cigar, I felt that I had unearthed a lead worth developing. A little later I ran upon him sitting on a dry-goods box in an alley, entertaining his little hunchback girl with some sort of pantomime and slyly taking out the delicacies from his pocket between the acts. The way in which the withered little clawlike hands of the child clutched at these stale lunch-counter scraps told its own story. I had stumbled upon a bit of exquisite pathos and poetry — in Skagway!

As I watched the purser now, I realized that his appointment to that responsible and — if one knows the game — lucrative position must indeed be owing to the pull of the omnipotent proprietor of the Placer Palace and of his equally influential friend, the big chief of the Big Four syndicate. On his face, and purely as a personal proposition, my ministerial, not to say cadaverous-looking friend of the free-lunch commissariat could hardly have appealed to the steamship people, even at a time when they were running any old barge they could get, manned by any old crew. Now that I knew that he was the purser, I studied his method of dealing with the importunate and threatening mob. As Bat Doyle said, it would have been a circus, had it not been so rare a show of something else. The lanky, disjointed fellow listened courteously to each new gesticulating and menacing applicant, and, when he shook his head, he did so with a look

of sorrow and sympathy which visibly softened the blow and sent more than one back into the crowd with a more optimistic view of the future. Occasionally he would turn and pat the little girl's head and tell her not to cry, when what tears I could see were on his own weak, sympathetic, apologetic face.

He wore a battered black slouch-hat and a long Prince Albert coat turning grayish green and hanging in consumptive folds from his sharp shoulder-blades. From his turned-down paper collar dangled a narrow black string bow, and his low-cut vest revealed a wide expanse of shirt, the worst spots and stains on which were surrounded by blurs and suspicious blisters, as though he had substituted local and specific laundrying for the customary boiler and mangle. He did indeed look the country preacher from Kansas with salary chronically in arrears; but he looked more than that. He was *the* Poor Relation of humanity. He was Failure; he was the original Easy Mark; he was the Elder Brother of the men who dare to invade your sanctum to sell you lead-pencils or matches, and whom you dare crush with a frown, heedless of the little hunchback whom Heaven seems especially to bestow on such as these. The temporary purser of the *Mollie Ashcroft* was a "bird" — nor quite discouraged by the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune from feebly but cheerily piping such simple song as God had put into his heart. And now, thanks to Bat Doyle's pull, he and his little fledgling were going to migrate southward before the winter could put an end to them.

In half an hour the final whistle blew. There was one last stampede on the pier; but hopelessness was beginning to unnerve men, and so the crowd made no great effort to prevent the casting off of the bowline. In fact, a rather wabbly but none the less genuine cheer for the blest on the ship rose from the lost on the pier; and this was a bit more than the purser could stand, so he caught up little Pearl to his shoulder and staggered up the gang-plank.

"Ain't it cruel hard, sir, leaving 'em here like this?" he said to me, when I indicated that I would look out for the child while he went below for a moment. "Do you happen to know where Bat Doyle is?"

"I think he's down in the bar," I replied, and he hurried away, evidently with something of urgent importance on his mind.

They were slowly warping the stem of the ship around into the stream, and the few minutes that must elapse before they could cast off the hawsers aft appeared to afford the crowd on the pier some comfort — rightly enough, too, as the event proved; for, just before the slackened lines showed that this could be done, there was a great commotion about the companionway, and presently Doyle and Shea and half a dozen more prosperous men came dashing along the deck to the stern, where I was trying to explain to little Pearl what was being done. Shea seemed desirous of addressing the crowd on the wharf, but his unsteady gait and unconvincingly expansive frame of mind struck Doyle as likely to neutralize the effect on the boys; so he himself mounted the bench by the rail to make proclamation.

"Hey, youse tarriers down there," he began, with a raucous roar that assured him of a career as a "barker" in the event of ill fortune overtaking the Placer Palace, "youse ain't got no kick comin', fer me an' Phil Shea an' Fatty Egan has done the square thing by yer ag'in, as we've always done befoor. Hello, Phelan," he added, addressing the mayor, who came elbowing his way to the edge of the crowd. "I'm just after tellin' the boys what's left that they ain't got no kick comin', fer me an' Shea an' Egan is goin' to send a steamer up here as quick as we gits to Seattle, see? An' youse all can bet your life that when me an' Shea says a thing, it goes, see? An' I say, Jerry," — this to his head barkeeper,— "every tarrier gits the drinks free up to the Palace to-night, see?"

Mr. Bat Doyle could have got the nomination for United States senator from the free electors of Skagway at that moment. His honor the mayor asked the crowd who was all right, and the crowd unanimously replied that Bat Doyle was the man. Then the steamer shook herself free of her last line, Bat waved a general summons below which was obeyed by ninety-nine per cent. of the men on deck, and the purser stood hugging the little hunchback and looking wistfully back at the receding crowd on the pier, and shedding the most illogical and unmanly tears.

When the celebration below came to an end, the purser left Pearl sitting near me, and went off to attack the problem of stowing two hundred and sixteen passengers on a boat licensed to carry eighty, casting a look at me, as he went, which said, "If you were to cultivate the acquaintance of my little girl, sir, the benefit might not prove to be all on one side." I agreed with him, and waited my chance to attract Pearl's attention without too boldly invading her reserve, which was very marked. She was a wee, wizened little sprite of six, though her face, when not lit up by curiosity or interest, seemed that of a girl of fifteen. In the way that her father struck me as *the* Failure, the child seemed to me to be *the*

Cripple. All that is winsome and pathetic and grotesque and appealing and morbid in those called to run the race of life with some frightful physical handicap appeared to belong to the purser's unfortunate Pearl of great price; and the thought that she was dependent upon one still more helpless than herself made her the Queen of the Cripples. Seen by the eye prosaic, however, she was merely an unpleasantly precocious and deformed child, underfed and pitifully ill-clad. She sat watching the foaming wake thrown out by the noisy nine-knot screw until she suddenly realized that her father had left her alone — an event so unusual that it frightened her. Here was my chance.

"Your father has gone forward to look after the passengers. If you like, we can sit here together and talk until he comes back. He will not be very long," I said.

She slid down from the bench on which her odd little body seemed to be perched high in the air, and came over to me, swinging her long, thin arms, no larger around than a good-sized doll's. When she reached my bench, she held them out for me to lift her upon the seat beside me. I did so, and neither of us spoke for a minute or two.

"I've got a dollar," she said then, without comment, and as if desiring to reveal her innermost thoughts, thereby opening the way for entire confidence between us.

"How very nice!" I replied, with unfeigned surprise.

"Mr. Bat Doyle gave it to me," she went on, taking the dollar out of her pocket and forestalling any possible doubt on my part by holding it out in one of her little hands.

Another moment of silence ensued, and she replaced the dollar in her pocket.

"My mommer's dead," she announced presently, with no apparent reason for alluding to the fact, unless it were to keep me from fancying that the possessor of a dollar was entirely happy. "Is your mommer dead?"

"Ah, yes. My mother died when I was a little boy younger than you," I answered.

Once more there seemed to be nothing further called for, and the conversation temporarily came to an end.

"My popper ain't dead, though," she surprised me by saying, when I was hoping that her next choice of a subject might prove less difficult of development. "Is yours?"

"Yes," I replied, smiling in spite of the theme, "my father also is dead."

"I said your popper — not your mommer," she said, after thinking a while, as though a fatherless existence were beyond her comprehension.

"Yes, I know; but both my father and mother are dead," I explained, pointing to the sea-gulls which were circling about the ship, in the hope of suggesting another topic.

"My grandma's dead, too," she said, ignoring the gulls.

"And what shall you do with your dollar?" I asked, ignoring her grandmother deceased.

"There's popper!" she cried; and before I could help her down she had scrambled from the bench and was running forward to her father, who was coming along the deck humming the refrain of an old song. He caught her in his outstretched arms, and went on about his work among the passengers, with the child perched in a ball on his shoulder. An odd pair!

After supper I was sitting on deck, smoking, when I was glad to see Mr. Doyle coming toward me with evident intention to enjoy his cigar in my company. Mr. Doyle had undergone a remarkable change for the better in my regard. I fear that I had previously done that gentleman injustice, and that, not being a mining man myself, I had overlooked the fact that, up Klondike way, what counts is the stuff in the ore — the refining comes later and is not the element of primary importance. Furthermore, Mr. Doyle was laughing as he approached me.

"Say, brother," he began, when I moved along on the bench to make room for him, "honest, what d'yer think that sucker's done now?"

"You refer to ——"

"Why, the purser, of course. You see, me an' Phil Shea — by the way, Shea's fillin' up fast, the fool — me an' him kinder took pity on this here Willie boy, 'cause of the kid mostly (both me an' Shea's kids was took from us when we was divorced — don't them judges make yer tired?), an' when Spike Dolan, what was my barkeep before Jerry — ever let Jerry shake yer a Placer Paralyzer? No? — well, as I was sayin', when Spike catched the parson swipin' the sausages an' clam-fritters one Saturday night, there was goin' to be a rough-house in about a second, only the parson blubbers out that friends of hisn had paid fer a dozen drinks fer him, an' he wanted the grub fer the kid. The boys all leaves it to me then, makin' me referee in the scrap between Spike an' this here softy. So I says to Softy, 'Where's your kid?' I says; an' he goes out in th' alley, and pretty soon brings in the kid, blinkin' her little eyes, fer she was sleepin' in a box in th' alley, see? Well, say, was the boys knocked out? Hern wasn't the only eyes that was blinkin' then. Spike dropped a quarter in the

schooner he was wipin', an' at a wink from me he passes it round the crowd, an', say, they was eight dollars and seventy-five cents into it when he dumps it out into kiddy's little apron. An' you'd oughter seen Willie. He was cryin' like a baby; ef you don't believe me, ask Spike — he's dealin' faro up to McGloin's now."

Mr. Doyle paused. When he began again, his stock was par bid and none offered.

"Well, me an' Shea got busy right away quick fer to fix it so's Willie an' the kid could get back to somewheres where there's an angels' union, fer we knowed that such a softy as Willie would al'ays be a scab in Skagway, see? As good luck would have it, when this here tea-kettle of a boat came up, the purser let loose the minute he struck Skagway, an' he was seein' things in forty-eight hours, an' kept on seein' 'em until we buried 'im last Sunday week. So me an' Phil held up th' agent of the comp'ny, an' fixed it fer Willie to be purser, see?"

I saw, and Mr. Doyle proceeded, rapidly qualifying for canonization at my hands:

"Knowin' this was the last chancet, I knowed that they was all kinds of money in it fer the purser,— givin' fellers the 'sorry-but-no-room' racket, see,— an' I put Willie wise on all the points of the game, an' told 'im to work it fer all they was in it, see?"

"And has he done it?" I asked, as Mr. Doyle seemed to expect me to ask.

"Done it? Why, say, the fool ain't made a cent 'cept his sal'ry — sixty a mont' an' find yer own clothes! Wouldn't it jar yer?"

I confessed that it would jar me, and after some further talk on the year's output of metal, Mr. Doyle returned to the subject of for all there is in it as a general rule of conduct and principle of economics. He was at home on the subject.

"You bet," he went on, when I hinted that he and the purser pursued different policies in life. "I didn't wait to come up here till every busted bum in Amurrica was headin' fer the Klondike — no, sir! I come in the first push, an' then I didn't carry no grub an' stuff over the pass like no sucker fer to stake no claim. That ain't me! Not on your life! I staked *my* claim right here to Skag, an' had me joint runnin' night an' day right away quick, see? But say, honest, this here purser feller would skin a saint in this here doin' nothin' fer yerself but fer the other feller business — hully gee!"

Mr. Philip Shea appeared on deck before I could address myself to the subject so ably opened by Mr. Doyle. His manner sustained Mr. Doyle in his earlier statement as to the filling up which was taking place, and further corroboration was presently afforded by Mr. Shea when he mounted the bench close to the rail and began to deliver an address of condolence and encouragement to the crowd which he fancied he saw on the pier. Mr. Doyle did his duty, and the two, following the line of least resistance, once more went below.

The more I had come to know about the purser, the more he had appealed to me, and consequently I was delighted when I saw him and little Pearl coming along the deck toward me. The purser examined my ticket minutely, — at least twenty fake passes, he told me, had been worked off on him already,— and when his duty had thus been discharged, he stooped and asked the child what she wanted, for she had been tugging at his coat-tails all the time he was talking to me.

"What? Speak louder, dearie. What? Oh, is it?" he said, holding his ear close to the little one's lips, and then adding to me: "Allow me to grasp your hand, sir. My little daughter tells me that you are the gentleman who was so kind to her while I was below — yes, and, come to think, haven't I seen you before, sir?"

"Very likely," I replied, praying that he might not recall the little comedy — or was it a tragedy? — on top of the dry-goods box in the alley, when crumbled cheese and stale crackers were the refreshments served between the acts. "Very likely, for I've been here in Skagway a month, trying, like everybody else, to get away from the God-forsaken hole."

"I myself have desired to leave Skagway," he went on quietly and with no trace of emphasis in his tone, "for private reasons. In fact, sir, in some respects I feel that I may have erred in judgment in coming to the Klondike at all, really."

"There are others," I answered, overjoyed with my find.

"I fear that some have doubted the wisdom of the step," he replied. "But in my case the trouble is, alas, chronic. My judgment in business matters is not always of the best. When the rush for the Klondike was reported at my home,— I live, sir, in Kansas,— I had just secured exclusive agency rights for three counties, sir, for the sale of the Little Giant, or the Housewife's Friend — a truly ingenious and useful article, sir, consisting of a combination can-opener, lid-handle, screw-driver, tack-hammer *with* claws, apple-corer, and adjustable wrench — all guaranteed, and comes in a neat box, postage prepaid, for the exceedingly attractive price of one quarter of a dollar; none sold at the stores, and none genuine without the maker's signature on the box. Beware of imitations!"

The Elder Brother of All Canvassers glowed at the thought of the good old days when doors were slammed in his face.

"And you gave it all up to come up here?" I asked quickly, lest he forget.

"Alas, yes. I borrowed enough to barely bring us here, and of course Pearl and I could not walk over the mountains to White Horse. I had been somewhat misled by what I read — and I was making as much as two dollars and a half a day with the 'Little Giant'; that is, I made that amount on the first day, and then foolishly quit."

I was going to express the hope that, in spite of its manifest merits, the "Little Giant" might not yet have made all the housewives in America happy, and so there would be that opening waiting for him, when Mr. Shea reappeared on deck. He lurched aft to where the purser and I sat in front of the little hencoop of rough lumber knocked together into a "Purser's Office," as the cardboard sign declared, in which little Pearl was already asleep on a mattress thrown on the deck. Shea was hiccuping that he wanted the purser, and that officer rose and asked him what he wanted him for.

"I'm drunk," announced Mr. Shea, as if betraying a secret.

"Yes, sir," answered the purser, with proper official reserve.

"When I'm drunk I make a fool of myself," continued Mr. Shea.

"Yes, sir," replied the purser obligingly.

"I'm not as drunk as I am going to be by and by," stated Mr. Shea gravely.

"Yes, sir."

"And the drunker I get, the bigger fool I'll make of myself, see?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, then, Mizzurpurzer, I'm goin' to cache my stuff with you, before the boys gits it all away from me, see?"

He unbuttoned his sealskin coat and began to pull out a number of heavy bags of gold coin from the innumerable receptacles with which it seemed to be lined.

"Oh, but, really, sir, I'm so sorry, but I have no safe, and the company would not care to be held responsible for so large an amount of gold — so that I really cannot give you a receipt for this money — really, Mr. Shea, I cannot," stammered the purser, looking piteously at me as though he hoped that I would intervene to save him — from what? I shall never forget the peculiar expression of dread and feverish hope and mingled terror and remorse with which the purser looked at me while Shea pulled bag after bag from his coat and dropped them on the barrel that served as a desk.

"Who's talkin' about receipts, an' safes, an' holdin' the comp'ny 'sponsible?" asked Mr. Shea, when he had put the last bag on the barrel. "I ain't, fer one. All I want fer to do is to cache the stuff, so's the boys won't git it quicker'n 's good fer 'em, see?"

"But, sir," protested the purser, with sweatdrops on his thin, drawn forehead, "in the mining country you can cache anything, and nobody will dare to touch it, if you leave it on the roadside for a year; but, Mr. Shea, this is the high seas, and not the Klondike."

"High seas or hell, a cache is a cache — and ef anny of them boys touches annything what Phil Shea has cached — but, pshaw!" he added, "what's the dif? Ef they don't touch me in one place, they'll be sure to touch me in another."

Waving away all further effort of the purser to induce him to take his money back, or at least to count it, so that there might be no misunderstanding later, Mr. Shea lurched forward again and plunged down the companionway, through which the sound of revelry came up into the coolness and darkness of the deck with an effect strangely suggestive of Hades.

When Shea disappeared, the purser looked at me in silence for some seconds, as though he were trying to take reckoning with his soul after a storm — and as though, too, he longed to know how much or how little I might have guessed of what had been passing through his mind. Presently, however, he seemed to have regained his usual calm and note of childlike buoyancy.

"And to think that he thinks so little of money!" mused the purser.

"Any man is a fool to do what he has done — yes, and don't you think that you were a little foolish yourself to take a lot of money without counting it? Suppose Shea claims that there was more than there really was, when he comes to get the stuff?" I argued.

"That's so! I was foolish, wasn't I? And there must be several thousand dollars in those bags. Good God!" he exclaimed suddenly, after looking at the bags with a queer light in his eye which I did not like, "how awful, how wrong, how damnable, sir, that a drunken gambler should have this to throw away on rum and women and all hell's work, while my poor little wee lamb there, my Pearl, goes hungry and cold, and I — and I—— And Shea would not even know, nor care, if a few of these double eagles were missing!"

He seemed to be talking to himself at the

last, and I felt almost like an eavesdropper invading his conscience; so I rose and purposely showed my indifference to what he was saying. He remained sitting silent, and I walked to the side for a moment and looked down at the dark water swirling by the ship.

"Look! Quick! It's Shea!" suddenly cried the purser, and I looked forward. Shea had staggered back to the deck and once more climbed upon the bench by the rail to make that farewell speech to the crowd on the Skagway pier. I saw his peril, and ran forward to save him. But I was too late. He swayed tipsily back and forward once or twice, and then, losing his balance, he pitched headlong over the side. My shout had brought the skipper to the end of the bridge, so that the unfortunate man had scarcely reached the water when the engines were reversed, and men came swarming like ants to help lower the boats.

My thoughts, however, were with the purser. I had seen him tearing off his long black coat even before Shea had fallen, and the instant that the sickening lurch came and the wretched rich man plunged out into the darkness, I saw the purser catch up little Pearl from the mattress and shake the wasted form until she woke with a frightened scream.

"Pearl, Pearl, daddy didn't mean all that he was saying and thinking just now — hear me, Pearl?"

It was all over in a second, that terrible last plea of the father before the court of the heart of the child, and then we men on the deck beheld the purser's last effort to get out of his job all there was in it.

Pausing only one deliberating instant on the taffrail, he dived into the swirling sweep of foam made by the rapid coming about of the ship, and struck out in the direction whence the one hoarse call — now no longer a drunken voice — showed that Shea was battling for his life. The starboard boat aft was lowered and cleared away in five minutes, and the crew pulled off into the night, backed by the cheers of two hundred men.

They were gone half an hour. They brought back Phil Shea. The purser had had just enough strength to hold Shea up till the boat came; then he slipped away, and they could not find him again. His judgment, as he said, had never been of the best.

When I last heard from little Pearl, she was doing well at the school where Shea's bags of gold and Bat Doyle's never-wearying interest in the child had placed her, safe and snug, among some nuns almost as innocent as herself. So, after all, the purser did not do so badly in his last venture.

THE COST OF LIVING

REMARKABLE RESULTS OBTAINED AT THE SECOND LARGEST INSTITUTION OF LEARNING IN THE UNITED STATES. THE STORY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF VALPARAISO, INDIANA

BY GEORGE KENNAN

AUTHOR OF "THE FIGHT FOR REFORM IN SAN FRANCISCO," ETC.

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS

OF all the attempts that have recently been made to lessen the cost of living, by building model tenements, eliminating middlemen, buying provisions in large quantities, and saving unnecessary waste, the most interesting, and perhaps the most successful, is that of the Valparaiso University, at Valparaiso, Indiana. Few persons, comparatively, have ever heard of this institution, and fewer still know definitely anything about it; and yet, in its effort to furnish higher education at rates within the means of the average American family, it has solved, or come near to solving, the difficult problem of furnishing the prime requisites of human existence, namely, shelter and food, at a per capita cost of twenty-three cents a day.

When, a few months ago, I described the work and achievements of this university to a

Wall Street banker, and told him that it gave board, room, and instruction to a student for one hundred and twenty dollars a year, he asked, with quick interest, "How do they manage it? Have they got a big endowment?"

"No," I replied; "they have never had a gift of money from any source."

"Well, then," he said with conviction, "it's brains!"— and to "brains" the success of the management is unquestionably due.

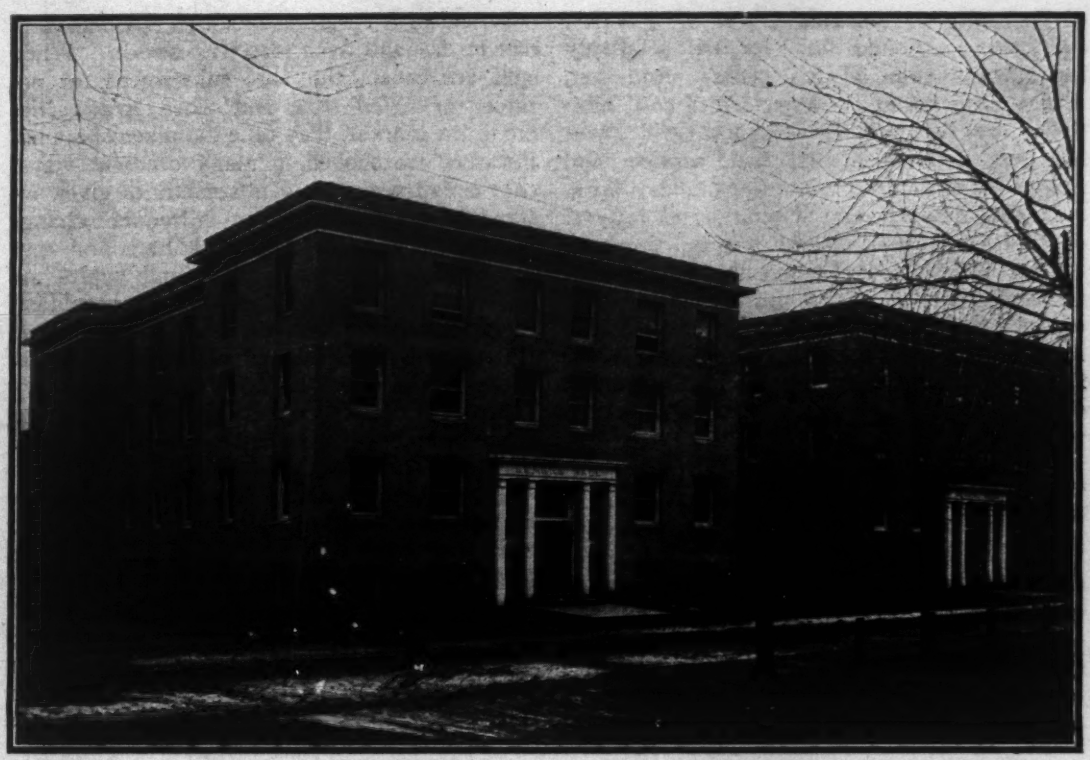
The Valparaiso University is the creation of two comparatively poor men, and is the result of thirty-four years of intelligent, thoughtful, well-directed work. It has advertised very little, and for that reason, perhaps, it is little known; but for many years it has furnished high-class instruction at the lowest possible cost, and has made its profits and gradually strengthened its financial and educational resources by skilful and far-sighted business management. One would hardly think it possible to furnish board, room, and higher education for the small sum of thirty-eight cents a day; but the Valparaiso University gives a student an abundant, well-cooked, and well-served dinner for ten cents, a breakfast for four cents, a supper for four cents, a good bed in a single furnished room for five cents, and tuition for fifteen cents a day.* And out of the profits made on food, shelter, and instruction, furnished at these rates, the managers, in a third of a century, have acquired fifty acres of land; have bought or erected nine substantial buildings; have earned and saved nearly a million dollars; and have created a university which now has a staff of one hundred and sixty-two professors or teachers, and which gives educational training to a body of more than five thousand students of both sexes. These results, on their face, indicate an achievement that is well worth investigation and study. How has it been possible to feed students well and house them comfortably at a per capita cost of twenty-three cents a day, and, at the same time, earn money enough to build up a university which has an annual revenue of more than two hundred thousand dollars, and which, in number of enrolled students, stands second only to Harvard? The story is one of energy, intelligence, and remarkable business capacity.

The Small Beginning

In the fall of 1873, H. B. Brown, a bright and enterprising young teacher who had saved a few hundred dollars from his earnings, bought, at Valparaiso, a two- or three-story brick building, in which the Methodist Church had conducted an unsuccessful denominational college, and turned it into a normal school. This school, in the beginning, had only three departments, four instructors, and thirty-five students. It paid a regular salary to only one of its teachers; it was in debt to the Methodists for the house that it occupied; its earnings were very small; and its pecuniary resources were virtually nil. But its founder felt sure that if he furnished the best possible instruction, at the lowest possible cost, the public would soon show its appreciation by coming to his support — and it did. Before the end of the second year, the number of students had increased from thirty-five to two hundred and ninety-nine. Meanwhile, Professor Brown had sought and obtained the aid and coöperation of O. P. Kinsey, a young teacher from Ohio with whom he had previously been associated, and had given to the latter an equal share in the management and the profits of the enterprise. Neither of the partners, however, took from the earnings of the school more than was absolutely necessary to meet the demands of a quiet and frugal life in a small Indiana village. Every dollar in excess of that amount was applied first to the liquidation of indebtedness, and then to improvement of facilities or extension of plant. Before the end of 1876 the school was out of debt, and its surplus earnings thereafter, for a long term of years, were devoted to the acquisition of land, the erection of new buildings, the employment of more teachers, and a general enlargement and improvement of the educational course. The institution, for a time, was conducted under a State charter and was known as "The Valparaiso College and Northern Indiana Normal School"; but as it gradually widened its field of instruction, increased the number of its departments, and organized subsidiary colleges, it outgrew its old name, and acquired, by virtue of a new charter, the right to call itself "Valparaiso University." It now gives to its students not only higher education in general, but special training in pedagogy, law, music, medicine, surgery, pharmacy, dentistry, bookkeeping, banking, insurance, railroading, civil engineering, and commerce. Its students, at first, were all, or nearly all, from Indiana; but they now come from every state and territory in the Union, and from twenty-two foreign countries, including England, Germany, Russia, Sweden, Norway, Denmark, Italy, Egypt, Syria, India, Mexico, Peru, Brazil, Cuba, Porto Rico, the Philippines, and Japan.

From the point of view of the educator, the Valparaiso University presents many novel and interesting features; but as the main object of

* If payment for the whole school year be made in advance, the cost of board, room, and tuition is only one hundred and twenty dollars, or thirty-six cents a day.



LEMBKE HALL, THE NEW DORMITORY

STUDENTS MAY OBTAIN IN THIS BUILDING A SITTING-ROOM, BEDROOM WITH HOT AND COLD WATER, AND HEAT FOR ONE DOLLAR A WEEK. THIS IS THE MOST EXPENSIVE DORMITORY OF THE UNIVERSITY

this article is to show how the cost of living may be reduced by the adoption of judicious business methods, I shall take up, first, the management of the University on its economic side.

In order to give general education or special training to as large a number of young people as possible, President Brown and Vice-President Kinsey tried, in the very beginning, to limit the necessary expenses of a student to a sum that would not overstrain the financial resources of even a poor family; and, by establishing kitchens, opening dining-halls and dormitories of their own, and applying business principles and methods to the problem of cheap living, they have gradually reduced the per capita cost of good food and comfortable shelter to twenty-three cents a day. The significance of this achievement will be appreciated when a comparison is made with the results obtained in other similar institutions where board and room are also given at fixed rates.

One half-share in a single furnished room at Yale (in White Hall, for example) costs the student two dollars and ninety cents a week (the average rental), while a half-share in a furnished sitting-room and bedroom at Valparaiso may be had for fifty cents a week. In the great Yale dining-hall, table board costs, on an average, four dollars and ninety-four cents a week, while in the Valparaiso dining-halls it averages one dollar and eighty-eight cents a week. In the former, the student pays ten cents for a plate of buttered toast, while in the latter he gets, for that sum, a whole dinner of four courses. The Yale student who is able to pay restaurant prices may have a greater variety of food, at a single meal, than could be obtained in East Hall or Heritage Hall at Valparaiso; but, unless he exceeds the average expenditure of seventy cents a day, he is not so well fed as he would be in the Indiana university at eighteen cents a day. Such, at least, is my judgment, after studying the menus and trying the board in both places.

When one has not given close attention to the problem of feeding and housing economically a large number of people, the results obtained at Valparaiso seem almost incredible. Who would believe, without actual demonstration, that it is possible to prepare an abundant, well-cooked, and wholly satisfactory dinner of four courses, and serve it on a neat, linen-

covered, flower-decorated table, in a warm, light, well-ventilated hall, for the relatively insignificant sum of ten cents? And yet, it may be done, and the per capita cost, multiplied by the number of diners, will cover not only cooking, lights, fuel, service, and flowers for table decoration, but laundry work, breakage, depreciation of plant, and interest on capital invested. These results, of course, are not to be expected where the management does not wholly control the population that it feeds; but they are interesting, nevertheless, as showing what might be accomplished in the field of domestic economy by ideally perfect coöperation under competent business direction.

A Hearty Meal for Four Cents

The first meal that I took in the Valparaiso University was a four-cent breakfast, served at 6 A. M. in Heritage Hall. It consisted of delicious apple sauce, bread and butter, rolled oats, baked potatoes, coffee with milk and sugar, and big red apples of the highest market grade. Everything was unlimited in quantity, and I began the day with as good and hearty a meal as any student need desire. The cost to the University was as follows:

Articles	Cent or fraction	Decimal
Apples and sauce	¾	$0.0075
Baked potatoes	½	0.0050
Bread, of two kinds	⅝	0.0040
Rolled oats	⅓	0.0033,3
Coffee	⅐	0.0014,3
Sugar	¼	0.0025
Milk	⅓	0.0033,3
Butterine	¼	0.0025
Japanese paper napkin	1/20	0.0005
Service (fixed charges)	1	0.0100
Total cost	4	$0.0401

The most expensive items, it will be observed, are apples and service. At all meals, one cent is charged each person for service, and this fixed charge covers cooking, laundry work, fuel, lights, flowers, breakage, depreciation of plant, interest on investment and profits. It figures out, per thousand students, as follows:

	Cr.	
1,000 boarders, 3 meals a day for 48 weeks (1,008,000 meals, at 1 cent a meal)		$10,080
	Dr.	
Kitchen expenses (chef and two assistants)	$4,000	
Interest at 5 per cent. on investment	1,500	
Fuel and lights	700	
New table-linen	300	
Flowers in pots on tables	50	
Laundry work, breakage, depreciation and profits	3,530	
	$10,080	$10,080

Breakfast is varied as much as possible, from day to day and from season to season. When eggs are cheap, they are substituted for potatoes or rolled oats, and when strawberries are in the market, they take the place of apples. Potatoes are cooked in many different ways; corn bread with syrup is sometimes given instead of wheat bread; there is frequent change in cereals; and now and then ham and eggs are served, while rolled oats and apples are omitted. If meat be furnished at breakfast, it is usually in some "warmed-up" form. Butterine is used instead of creamery butter at seasons of the year when the latter is very expensive. The per capita weight of the food consumed at this meal is from a pound and a quarter to a pound and a half.

The first supper that I had at Valparaiso was in the East Hall dining-room. It cost four cents, and consisted of hot tea-biscuits, French fried potatoes, boiled or steamed rice, baked apples with sugar and milk, stewed peaches, gingerbread, and tea. Everything was as good as it would have been in a well-managed private household.

The tables in the Valparaiso dining-halls accommodate ten or twelve persons each, and are decorated with flowering plants furnished by a local florist at fifty dollars a year. These plants are changed from table to table every three or four days, and, as they go out of blossom, are taken away by the florist and replaced with others. Food is brought to the tables by student waiters, or "helpers," who are working their way through the University and receive their board for their services. Dinner is served at noon, and, as illustrations of the meals that are furnished at ten cents per capita, I will give a few actual dinner menus, with quantities and cost of food:

I

A four-course, ten-cent dinner, served November 20, 1906, to 575 persons, including 75 student helpers who were not required to pay for their food.

Courses: 1. Beef soup with croûtons. 2. Roast beef with brown gravy, mashed potatoes, mashed turnips, and sweet corn. 3. Combination salad. 4. Baked apple-dumplings with milk and sugar. Sundries: Corn bread, wheat bread, cranberry sauce, and coffee.

The cost of this dinner, by courses, was as follows:

1. Soup.	
Beef stock (included in cost of roast beef in course 2)	
½ peck carrots	$0.05
½ peck onions	0.06

2 gallons canned tomatoes	$0.60	
24 lbs. croûtons	0.48	
		$1.19
2. Roast beef with brown gravy.		
150 lbs. beef at 7 cts. a lb	$10.50	
6 bushels potatoes at 40 cts	2.40	
5 bushels turnips at 25 cts	1.25	
8 dozen cans sweet corn at 55 cts	4.40	
		$18.55
3. Salad.		
100 lbs. cabbage	$0.75	
20 large bunches celery	1.00	
2 gallons cider vinegar	0.30	
½ peck beets	0.05	
½ peck carrots	0.05	
2 dozen eggs	0.60	
3 lbs. sugar	0.15	
Mustard, corn-starch, and red pepper	0.25	
		$3.15
4. Sweets: 600 baked apple-dumplings.		
600 medium-sized apples	$3.00	
50 lbs. flour	1.00	
12 lbs. sugar	0.60	
3 lbs. baking-powder	0.50	
Shortening	1.00	
		$6.10
5. Sundries:		
Corn bread.		
35 lbs. wheat flour	$0.70	
22 lbs. corn meal	0.33	
3 dozen eggs	0.90	
8 gallons sour milk	1.00	
2½ lbs. baking-powder	0.40	
4 lbs. shortening	0.33	
		$3.66
Cranberry sauce.		
68 quarts cranberries	$5.35	
33 lbs. sugar	1.65	
		$7.00
50 lbs. wheat bread		1.00
12 lbs. butterine		1.50
6 lbs. coffee		0.96
16 gallons milk		2.00
Paper napkins		0.25
Fixed charges at one cent per capita		5.00
Total cost of dinner		$50.36
Receipts from 500 diners at ten cents per capita		$50.00

Although this dinner seems to have cost a trifle more than the fifty dollars paid for it by the students and their guests, the apparent deficit was more than covered by the market value of the broken food left on the tables.

II

A three-course, ten-cent dinner for 750 persons (675 paying boarders and 75 student helpers who were not required to pay). Courses: soup, chicken pot-pie, and dessert.

1. Soup		$2.00
2, Chicken pot-pie with dumplings and cranberry sauce.		
300 lbs. dressed chicken	$36.00	
100 quarts cranberries	8.00	
50 lbs. sugar	2.50	
Dumplings	5.00	
		$51.50
3. Dessert: 125 mince-pies		12.50
4. Vegetables and sundries:		
3 bbls. Va. sweet potatoes	$6.00	
9 bushels Irish potatoes	4.05	
Celery	5.00	
180 lbs. bread	3.60	
20 lbs. butterine	2.25	
Coffee	1.12	
8 gallons milk	1.00	
40 lbs. sugar	2.00	
		$25.02
Fixed charges at one cent per capita		6.75
Total cost of dinner		$97.77
Receipts at ten cents per capita		$67.50
Loss		$30.27

The University does not expect, of course, to make receipts balance expenditures exactly at every meal; but what it loses on one it makes up on another. Here, for example, is the menu of a dinner which was just as good, perhaps, as No. II, but which cost much less.

III

A ten-cent dinner, served in "family style" to 750 persons, including 75 non-paying student helpers.

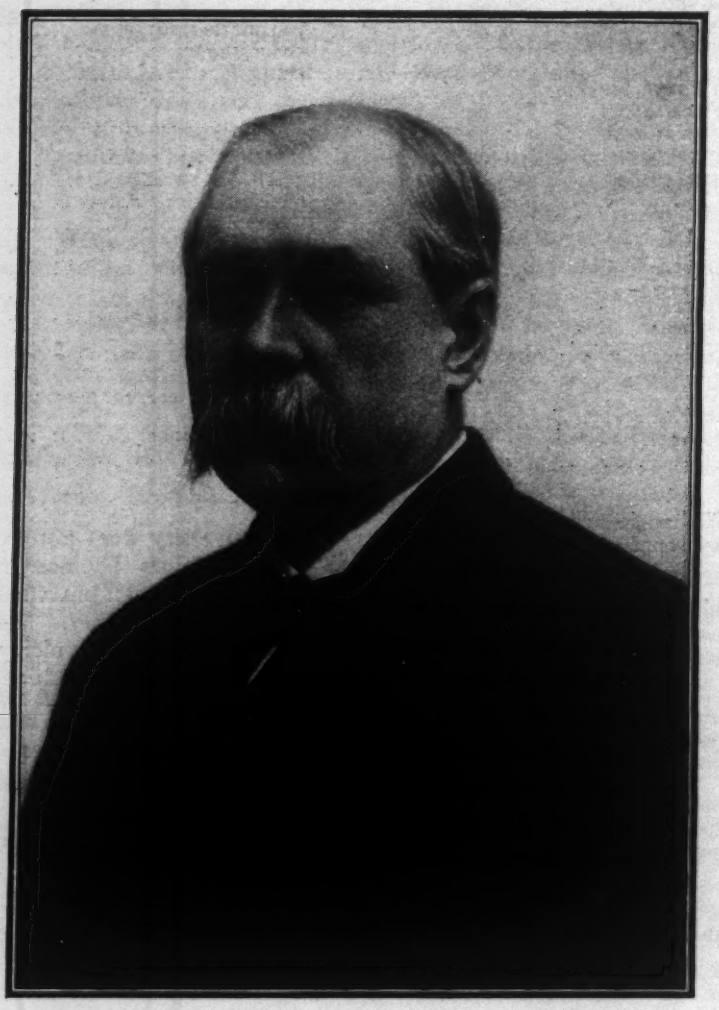
Roast beef, mashed potatoes, baked beans, sliced tomatoes, bread, butter, and apple-sauce.

250 lbs. beef	$16.10
9 bushels potatoes	3.60
75 lbs. navy beans	1.88
5 bushels fresh tomatoes	2.00
180 lbs. bread	3.60
20 lbs. butterine	2.25
2 bbls. apples	4.00
60 lbs. sugar	3.00
Salt, pepper, and vinegar	0.25
Fixed charges at one cent per capita	6.75
Total cost of dinner	$43.43
Receipts at ten cents per capita	$67.50
Profit	$24.07

In the making up of menus, careful attention is given to conditions that are likely to affect appetite and food consumption, such, for example, as weather, temperature, and amount of outdoor exercise taken. When Saturday happens to be sharply cold and invigorating, and the students spend more time than usual in the open air, the management may provide a midday meal of this sort:

IV

A cheap but nourishing dinner for 1,068 persons: Vienna sausage, boiled cabbage, mashed potatoes, mashed turnips, bread and butter, milk, sugar, and coffee, served in



H. B. BROWN

PRESIDENT OF VALPARAISO UNIVERSITY

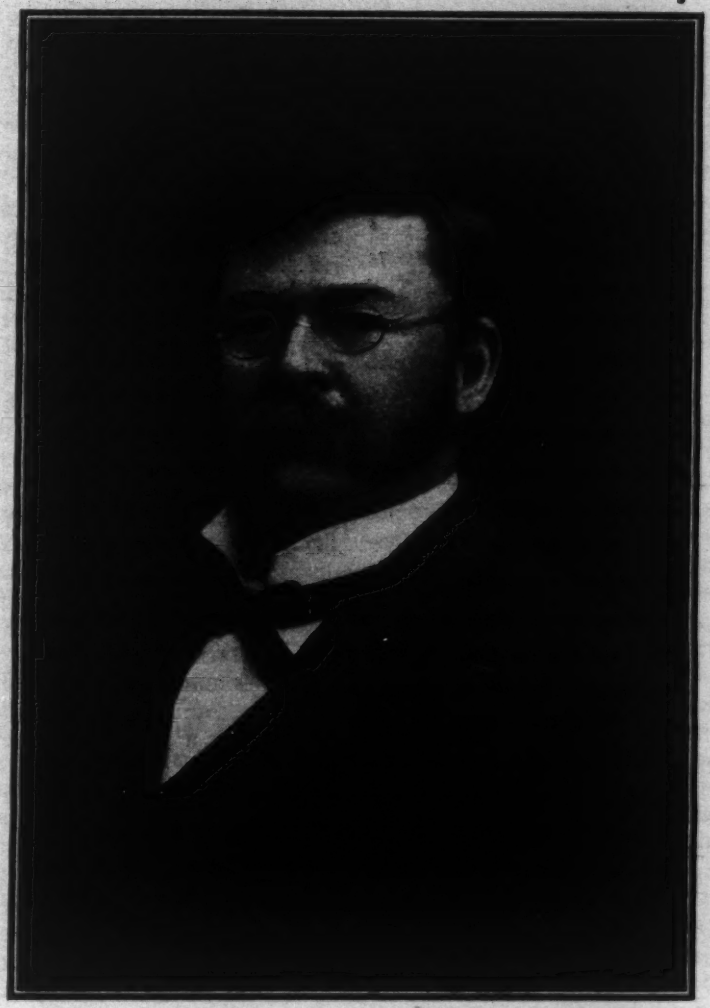
"family style." (In the specifications of this menu, fixed charges and non-paying student helpers are disregarded, for the purpose of showing the net cost of the raw food-stuffs):

280 lbs. fresh Vienna sausage	$18.20
100 heads of cabbage	5.00
12 bushels potatoes	4.80
10 bushels turnips	2.50
220 lbs. bread	5.50
30 lbs. butterine	3.30
11 lbs. coffee	1.65
Milk and sugar for coffee	3.00
Milk and seasoning used in cooking	3.00
Total cost of food-stuffs	$46.95
Fixed charges	9.62
Total cost of dinner	$56.57
Receipts at ten cents per capita	$96.20
Profit	$39.63

In this dinner, which satisfied the appetites of 1,068 young people and gave them all the nourishment they needed, the net cost of the food-material was only four and two fifths cents per capita.

The profit made on this dinner, and on the one shown in menu No. III, would probably be used in providing a Sunday dinner of four courses, which might include roast turkey or roast chicken, and which, with soup, cranberry sauce, three vegetables, and dessert, might cost as much as twelve or fifteen cents per capita.

In order to have as great variety as possible in the principal meal of the day, fish is sometimes served in place of meat. The following, for example, is the menu of a "fish dinner" for which the raw food-materials cost a little less than ten cents per capita:



O. P. KINSEY

VICE-PRESIDENT OF VALPARAISO UNIVERSITY

V

A ten-cent dinner served in East Hall to 1,000 persons, including 100 student helpers who did not pay.

Boiled fresh halibut, mashed potatoes, sweet corn, stewed tomatoes, cranberries, pudding, bread and butter, and coffee:

338 lbs. fresh halibut at 10 cents per lb.	$33.80
10 bushels potatoes at 40 cts. per bushel	4.00
15 dozen cans corn at 55 cts. a dozen	7.25
24 gallons tomatoes at 30 cts. per gallon	7.20
100 quarts cranberries at 8 cts. per quart	8.00
100 lbs. sugar for cranberries at 5 cts. per lb.	5.00
124 loaves bread at 2 cts	2.48
26 lbs. butterine at 11 cts. per lb	2.86
Pudding for dessert	6.00
Sauce for pudding	1.50
Salt, pepper, sugar, etc	3.00
Coffee with milk and sugar	3.70
Cost of food-stuffs	$84.79
Fixed charges	$9.00
Total cost of dinner	$93.79
Receipts at ten cents per capita	$90.00
Loss	$3.79

Fresh salmon or excellent lake trout might have been given in place of halibut, at about the same cost. If cheaper fish, such as pike, pickerel, or perch, were used, a saving of twelve or fifteen dollars might be made, and this sum would be spent in improving the breakfast or supper on the same day.

VI

A five-cent supper for 750 persons, including 75 non-paying student helpers.

Baked potatoes, boiled rice, prunes, bread and butter, cookies, milk, and tea.

7 bushels large selected potatoes	$3.00
40 lbs. rice	2.40
70 lbs. prunes	4.20
70 lbs. sugar	3.50
200 lbs. bread	4.00
20 lbs. butterine	2.25
16 gallons milk	2.00
750 large-sized cookies	3.75
1 lb. tea	0.35
Cost of material	$25.45
Fixed charges	6.75
Total cost of supper	$32.20
Receipts from 675 persons at five cents each	$33.75
Profit	$1.55

Where the Secret Lies

When one has taken one's meals for a few days in the Valparaiso dining-halls, one comes to feel great curiosity with regard to the question of ways and means. How is it possible to furnish such appetizing food at such extremely low prices? The secret lies partly in management, or, as the Wall Street banker expressed it, in "brains"; and partly in the elimination of middlemen and the purchase of raw food-stuffs in large quantities. Vice-President Kinsey, who controls the commissariat and largely directs the work of the University on its economic side, has given long and careful study to the problem of reducing the cost of living; and it is to his judgment and unremitting personal attention that the University is chiefly indebted for the success that it has attained in furnishing good board at a low price. He not only makes all purchases and contracts, but supervises the work of cooks, dining-room helpers, and gardeners; devises and puts in practice small economies, such as the saving and selling of table and kitchen leavings and refuse, the buying of sorted potatoes, or the cutting of bread in thin slices*; and watches constantly the making out of menus, so as to have incessant change from meal to meal and from day to day.

The cheapness of the raw food-material used at Valparaiso is due to several causes. In the first place, the University has seven acres of garden, cultivated mainly by students who are working their way through the educational course and who labor two or three hours a day under the direction of hired gardeners. In this garden vegetables of various kinds are raised in considerable quantities and with great economy. Things not produced in the garden are grown by local farmers, under contract, at a certain specified sum per acre. The University, for example, agrees to pay ten dollars for the product of a single acre planted with sweet corn. It supplies the seed and picks the corn, while the farmer furnishes the land and takes care of the growing crop. As student labor may be had at low rates, the farmer makes a fair and certain profit, while the University gets, for its ten dollars, about thirty dollars' worth of corn. In this way, the University and the farmer, through coöperation, produce annually five acres of sweet corn and four or five acres of celery for dining-hall consumption. Potatoes — about six thousand bushels a year — are obtained from local farmers or from wholesale dealers, at an average price of forty cents a bushel. Fruit is partly bought at wholesale in the open market, and partly supplied by members of the faculty, who, for profit as well as for exercise and recreation, take care of orchards and plantations of their own. The University consumes annually fifty barrels of cranberries; eight thousand quarts of strawberries, at five to six cents a quart; and twelve hundred barrels of apples (Spitzenbergs, Baldwins, Nonesuch, and Grimes' Golden) at one dollar and eighty-five cents to two dollars a barrel.† It also uses large quantities of fresh or preserved pears, plums, peaches, cherries, blackberries, raspberries, blueberries, and grapes. In the winter the consumption of California canned fruits amounts to about twenty thousand quarts. The milk consumed annually — about thirty thousand gallons — is all furnished by two local farmers at an average price of ten cents per gallon.

In the second place, the University eliminates all middlemen and buys by the ton or the car-load from importers, jobbers, or wholesale dealers. Flour in two-hundred- to five-hundred-barrel lots comes directly from the Minnesota mills; coffee — largely Central American or Brazilian — is obtained from importers, by the ton, at fifteen to sixteen cents a pound; and fresh meat is bought by the dressed carcass from local farmers and the Chicago packing-houses. Beef costs from six to nine cents a pound, and every part of the dressed animal is utilized. Mutton, hams, chickens, turkeys, fish, butter, lard, cheese, beans, rice, tapioca, and canned vegetables of all sorts, for winter use, are bought in the

* Parings, scrapings, and left-over food are sold for about twelve hundred dollars per annum. Five cents a bushel above the market price is paid for sorted potatoes of uniform size. Bread — one of the cheapest articles of food — is cut very thin (twenty slices to the two-pound loaf) in order to tempt the students to eat more of it. The increase in the quantity of butter consumed with it is more than offset by the lessened consumption of meat and other comparatively expensive things.

† A saving of twenty-eight to thirty cents a barrel is made by returning empty barrels to the orchard from which most of the apples come. Freight on "empties" is only seven cents each, while new barrels would cost thirty-five cents each. The University has ample cellarage, and can store its fruit from November to April.

same way, in large lots, and directly from packing-houses, importers, or wholesale dealers. Butter is not used in winter, when the price is above twenty cents a pound, nor eggs (except in cooking) when they cost more than eighteen cents a dozen.

Such are the methods that enable the Valparaiso University to furnish excellent table board for eighteen cents a day. Sixteen cents a day is the cost of feeding a prisoner in the Oakland, California, jail,* and seventeen cents a day is appropriated for the food of a pauper in the San Francisco almshouse.† At the recent meeting of the Food Congress in Paris, Professor Landonzy stated that the sum spent for food by the average Parisian working-woman was twenty to twenty-five cents a day, and by the average working-man forty-seven cents a day.‡ In economy of subsistence, therefore, Valparaiso is surpassed only by certain poor-houses and prisons, while its students are better fed than the guests of many two-dollar-a-day American hotels. In a recent letter to the San Francisco *Argonaut*** President Benjamin Ide Wheeler reported the case of a poor student in the University of California, who slept on a third-story stair-landing, and by living on "skim milk and old bread, balanced with a little fruit and meat," reduced the cost of his daily food to twenty cents a day. For only two cents more — that is, for twenty-two cents a day — he might have had in Valparaiso a good bed in a furnished room and three excellent meals.

Rooms from Sixty Cents to a Dollar a Week

Students are housed in Valparaiso almost as economically as they are fed. In the older dormitories, a "single" furnished room costs sixty cents a week, and a "double" room one dollar a week. Both are intended for two occupants, but the latter consists of sitting-room, bedroom, and closet. In apartments of this class, heat and lights are extras. In the new Lembke Hall the rooms are all "double," with hot and cold water, and the rental, including heat, is two dollars a week, or one dollar each for two. Lembke Hall tenants, however, have superior accommodations, and pay about forty-five cents more a week for board. At these rates, the dormitories yield a revenue of from six to eight per cent. on the sums invested in them. In each of the buildings for women there is a matron; and students who wish to economize by doing their own washing may have the use of a well-equipped laundry for five cents a day.

Regarded as an educational institution, the Valparaiso University has several peculiarities which put it in a class by itself. In order to give higher education or business training to as large a number of young persons as possible, it reduces to a minimum restrictions upon admission, attendance, and choice of studies. When a candidate for admission presents himself, President Brown or Vice-President Kinsey asks him: "What education have you had? From what schools have you been graduated? For what special field of work, if any, do you wish to fit yourself, and where do you think you are qualified to begin?" The boy or young man is expected to answer these questions truthfully, and he is then assigned to the preparatory department or to advanced classes, as may seem best. Such assignment, however, is only temporary and tentative. If the newcomer has misrepresented his educational status and is unable to keep up with his classes, his teachers soon find it out, and he is put back where he belongs. This, in many respects, is a better test of a candidate's knowledge and fitness than a cut-and-dried entrance examination would be; because for the latter a boy might hastily "cram" and might thus get a college standing to which his real attainments did not entitle him. Hasty "cramming" is of no use in Valparaiso. A freshman is "sized up" by his instructors in two or three weeks, and if he is not fit for college or for advanced classes, he goes back into the preparatory department, no matter what his previous representations may have been.

Continuous attendance for a fixed, specified term is not insisted upon. A majority of the students take their terms consecutively and finish their education without interruption; but if a boy cannot afford a two- or a four-year course, or if his family needs his help during a part of every year, he may take a twenty-four or a forty-eight-week course, and then drop out. When he returns, at the end of a season or a year, he may begin again precisely where he left off, provided he has retained the knowledge that he had when he stopped work. He is "sized up" a second time, just as he was the first time, and is again put where he belongs.* This freedom in the matter of

*San Francisco *Bulletin*, January 18, 1907.
†Report of Andrews Grand Jury, San Francisco.
‡New York *Sun*, October 28, 1906.
**San Francisco *Argonaut*, January 26, 1907.

*This is made possible by the large number of classes and grades. In the preparatory department, for example, there are usually, every year, twenty classes in arithmetic, of nine different grades; nine classes in algebra, of four different grades; four classes in geometry and two in trigonometry, of different grades; and from four to six classes in rhetoric, of two different grades. Generally speaking, there are, in every department of the University, several grades in each subject and several classes in each grade. This makes it possible to "place" a student at any time and at any stage of his progress.

attendance puts a collegiate training within the reach of hundreds of young men who could not possibly get it if they were required to take a continuous four-year course. It also enables teachers in country schools to obtain instruction in the Normal College during their summer vacations. The University is open annually from September 1 to August 1, and when the spring terms of country schools end, in May, seven or eight hundred teachers come to Valparaiso for three months of training in pedagogy. The University is thus instrumental in improving methods of instruction in thousands of public schools, particularly in the Middle States.* One of the results, however, of this freedom in the matter of attendance is a lack of correspondence between the number of enrolled students and the number actually in the University at any one time. They come and go with the seasons, and the maximum number in simultaneous attendance may fall fifteen hundred or two thousand short of the total enrolment.

There is practically no restriction upon choice of studies. A student may have expert advice if he seeks it, and he is always encouraged to ask for it; but as a rule he is presumed to know what his own tastes and capabilities are, and he may select such a course of instruction as he thinks will best fit him for the career or life-work that he has in view. If he intends to become a dentist, and has general education enough, he may take dentistry only. If he wishes to be a physician, he may confine himself to Latin, medicine, surgery, and pharmacy. If his tastes and ambitions incline him to mercantile pursuits, he may study bookkeeping, modern languages, shipping, jobbing, importing, advertising, commercial geography, and commercial law. But he must work diligently in the field that he selects. Recitations and drills begin at six-thirty in the morning and do not end until six o'clock at night; and if a man takes four studies — or three studies and two drills — he is not likely to gain distinction unless he devotes twelve hours a day to solid work. For example: the University year consists of four terms of twelve weeks each; and a student of physics is expected to give 240 hours to recitations, 240 hours to laboratory work, and 480 hours to preparation. He must thus devote nearly 1,000 hours, in 288 days, to a single study. It is evident, from this illustration, that a man who wishes to excel cannot safely take more than four subjects. Some students, who are preparing for work in a narrow specialized field, confine themselves to one, two, or three subjects, such as dentistry; stenography and type-writing; Latin, chemistry, and pharmaceutics; or physics, mathematics, and civil engineering. The general rule is that a man may study what he likes, provided he works with earnestness and diligence. But he must work. The members of the faculty meet once a week and take into consideration all reported cases of idleness, backwardness, or failure to keep up with classes. If a student falls below a certain standard in one subject, but keeps up well in others, the teacher of the subject in which he is deficient is directed to give him extra attention and stimulation. If he stands low in all his classes, he is admonished and, if necessary, put back. If, finally, he proves to be incorrigible, the President tells him frankly that the University does not seem to be the place for him, and suggests that he return to his home. Cases of this kind, however, are not frequent. The young men and women who come to Valparaiso are largely from families of moderate or limited pecuniary resources, and they are earnestly desirous of getting, as soon as possible, the knowledge and training that will enable them to earn a living. In order to do this, they are willing to work hard twelve hours a day and eleven months in the year.

No Athletics or Fraternities

The almost complete absence, moreover, of college recreations and distractions enables them to give to their studies their undivided attention. Valparaiso has no Greek-letter societies and does not compete with other universities in athletics. Its students form groups or associations on various lines and for various purposes connected with their work, and they play base-ball or foot-ball among themselves; but they have no secret organizations, and their athletes do not train for competitive games. Everything is made subservient to the one object for which the University exists, namely, the preparation of young men and young women for active business or professional life.†

The president and vice-president of the University sit, a large part of the time, in an office that is separated from the general reception-room only by a low railing, and they are, therefore, accessible to every student every day. As far as possible, they exert a personal influence upon the whole undergrad-

* More than one third of the county superintendents of public schools in Indiana are Valparaiso graduates, and probably one half of the teachers of the State received instruction in the Valparaiso Normal College at some time.

† It may be worth while to note that on the 13th of last June the University Committee of Columbia said, in an official report: "The widely prevalent idea that a college is a place, essentially, of social life, and of interests other than educational, is a grave mistake" (New York *Times*, October 2, 1907). This mistake Valparaiso never made.

uate body, and make every student feel that he is watched and cared for, and that he may bring his troubles and difficulties to the general office with the assurance of finding there comprehension, sympathy, and help. One day, for example, a new boy came in and said to President Brown: "I can pay for a forty-eight-week course, but at the end of it I sha'n't have money enough left to buy a railroad ticket home. What had I best do?"

"Are you willing to wait at table in one of the dining-halls?"

"Certainly," replied the boy, "if that's all the work there is; but I've been brought up on a farm, and I'd rather do something else."

"All right! We'll put you into the garden. You can earn enough there, in your spare hours, to reduce your expenses by half. How'll that do?"

"Fine!" exclaimed the boy, and, with a note from the president to the head gardener, he went away rejoicing.

In another case, a man, twenty-five or thirty years of age, came to the office and said that in one of the branches of a common-school education he was very backward. He was capable, in other respects, of holding a place in an advanced class; but he was ashamed, on account of his age, to go into the preparatory department with boys and make up this particular deficiency. The President talked with him, examined him, and then said: "All right; I see how it is. I'll give you ten minutes' instruction a day, myself, until you bring this subject up to the level of the rest of your knowledge." The man went away with a grateful heart, and, as may be imagined, worked day and night, with unremitting application, until he filled the gap in his general educational equipment.

It may be said that the president of a great university ought not to give personal attention to such unimportant details, nor waste time in consideration of such trivial matters; but by these methods the Valparaiso University has been built up; and as for time — President Brown and Vice-President Kinsey always seem to find enough. During the weeks that I spent in Valparaiso, they left their homes soon after six o'clock in the morning and often did not return until seven o'clock at night. They worked, therefore, as many hours as they asked their students to work; and their example spurred, while their sympathy encouraged, every man and woman within the range of their personal influence.

There are twenty-five departments in the Valparaiso University, and a student may obtain there instruction in almost every branch of knowledge that deals with the practical duties and vocations of life. Apart from the regular college and academic work, particular attention is paid to law, music, medicine and surgery, dentistry, physics, the natural sciences, civil engineering, and pedagogy. In the Law College there are nearly two hundred students, sixty-one of whom are in the senior class. The fine new building of the College of Music contains sixty-six practising-rooms, where instruction is given by a force of twelve teachers to about two hundred and fifty pupils. The Medical College has two hundred and forty students, who spend two years in preliminary work in Valparaiso, and then go to Chicago, where, in the building formerly occupied by the American College of Medicine and Surgery, they have a dispensary, clinics, and dissecting-rooms, and where exceptionally good opportunities for study are afforded them in the Frances Willard and Cook County hospitals. The latter has accommodations for about one thousand patients, and in its wards and amphitheaters Valparaiso students are permitted to watch the progress and treatment of diseases and to observe the latest methods in operative surgery.

The most profitable and, in some respects, the most successful of the University colleges is the College of Dentistry, which occupies a large and convenient building of its own in Chicago, and which employs a staff of forty professors, teachers, and lecturers in the work of instructing and training about three hundred students. The "infirmary," or operating department, has eighty-five chairs, where junior and senior students fill or extract teeth and make bridges, crowns, and plates for the general public, under the supervision of skilled operators and professors. The work they do is so satisfactory to their patrons that the chairs and waiting-rooms are always full, and the earnings of the College from its public practice amount to thirty thousand dollars a year.

For the study of physics, chemistry, pharmacy, civil engineering, and the natural sciences the University offers excellent facilities. Its new buildings contain eight well-equipped laboratories, which have separate lockers for fourteen hundred students, and which can comfortably accommodate that number of men daily.

The largest department in the University, judged by attendance, is the Normal College, which includes a kindergarten and a manual training-school, and which gives instruction to more than eleven hundred students annually. Most of them, however, are country school-teachers from the Middle States, who come

to the University for a few months of training during their vacations.

The weakest department of the University — if, indeed, it can be said to have such a department — is that of physical training. There is no gymnasium, and no provision whatever is made for regular exercise or muscular development. During the summer, the students play games out of doors, or make long field excursions which take the place, to some extent, of systematic physical culture; but games and walks are not obligatory, and in the winter, when the weather is bad, there is no place to which the students can go for exercise or recreation.

The Moral Standard High

In what may be called moral atmosphere — in all that relates to personal conduct — Valparaiso stands very high. Its students, generally, are self-respecting and self-controlled, and do not seem to find pleasure in dissipation or boisterous behavior. Bad conduct. in fact, is condemned or discountenanced by an overwhelming majority of the undergraduates themselves, and consequently it is very exceptional.

It is difficult for one who is not an educational expert to form a trustworthy judgment with regard to the real value and solidity of the instruction given in an institution that carries on its rolls the names of five thousand students and that has more than three hundred class recitations every day; but after watching the work in the laboratories, listening to lectures and recitations in scores of class-rooms, visiting the Medical College and the College of Dentistry in Chicago, and availing myself generally of all the means of obtaining information open to me, I reached the conclusion that the Valparaiso University meets and satisfies one of the most urgent needs of American life; and that "by fitting a large number of persons to discharge the duties of their several callings" it successfully attains the objects that its founders had in view when they opened a small school, with three departments and four instructors, thirty-four years ago. A student might carry his educational training much farther in Yale, Harvard, Johns Hopkins, or the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, than he could in Valparaiso; but thousands of ambitious young men cannot afford to go to the more expensive universities, and Valparaiso gives them what they want at a cost that is within their means. It does not turn out great scholars or savants, and does not attempt to train men for profound and epoch-making investigations in any field of scientific research; but it does give thousands of young men and women an adequate preparation for the duties and activities of every-day life, and thus helps to raise the standard of good citizenship and extend the area of prosperity, happiness, and general well-being.*

The motto of the University seems to be: "As much as possible for comfort and efficiency, nothing whatever for luxury or show." The teachers of the University are well paid, and money is spent freely for the equipment of class-rooms and laboratories; but the halls and dormitories are plain and simple in exterior finish; the furniture of the living apartments is comfortable and durable rather than expensive; the library of twelve thousand volumes is a reference library only; and the general office is as unpretentious as the freight office of a country railway-station.

In the management of the students, President Brown relies more upon reason and affection than upon authority. He never "nags" men by insisting constantly upon obedience to iron-clad rules, but helps them to acquire and maintain self-respect and self-control, and then leaves them free to exercise their own judgment with regard to comparatively unimportant details of personal habit or conduct.

The Valparaiso University, as it stands, is virtually the property of H. B. Brown and O. P. Kinsey. They created it, and to them it belongs. They choose to regard themselves, however, as trustees for the people, and they have already made arrangements to bequeath the property to the people when they die. It will be as noble a monument as two men could have, because it will represent half a century or more of fruitful thought, patient labor, and unselfish devotion.

*In an address delivered before the Harvard Chapter of the Phi Beta Kappa, some years ago, Charles Francis Adams said: "American colleges fail properly to fit their graduates for the work they have to do in the life that awaits them. . . . When one is given work to do, it is well to prepare one's self for that specific work, and not to occupy one's time in acquiring information, no matter how innocent and elegant, or generally useful, which has no probable bearing on that work." ("Three Phi Beta Kappa Addresses," by Charles Francis Adams; Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston, 1907, pp. 8, 10.)

This is the principle upon which instruction in the Valparaiso University is based.

Mr. Adams objects to unlimited freedom in the choice of studies, for the reason that it gives a student an opportunity to shirk a difficult subject, the discipline of which he may need. This objection, however, applies with less force to Valparaiso than to most other universities, because the student who goes there is not so much in search of general culture as of the specific knowledge or training that will enable him to deal successfully with the problem of earning a livelihood. If, therefore, he chooses to take up civil engineering, the fact that mathematics is a difficult or uncongenial study will not cause him to shirk it.